

# METHODIST REVIEW

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SEPTEMBER 1907

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## ART. I.—THE CATECHISM OF SIR OLIVER LODGE

The ship is at sea far from the shore she left, far from the shore she is making for.<sup>1</sup>

In the Hibbert Journal for July, 1906, there appeared a notable article by Sir Oliver Lodge, the principal (since 1900) of the University of Birmingham. Apparently this article was occasioned by the stress of the educational situation in England, and the writer's immediate aim was to suggest a catechism for the use of teachers—"to indicate some of the heads of what, were I a teacher, I should endeavor to weld into the lessons in an unobtrusive and perhaps imperceptible fashion." A religious catechism framed by "perhaps the first scientist alive" naturally started a very marked interest. This interest widened and soon made feasible the publication of the catechism in an enlarged and more permanent form, a book of 144 pages, entitled, *The Substance of Faith Allied with Science*.<sup>2</sup> From any one of several standpoints this catechism is worthy of careful consideration, and from the standpoint of apologetics it is, I think, the most important utterance since Canon Gore edited and then surprised us with the *Thoughts on Religion*. In the fall of 1895 the late Professor Calderwood, of the University of Edinburgh, said to me, with a seriousness I never shall forget: "This morning I have been

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<sup>1</sup>Mr. Gladstone, in a letter to the Bishop of Salisbury after the publication of *Essays and Reviews*.    <sup>2</sup>Printed in the United States by the Harpers in March, 1907.

reading a book called *Thoughts on Religion*. It is a posthumous work of George John Romanes, the naturalist. You *must* read it, and as soon as you can! It has convinced me that we should try to reach these men of science; we should study them and appreciate them, and should make every possible theological concession to them, and so aim deliberately to win them to Christ. If we only do this, modern science will some time make for us the perfect defense of the Christian religion." As I read with a growing dissatisfaction Sir Oliver Lodge's catechism I kept thinking, "What would Professor Calderwood say now?"

Let us get before our minds the pith of this catechism. In doing this I will rely, not upon the bare questions and answers, but upon these as they are illuminated by both the author's explanatory comments and his more ample statements in recent pertinent discussions. But (and this should be emphasized) even with all this care I am not certain that my presentation of Sir Oliver's teaching will be full and fair at every point, for in some places his statements are to me either contradictory or indeterminate.

#### The Pith of the Catechism.

I. God. Concerning the Divine Being the teaching of the catechism is similar to that of John Fiske, namely, God is a *quasi* Person. In our limitation and need we are *permitted* to think of God in an anthropomorphic manner. "It is impossible to define such a term as 'God,' but it is permissible reverently to use the term for a mode of regarding the Universe as invested with what in human beings we call personality, consciousness, and other forms of intelligence, emotion, and will." (Comment on Clause v; should be closely compared with comment on Clause xl.) In the "Creed" of the catechism this divine *quasi* Person is termed a Father: "I believe in one Infinite and Eternal Being, a guiding and loving Father, in whom all things consist."

The most exacting test, however, is to be found at the point of divine immanence. What is the teaching of the catechism at that point? To say that Sir Oliver Lodge is a monist is of no definite worth, for there are monists as far apart as Professor Bowne is from Professor Haeckel. The important question is



this: "Does Sir Oliver Lodge's conception of monism amount to an ultimate pantheism?" It surely does, if I understand him. Again and again (as in various excellent statements concerning man's freedom) he *seems* to protect the reality of man's separateness in personal being, but sooner or later it turns out that this protection is for "practical purposes" and is never truly fundamental. (The Substance of Faith, pages 40, 45, 84, and 85. To be compared with a passage on page 658 of the Hibbert Journal for April, 1906. Also read the article "Mind and Matter" in the Hibbert Journal for January, 1905.) This so-called "practical view" satisfies many today, but I am not satisfied. It is nothing but the pantheist's way of flinching when he cannot explain man's total experience under the terms of his own theory.

II. The Fall of Man. In the usual manner of the evolutionist, the fall of man is regarded as a necessary feature in the normal process of development. That is, the fall was "a fall upward." Clause II reads, question: "What, then, may be meant by the Fall of man?" Answer in full: "At a certain stage of development man became conscious of a difference between right and wrong, so that thereafter, when his actions fell below a normal standard of conduct, he felt ashamed and sinful. He thus lost his animal innocence, and entered on a long period of human effort and failure; nevertheless, the consciousness of degradation marked a rise in the scale of existence." Again, in the criticism of The Riddle of the Universe (page 330) we find this: "A fall it might seem, just as a vicious man sometimes seems degraded below the beasts, but in promise and potency a rise it really was." Here the ethical kernel of the case is missed entirely. Sharp discrimination should be made between man's *getting* a conscience and man's *disobeying* conscience after once he has it. A *capacity* for disobedience is of the utmost worth, but the *intentional act* of disobedience has absolutely no value, whether human or cosmic. There can be no "fall upward."

There is the same confusion of things superficially related, and the same lack of moral discrimination, in Sir Oliver Lodge's conception of evil. In The Substance of Faith (page 49) there is this, and much more like it: "The term 'evil' is relative: dirt,

for instance, is well known to be only matter out of place; weeds are plants flourishing where they are not wanted." We are instantly reminded of Emerson's saying, "A weed is an unappreciated flower." But this view of relative evil, or evil as "a warped good," is as deceptive as folly. What are they talking about, anyway, cosmic evil or personal evil? If the latter, the *outward expression* of evil must be distinguished from the *inner spirit* of evil. The one is *relatively* wrong, the other is *absolutely* wrong. Take the spirit of falsehood. Can you make that into a piece of righteousness by placing it in a perfect relation? No; it is so absolutely wrong that Anselm could say, in his daring manner, "It does not follow that if God would lie, it would be right to lie, but rather that he were not God."

III. Christ. Let us begin with the view of the Trinity as outlined in "Notes on the Creed." This view is modalistic. In the universe there is immanent a Power which is not only personal (by permission) but also benevolent. Of this immanent Power there are "three aspects or personifications": first, in creating and sustaining; second, in sympathizing and suffering; third, in regenerating and sanctifying. In the first aspect the Divine Power is discovered in cosmic relations; in the third aspect the Divine Power is discovered in human relations ("Deity at work in the consciousness and experience of mankind"); in the second aspect the Divine Power is plainly manifest in the person and life of Immanuel.

Or, the conception of Christ in the catechism can be given in another way. When we think of the immanent Power as benevolent, as one vast Loving-kindness, about us like an elastic envelope, and ever working out our supreme good, we term this Power the "Grace of God." This "Grace" is manifest in the laws and processes of nature, also in the course of mankind ("the guider of human history"), but is specially manifest in Jesus Christ. He is the "Grace of God" radiantly incarnate. Thus to hear Christ is to hear the very word of God. "The spirit of Beethoven is incarnate in his music, and he that hath heard the Fifth Symphony hath heard Beethoven." (Part of the passage explaining Saint John 14. 9.) As this "Grace of God" is but the coming

into outward fact of God's real *nature*, and as this "Grace" is in Christ completely, Jesus Christ is himself an actual revelation of the *nature* of God. Clause xv reads: "I believe that the Divine Nature is specially revealed to man through Jesus Christ our Lord who lived and taught and suffered in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, and has since been worshiped by the Christian Church as the immortal Son of God, the Saviour of the world." Notice how the word "*immortal*" is used in place of the word "*eternal*"; and also how the creed suddenly turns into church history! We are to believe that Jesus Christ "*has since been worshiped*"!

IV. The Atonement. In what sense, though, is Christ "the Saviour of the world"? To answer this question there is given in the catechism a most indigent form of the moral-influence theory of the atonement. Indeed, I do not recall another setting forth of the atonement quite so poverty-stricken in Christian quality. The point is so crucial that I would better quote at some length:

The clear and undoubted fact is that the founder of the Christian religion lived on this earth a blameless life, taught and helped the poor who heard him gladly, gathered to himself a body of disciples with whom he left a message to mankind, and was tortured to death as a criminal blasphemer, at the instigation of mistaken priests in the defense of their own order and privileges.

This monstrous wrong is regarded by some as having unconsciously completed the salvation of the race, because of the consummation of sacrifice, and because of the suffering of the innocent, which it involved. . . . Others attach more saving efficiency to the life, the example, and the teachings, as recorded in the Gospels, and all agree that they are important.

But, in fact, the whole is important. And at the foot of the cross there has been a perennial experience of relief and renovation. Sin being the sense of imperfection, disunion, lack of harmony, the struggle among the members that Saint Paul for all time expressed, there is usually associated with it a sense of impotence, a recognition of the impossibility of achieving peace and unity in one's own person, a feeling that aid must be forthcoming from a higher source. It is this feeling which enables the spectacle of any noble, self-sacrificing human action to have an elevating effect; it is this which gropes after the possibilities of the highest in human nature; it is a feeling which, for large tracts of this planet, has found its highest stimulus and completest satisfaction in the life and death of Christ.

The willingness of such a Being to share our nature, to live the

life of a peasant, and to face the horrible certainty of execution by torture, in order, personally, to help those whom he was pleased to call his brethren, is a race-asset which, however masked and overlaid with foreign growths, yet gleams through every covering and suffuses the details of common life with fragrance.

This conspicuously has been a redeeming, or, rather, a regenerating agency; for, by filling the soul with love and adoration and fellow-feeling for the Highest, the old cravings have often been almost hypnotically rendered distasteful and repellent, the bondage of sin has been loosened from many a spirit, the lower entangled self has been helped from the slough of despond and raised to the shores of a larger hope, whence it can gradually attain to harmony and peace.

The invitation to the troubled soul, "Come, and find rest," has reference not to relief from sin alone, but to all restlessness and lack of trust. The atonement removes the feeling of dislocation; it induces a tranquil sense of security and harmony—an assurance of union with the Divine Will. (Clause xv; pages 104, 105, and 106.)

V. The Essential Element of Christianity. The real culmination of Sir Oliver Lodge's "scientific creed" is in his belief that the essential element of the Christian religion lies in its doctrine of a "*human God*." Here again it is better to quote largely, inasmuch as Sir Oliver's view deceptively plays with astonishing magic around the verity of the gospel. It brings to mind what I once saw on Lake Michigan: a ship in the sky, sailing upside down toward the moon! I will quote from an article on "Christianity and Science" in the Hibbert Journal for April, 1906:

I believe that the most essential element in Christianity is its conception of a human God; of a God, in the first place, not apart from the universe, not outside it and distinct from it, but immanent in it; yet not immanent only, but actually incarnate, incarnate in it and revealed in the incarnation. The nature of God is displayed in part by everything, to those who have eyes to see, but is displayed most clearly and fully by the highest type of existence, the highest experience to which the process of evolution has so far opened our senses. . . . This perception of a human God, or of a God in the form of humanity, is a perception which welds together Christianity and pantheism and paganism and philosophy. . . . But, whatever its unconscious treatment by the sects may have been, this idea—the humanity of God or the divinity of man—I conceive to be the truth which constituted the chief secret and inspiration of Jesus: "I and the Father are one." . . . The divinity of Jesus is the truth which now requires to be reperceived, to be illumined afresh by new knowledge, to be cleansed and revived by the wholesome flood of skepticism which has poured over it. It can be

freed now from all trace of groveling superstition, and can be recognized freely and enthusiastically: the divinity of Jesus, and of all other noble and saintly souls, in so far as they, too, have been inflamed by a spark of Deity; in so far as they, too, can be recognized as manifestations of the Divine. . . . God is One; the universe is an aspect and a revelation of God. The universe is struggling upward to a perfection not yet attained. I see in the mighty process of evolution an eternal struggle toward more and more self-perception, and fuller and more all-embracing Existence, not only on the part of what is customarily spoken of as creation, but in so far as nature is an aspect and revelation of God; and in so far as time has any ultimate meaning or significance, we must dare to extend the thought of growth and progress and development even up to the height of all that we can realize of the Supernal Being. . . . Such ideas, the ideas of development and progress, extend even up to God himself, according to the Christian conception. So we return to that with which we started: The Christian idea of God is not that of a Being outside the universe, above its struggles and advances, looking on and taking no part in the process, *solely* exalted, beneficent, self-determined and complete; no, it is also that of a God who loves, who yearns, who suffers, who keenly laments the rebellious and misguided activity of the free agents brought into being by himself as part of himself, who enters into the storm and conflict, and is subject to conditions as the Soul of it all; conditions not artificial and transitory, but inherent in the process of producing free and conscious beings, and essential to the full self-development even of Deity. . . . Infinitely patient the universe has been while man has groped his way to this truth: so simple and consoling in one of its aspects, so inconceivable and incredible in another. Dimly and partially it has been seen by all the prophets, and doubtless by many of the pagan saints. Dimly and partially we see it now; but in the life-blood of Christianity this is the most vital element. It is not likely to be the attribute of any one religion alone; it may be the essence of truth in all terrestrial religions, but it is conspicuously Christian. Its boldest statement was when a child was placed in the midst and was regarded as a symbol of the Deity; but it was foreshadowed even in the early conceptions of Olympus, whose gods and goddesses were affected with the passions of men; it is the root fact underlying the superstitions of idolatry and all varieties of anthropomorphism.

(Compare with The Substance of Faith, pages 92 to 96.)

VI. Personal Interpretation. Now I will give a succinct personal interpretation of precisely what this catechism means in its bare pith. It should be clearly understood, however, that I do not aim to be exhaustively equitable; I do not aim to bring out the lofty religiousness of the author or to notice every point which is morally wholesome and charged with Christian senti-

ment. My only aim is to strip this catechism down to its ultimate pantheism:

1. In existence there is *One Eternal Power*. For pragmatic ends we are *permitted* to regard this Power as a loving Person.

2. The universe is this Eternal Power in objective self-development.

3. Man is this Eternal Power at a certain stage, the moral stage, of this objective self-development.

4. Sin is a feature necessary to the introduction of this moral stage. Sin is the first appearance in moral consciousness of the "yelp of the beast"; an experience essential for progress toward a perfect moral manhood.

5. Christ is *the archetypal man*. He is the forerunner of the moral consummation. He shows how the entire moral movement will eventuate when "the man is quiet at last." In fundamental psychology, though, Jesus Christ is not different from any other man.

6. As the forerunner, Christ (by his character, sympathy, teaching, and brave death) aids men to master temptation, to escape "the feeling of dislocation," and thus to achieve harmony and moral peace. This inspiring aid of the forerunner is our Saviour's Atonement.

7. As this stage, or moral movement in mankind—a stage, we ever need to remember, consummated by Jesus Christ, who is by supreme incarnation the archetype of perfected man—is a part of the self-development of the Eternal Power, "God," we certainly have "Deity in humanity and humanity in Deity." The vivid and complete and energetic appropriation and promulgation of this fact of a "human God" is the most striking characteristic and the most essential element of the Christian religion.

In the *London Spectator*, December 22, 1906, there is an editorial appreciation of Sir Oliver Lodge's catechism. This "faith of a scientist" will, the editorial affirms, tend to confirm the faith of those minds who, needing external religious authority, can no longer fully find it in the church, and even suspect that it has changed residence and is now with the men of science. "A voice from the other camp confessing that essential Christianity which



they ardently desire to believe, and do diligently practice, but the truth of which is too often overshadowed for them by a suspicion that the scientific men do not believe it, can alone confirm their faith. In the name of such men—and their number is neither small nor decreasing—the Christian churches should thank Sir Oliver Lodge." But we want to know, before we give thanks, whether this catechism is a voice confessing "essential Christianity." Evidently, Sir Oliver Lodge himself sincerely believes so, for he offers the catechism as an irenic basis, a "fundamental substratum," preparatory to sectarian creeds, and actually formed out of the common mass of "material on which the great majority are really agreed." I would not venture to estimate how many Christian men I may speak for; but I hope that there are yet a good many followers of our Lord who know pantheism when they see it, and who will instantly reject it as, not merely foreign to "essential Christianity," but even false from any Christian standpoint whatsoever. More deeply regarded, however, this catechism should not be taken as a sporadic item. *It is one case in an epidemic.* My own experience with the catechism is very instructive. At first (because I had been influenced by certain Christian laudations of Sir Oliver Lodge in the higher journalism) I supposed that I was about to enjoy a profound confessional utterance similar to Romanes's *Thoughts on Religion*. Very soon I gave up that view. Then, I tried the catechism as a western expression of "the Oriental tendency in mystical man," such an expression as came out in Emerson's essay on the Over-Soul. ("Somewhat higher in each of us overlooks this by-play, and Jove nods to Jove behind each of us.") After further reading I was obliged to give up my second notion of the catechism also. Then, after several days of questioning, it suddenly dawned upon me: "Why, this is the same thing—both religiously and philosophically the same thing—as that which Mr. Campbell has more bunglingly given in his *New Theology*. And both are the same thing as that which Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy has more shrewdly, *more marketably*, given in her *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*." In every instance the monism is pantheistically conceived. Monism *can* be conceived otherwise; but these writers

(the scientist, the preacher and the charlatan) do not use the sane checks, and so they "just empty their vials into the ocean." In every instance, too, there is the same reason apparent why the sane checks are not used, namely, *there is no profound regard for man's actual condition of responsible sin.*

This leads me further. *This monism, this pantheistic monism, is itself peculiar, however formulated.* It is not a pure philosophy, merely trying to explain the universe in terms of universal integrity. No, it is but one form of what I will call the Modern Christian Humanism. I term it Christian because it is an outcome of Christian history, because there is about it a Christian atmosphere, and because there is in it a Christian motive. This motive is morally to help men. In an effort to do this the religious nature is appreciated and then Christianity is related to that nature. But no repentance is required, no conversion is expected; the plain fact is that the Christian religion is *accommodated to the unconverted man.* In apprehending truth the religious consciousness is used in place of Christian consciousness. The result is not an integral part of Christianity; not even an infinitesimal potency of Christianity; but rather an alluring imitation. Dr. Kuyper has termed it a "Morgana in the Christian domain."<sup>1</sup> The fascination and consequent pervasion of this mirage is readily understood when once we notice its three elements of appeal: (1) It fits into the dominant theory of evolution; (2) it makes no severe moral requirement of the modern man, who hates to repent; and (3) it looks like Christianity. It pronounces many of the Christian phrases, it makes some of the Christian promises, it has much of the Christian spirit. "Tell me, was it strange that as the Morgana was greeted by Reggio's inhabitants so modernism was hailed by the thinking spirits of our age with applause both loud and long, yea, with a shout of joy and admiration?"

We now reach the *crux* of our task. For many months one question has burned in my mind—this: "*How can we dissipate*

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<sup>1</sup>A *Fata Morgana*; two articles of the utmost importance by Dr. Abraham Kuyper; translated from the Dutch by Dr. J. H. DeVries, and published in the *METHODIST REVIEW* March-April and May-June, 1906.

*this modern mirage of the gospel?"* I have no fear for the Christian faith in the face of any open attack, such as that of Spencer's agnosticism, or that of Haeckel's frank materialism. I do not seriously fear Socialism even in its anarchistic phase. And, whatever may have been the case in former years, I do not now fear the rationalistic method in the criticism of the Old and New Testaments, as represented by the radicalism of Cheyne and Schmiedel. In fact, any form of out-and-out rationalism is too manifest to be dangerous. But I do fear this philanthropic Humanities which studies man "by guessing at the half and then multiplying by two"; which aims to save man without ethical suffering and without any Christian experience, and to furnish an interpretation of life and death and things to come, all without any consciousness of sin forgiven through the atonement of Jesus Christ. I confess it; this mirage, appearing now even in the most unexpected places, disturbs. I fear it greatly. I dare not say or think that our Lord cannot turn the deceptive thing into an ultimate providential good, still I dread it just as a tired and thirsty man dreads a longer journey in the sands of Sahara.

Before attempting to answer my question I need to say something about the mediating theologians, those men who for years have been honestly trying to harmonize Christianity with the *Zeitgeist*. Notice the great landmarks in modern mediation. Ritschl's *Rechtfertigung* was completed in 1874. Bruce's *Apologetics* was published in 1892, nine years earlier than that pathetic article on "Jesus" in the *Encyclopedia Biblica*. Then Clarke's *Outline* appeared in 1894. This most notable work, commended in every evangelical church by influential editors, theological teachers, and preachers, had as many as seven editions in five years. Not only so, but in this period (1874 to 1907) of almost a third of a century there have been printed and circulated more than a thousand mediating books having authority in Christian scholarship and force in plausible appeal. And nearly all of the most powerful religious journals and reviews have kept up an untimorous mediating bombardment.

Not yet is it possible to analyze this large mass of apologetic material and then fairly estimate every portion as to its spirit,

teaching, and influence. Ritschlianism alone requires a more comprehensive discussion than it has received, and the American apology is an exceedingly intricate matter. But this much we may now affirm: mediation, even if it has not actually made a contribution to the modern mirage, has certainly been powerless to dissipate it. It has had a full chance and has failed. However noble the intention, Christianity cannot be protected by the way of compromise.

To try to answer the question propounded I have been induced by my experience in the last eighteen months. Up to well-nigh the close of 1905 I believed that all the available conservative force was compact in that rigid literalism which we somewhat unjustly associate with the name of Quenstedt. This belief resulted in a certain superficial discouragement which was sometimes very evident in my lectures, articles, and sermons, for I was sure, not only that mediation had failed, but also that the literalists were wrong in method and unfaithful to the biblical facts. It is true, however, that I had a deep and growing sympathy with the *Quenstedtians* (as I will call them) because I had confidence in their Christian experience and in their Christian inability to yield to the *Zeitgeist*. If one of their books showed any sign of renewed power, I read it eagerly and was as glad as a child over a gift. In short, it seemed to me that the really reliable Christians were leading a forlorn hope with antiquated weapons and arbitrary maps of the country. But since November, 1905, I have had furnished to me a large amount of new evidence, and I now know that scattered over the world there is a growing company of conservative men, many of them young men, who hold every essential Christian doctrine without a word of mitigation, and yet do not need any rigid literalism to make secure their faith. If these *unapologetic Christian essentialists* can only find a feasible way to join their forces, if they will give themselves to a serious propaganda in books and journals and schools and churches, they can with God's favor dissipate the Fata Morgana, I verily believe.

Olin A. Curtis,

ART. II.—THE PRESENT WIDESPREAD UNREST IN  
INDIA

NOT since the dark days of the mutiny, just half a century ago, has there been such widespread unrest and deep disaffection among the people of India as at the present time. The prevailing discontent has attained such proportions and assumed such a threatening aspect that the government has been constrained to interfere with a strong hand for the repression of its outward manifestations. One of the greatest of the provinces of the empire, Bengal (disregarding for the moment the recent division), is seething with disaffection to the ruling power. In certain parts, an alarming development of religious strife between Hindus and Mohammedans has taken place within the past few months, threatening to become the fruitful parent of permanent bitterness and estrangement among peoples that have hitherto dwelt together in measurable amity. In the Punjab, the seditious spirit has expressed itself so strongly as to compel the government to interpose with drastic measures to prevent the spread of disaffection. A century-old enactment, which invests the governor-general with power of deportation without trial or warning of any kind, has been suddenly and unexpectedly put in operation, and two of the leading agitators are now thinking upon their ways in the fort at Mandalay. The suddenness and swiftness of the blow have produced a wholesome effect upon sedition mongers generally, although the summary action of the authorities is bitterly condemned by the native press from one end of the land to the other. A few months ago, the editor of a leading native newspaper in the Punjab was prosecuted for endeavoring to produce racial animosity between subjects of his majesty and to promote sedition, with the result that he was sentenced to a term of imprisonment and a heavy fine. This case created much excitement throughout the whole Punjab province, and every section of the country expressed indignation at the prosecution and sympathy with the convicted editor, for it was felt that certain Anglo-Indian journals, which it is claimed had done quite as much by extravagant lan-

guage to fan the flame of racial hate, were allowed to go scot-free. The conviction of the editor of *The Punjabee* led to a great outbreak of local anger, and in the rioting which followed Europeans were maltreated and certain mission buildings badly injured. By an impressive show of force and the deportation of the chief agitators referred to above, the government succeeded in quickly restoring order; but the time has been one of great anxiety to the powers that be in view of the territory affected and of the fact that evidence was forthcoming to show that some Sepoy regiments had been tampered with.

In attempting to analyze the nature of this widespread unrest we find its principal element is a rapidly growing impatience of Western or foreign rule, accompanied by the deepening conviction among educated Indians that they are quite capable of administering the affairs of their country independently of foreigners. Up till the present the agitation has confined itself to the demand for a larger share in the administration, it being well understood that *Swaraj*, home rule or self-government, while the goal in view, is not at present within the range of practical politics, nor likely to be for some time to come. For the most part, the existing hostility is not against British rule *per se*, nor to the king-emperor's person and authority, but rather to the administration of Indian affairs by the government of India. The government in recent years has become intensely bureaucratic, and as it has developed in this direction, officials of nearly all classes have been withdrawn too largely from that close contact with the people which was so helpful a generation or two ago in uniting the rulers and the ruled in sympathy and friendship. Unquestionably the European official classes have lost sympathy with the people to a very large extent in recent years. This has attracted attention in more quarters than one. When the Prince of Wales was banqueted in the Guildhall after his interesting and successful Indian tour of eighteen months ago, among various sensible remarks made by him was one which struck a particularly deep note. He expressed the hope that India would receive more of the personal sympathy of its rulers. He put his finger on India's hurt. She does not receive the warm, personal sympathy of those who are doing so much



for her in many ways, but who at the same time are receiving so much from her. India is well entitled to the best moral and spiritual things with which it is in the power of Britain to enrich her, for Britain partakes largely of the "carnal things" of India. Many millions sterling of British capital are invested in this land, for which in most instances India returns a better interest than can be had in the home land, and the commerce of India has been of immense value to Britain, adding incalculably to its wealth. India affords remunerative employment to thousands of Britons both in the public service and in commercial life, paying them the largest salaries and providing the most generous pensions drawn by civil servants or commercial employees in any country in the world. What a calamity it would assuredly be for Great Britain were India closed to her young men, to whom India offers a career not to be found anywhere else! On the other hand, it is simplest justice to add that British rule has conferred inestimable benefits upon India. "There has never been," wrote De Tocqueville, "anything so extraordinary under the sun as the conquest, and still more the government, of India by the English; nothing which, from all points of the globe, so much attracts the eyes of mankind to that little island whose very name was unknown to the Greeks." England undoubtedly deserves the highest praise for her splendid achievements in India. One cannot but feel that Mr. William J. Bryan blundered egregiously and did serious injustice to British rule in India by his public utterances after his short stay in this country. His interpretation of the facts was, to say the least, defective. British rule has not been by any means faultless, but on the whole it has been fair, generous, and remarkably successful considering the heterogeneous elements dealt with and the conglomerate of races and religions whose prejudices and susceptibilities have had to be unceasingly borne in mind. It has been characterized in the main by a type of justice utterly unknown previously in India, and civil and religious liberty has been enjoyed in fullest measure throughout the length and breadth of the British possessions. It is in great part true, as the distinguished French publicist, M. Filon, observes, that "the mass of facts, sentiments, and ideas, which constitute

Western civilization, forms for the Hindu a second soul, altogether external, which is superimposed on his first soul, and conceals and envelopes it. But no fusion is possible." But notwithstanding this acknowledged inability of Hindus to assimilate Western civilization in its entirety, multitudes have become imbued with the Western spirit and are today striving after Western ideals in a way that augurs well for the future. India is not the same India that England found her. The Pax Britannica has been of unspeakable benefit to the country, and there is little doubt that history will accord an unstinted meed of praise to British rule. One of the most remarkable Mohammedans that India has produced, the late Sir Sayad Ahmad Khan, in a fervent appeal to his coreligionists, said: "Be not unjust to that nation which is ruling over you. And think also on this, how upright is her rule. Of such benevolence as the English government shows to the foreign nations under her, there is no example in the history of the world."

It would be erroneous to suppose that the prevailing disaffection has reached to all classes of the native population. This is by no means the case. The feudatory princes of the empire, whatever may be their secret thoughts and aspirations, hold entirely aloof from political agitation. This is the part of highest wisdom, for they know full well what they owe to British supremacy—the unchallenged enjoyment of sovereignty over their recognized dominions—and how much they would stand to lose were India to revert to the ante-British regime. They are well aware, too, that any proved dabbling with the disloyal agitation of the time would be the sure precursor of deposal and the signal for inevitable annexation of their principalities by the suzerain power. There are about a score of important native states and some dozens of smaller ones, with a grand total population of 65,000,000, and an aggregate revenue of about \$80,000,000. Doubtless there are some of these kings and princes who would prefer the old regime because of its possibilities of extended territories and absolute freedom of operation, but if there are, they maintain a judicious silence. What has been said of the feudatory princes is true on the whole of the nobility of the empire and the wealthier classes

generally. Hereditary owners of large estates, such as the zamindárs of Bengal and the taluqdárs of Oudh, and rich possessors of real property in the chief cities, have no desire to run the risk of being deprived of their possessions by indulging in the dangerous pastime of political agitation. The British government is good enough for them, and they are quite content to let well enough alone. At the same time, here and there among these wealthy nobles of sorts may be found outspoken advocates of reform in the administration, men who voice in sober words the aspirations of New India for a larger share in the government of their country. Of these, names might be quoted of well-educated, well-poised men of high character, who feel honestly persuaded that the British government moves rather slowly in fulfilling the pledges made after the mutiny, when direct administration was assumed by the sovereign from the old East India Company. They honestly consider that the time is ripe for the admission of Indians to a much larger share in the administration of the finances and general policy of the Indian empire than the government appears willing to concede. Nor have the millions of the lower classes, the laboring poor, the ryotwári or peasantry of the country, the pariahs or depressed classes, come within the scope of the present political agitation to any serious extent. They are too poor, too deeply concerned with the ever-present problem of securing daily food for themselves and those dependent upon them, to be capable of taking interest in the political developments of the day. Yet there is filtering down to these dumb millions a vague feeling that the sircár (the government) is their oppressor and enemy, indifferent to their woes and hardships, if not, indeed, the direct author of their miseries. Unscrupulous agitators are taking pains to circulate reports charging government with deliberate effort to impoverish and exterminate the people. If this continues, the most serious results may be expected. This very day's paper brings account of the conviction of a base wretch who had given out to villagers in the Punjab that the government was putting poison in the public wells and streams in order to kill off the people. An accomplice was convicted at the same time of throwing villagers into a state of wild excitement by depositing balls of flour or

similar substance in various drinking waters, telling them he was doing so by government order! Thousands of people are fully persuaded that the plague is officially spread with a view to reduce the population in the interests of the foreigners. The simple, credulous people believe what is told them, and they, too, are becoming infected with a spirit of bitter hostility to the government. The cunning agitators cherish the idea that if sedition becomes general among all classes, the hand of government will be forced and political concessions will be made which otherwise would not be granted. The classes among whom active disaffection has spread most widely are the professional classes—medical men, legal practitioners of all grades, and educationists; also sections of the commercial community—merchants, tradesmen, mechanics. A conspicuous element has been the student class, which has taken the largest part in the hostile demonstrations against government that have occurred in various parts of the country. Most influential, as might naturally be expected, is the native press, the liberty enjoyed by which, as many thoughtful people believe, is grossly abused, to the manifest injury of the state. The government meets the suggestion which is frequently made—to suppress the most mischievous of these native journals—by the plea that it is better to allow the opinions of the disaffected element to find expression in this way, thus affording opportunity of finding out what is going on, than to have sedition passing secretly from mouth to mouth, leaving the authorities largely in ignorance of what is transpiring.

It would take more space than is available to set forth in order the many causes which have led up to the state of things at present existing. All that can be attempted is a brief survey of the leading contributory influences. First, there is little doubt that the introduction of Western education and its spread throughout the country among certain classes, have had much to do with the creation of the spirit now prevalent. In 1835, owing to the powerful advocacy of Lord Macaulay, then a member of the governor-general's council, it was decided by Lord William Bentinck that the great object of the British government ought to be the promotion of European literature and science among the natives

of India, and that all funds appropriated for the purpose of education would be best employed on English education alone. This principle has never been wholly departed from, though more attention has been given of late to primary vernacular education than was formerly the case. Later, in 1854, came the famous educational dispatch called "India's Educational Charter," which paved the way for the organization of a Department of Public Instruction and the establishment of great examining universities at the presidency cities. The facilities for obtaining a college education in India are exceptionally good, but of the many thousands of immature young men who avail themselves thereof, very few pursue the course out of a love of learning for its own sake, or with anything like an adequate conception of what a liberal education really implies. The great aim hitherto has been to pass the prescribed examination by hook or by crook, so as to secure the coveted government position for which the university degree is supposed to be an all-sufficient qualification. Thus was developed a wretched system of cramming, a great evil which, with other kindred evils, is in a fair way to be remedied. One can rejoice in manifest signs that a new educational era has actually dawned in India. It is easy to see how influential Western education must necessarily have been during the past half century and more in awakening national aspirations and kindling the patriotic spirit. How could it be possible for intelligent men to have been brought into contact with Western history and literature without having their patriotic instincts aroused? It would have been the height of unreason to suppose that fifty years' familiarity with European history and the story of the struggles of two millenniums for freedom and independence in many Western lands, America included, should not have resulted in creating honest desire for independence in thoughtful Indian minds. No; men of even mediocre abilities and comparatively restricted outlook could not drink for a couple of generations at the springs of Anglo-Saxon history without a thirst being created for fuller political life. In one important respect the present agitation, looking as it unflinchingly does toward self-government, is the most flattering tribute that India can pay to its rulers. The complications which now

confront the government of India are very largely the direct outcome of the educational policy which in the best interests of the people was entered upon deliberately more than half a century ago. It is to the lasting honor of British rule in India, that though it could be plainly foreseen what the result of giving the people the benefit of Western education would most certainly be, the rulers never faltered in their benevolent purpose freely to place such superior advantages at the disposal of those who could use them. India has abundance of vitality, as the world will discover in due season, but up till the present it has been passive rather than active. It is the transition, somewhat suddenly, from the passive to the active stage that has brought about the present difficulties. A reiterated cause of discontent among educated Indians is the alleged failure of government to fulfill the pledges made in the Royal Proclamation of 1858, when the direct administration of India was assumed by the crown. That proclamation promised admission into the public service to all qualified persons, irrespective of race or creed. A revision of the rules in 1870 had for its declared intention to provide "additional facilities for the employment of natives of India of proved merit and ability." But notwithstanding these assurances, Indians, it is charged, are not advanced to positions of trust and responsibility for which they claim to be qualified. It is also asserted that the holding of the competitive examinations in London, success in which secures admission to the Indian Civil Service, places Indians at a serious disadvantage and acts as a positive discrimination against them, in direct violation of the queen's proclamation. Of course much depends upon what the terms "qualified persons" and "proved merit and ability" imply. The government holds that there are qualifications other than the merely intellectual, in which, by the way, Indians are by no means lacking—qualifications which they consider to be indispensable for rulership: moral stamina, virile manhood, ability to grapple with emergencies, and to act with timely vigor and prudence in times of special crisis, which are of frequent occurrence in India. These qualifications, it is contended by government, and we are bound to admit, are not possessed by the majority even of educated Indians. It ought to be said in



vindication of the attitude of government on this question, that Indians *are* advanced to positions of trust and responsibility in large and ever-increasing numbers. There are Hindu and Mohammedan judges on the various High Court benches, drawing precisely the same salaries as their European colleagues receive, \$16,000 per annum. Hundreds of important judicial positions are filled by Indians, positions for which they seem to have special aptitude. They also fill the positions of commissioner, collector, etc., all highly paid, with excellent pensions guaranteed. But the higher executive positions, for wise and lawful reasons, as it seems to most thoughtful people, are reserved for Europeans, as we believe they must be for a long time to come, until the racial antagonisms and bitter religious jealousies which now prevail shall have ceased to exist, and the moral education of the literate classes is more advanced than at present. It would be simply a suicidal policy at the present time to place Indians in some of the positions for which they proclaim their fitness and are loudly clamoring. Account must also be taken of the infusion of more advanced Liberal ideas into the body politic a generation or so ago, when Lord Ripon became viceroy. A great impulse was given at that time, the early eighties, to the whole question of self-government, by the introduction of elective municipalities. The avowed policy of Lord Ripon's administration was the development of the spirit of self-government among the people. His efforts in this direction and in sundry attempts to revise the law so as to bring Europeans charged with crime under the jurisdiction of native magistrates and judges like all others, precipitated a conflict between Europeans and Indians, so that race spirit ran alarmingly high and bad feeling that remains in part until this day was engendered. Europeans of all classes, official and nonofficial, strenuously and successfully resisted the attempt to extend the jurisdiction of the rural criminal courts over Europeans and Americans, irrespective of the race or nationality of the presiding magistrate. The charge is freely and persistently made by the native press that European criminals, when the opposing or injured parties are Indians, are treated with unjustifiable leniency, especially in cases of maltreatment of Indians by British soldiers—cases of lamentable fre-

quency. Probably there has been ground for this charge in occasional instances; but on the whole it is a charge which it would be difficult to establish beyond doubt. I am disposed to think that allowance is sometimes consciously or unconsciously made by European judges for the effect of the inhospitable climate upon the irascible temper of Europeans, and that most judges take into consideration the effect which long terms of imprisonment must necessarily have upon their health. Nevertheless, it is unfortunate that there should be the slightest foundation on which to base the charge of unfairness, for the general confidence in the righteous impartiality of British justice is undoubtedly one of the most important elements of the stability of British rule. To be historically impartial, it must be noted that the domineering and contemptuous attitude of Europeans, both civil and military, toward Indians, is very largely responsible for the present strained and unhappy relations. Of course there are numerous honorable exceptions, but the fact must be admitted that the majority of Europeans in India treat their Indian fellow-subjects with scantiest courtesy, to put it as mildly as possible. Indians are a patient and most long-suffering people, deserving of great credit for their forbearance in this respect. As a rule they are unduly subservient, a fact that has been taken advantage of to a reprehensible extent. But the subservience which has been so marked a characteristic of Indians in their intercourse with foreigners is fast disappearing. I notice a great change in this respect within the past ten or twelve years. Indians of all classes are far less deferential to foreigners than formerly, and this I regard as a healthy sign. They are far more ready to stand up for their rights as well as to resent ill-treatment of any kind, a decided change for the better, indicating a hopeful development of character that will bear valuable fruit in other directions in time to come. As an evidence of the change that is taking place, it is common now to hear Europeans express positive hatred of those "impudent natives" who presume to resent the cuffs and blows and contemptuous treatment to which they have been long subjected. Great indignation is manifested by Europeans because Indians are learning to defend themselves by physical retaliation, but more espe-

cially by process of law, against all infringements of their personal rights. All this tends to alienate and estrange rulers and ruled still more widely, and to increase the general unrest. The more direct cause of the present acute outbreak of disaffection may be set down to Lord Curzon's strenuous administration. A really strong ruler, one of the greatest India has known, Lord Curzon, brought things to a focus by forcing several unpopular measures to a consummation. His administration tended to strengthen the bureaucracy, and it was very evident that he held the leaders of Indian thought and political life in ill-concealed contempt. He certainly took no pains to conciliate them or to secure their confidence and approval. Indeed, it would not be unjust to one for whom the writer cherishes large admiration, to say that he rather flouted native coöperation. None but Englishmen, in Lord Curzon's estimation, were equal to the situation in India. Undoubtedly he was a just and upright ruler, but inflexibly resolved upon having his own way notwithstanding the counsel of men of wider experience than himself. I am free to express the opinion that most of the important measures adopted during his viceroyalty bear the impress of real statesmanship and have the promise and potency of benefit to the empire in the long run. But some of these measures were hurried through in an almost unseemly manner in the face of such widespread opposition that it would have been good policy to have gone more slowly and modified them for peace's sake. First came his bold revision of the higher education policy, which provoked a storm of fierce indignation among the educated classes, especially of Bengal. There can be no question that the Universities Bill which he carried through in the face of intense opposition is bound to improve the standard of education throughout the country. But it has served practically to annihilate the smaller private or independent colleges throughout the land, institutions which were sources of livelihood to hundreds of disquieted educationists, hotbeds of impossible aspirations on the part of thousands of students who are only too ready to play a mischievous part in current politics. The bill has also made university education much more difficult and therefore more expensive, and it is evident that this must have greatly angered the community from

which students come. Besides, the educated classes, rightly or wrongly, concluded that at bottom Lord Curzon was inspired by a political purpose which threatened disadvantage to the better and more ambitious classes, and that in trying to "limit the output" of the universities he was actuated by a Machiavellian desire to restrict the number of those who in the future might too keenly compete with Englishmen for employment by the state, and who, if not provided by the government with positions commensurate with their opinion of their abilities, might prove a positive danger to the state. The hostility of the educated natives to his educational policy was bitter and universal, but its force was broken by the consideration that the Universities Bill undoubtedly contemplated a higher standard of education for the country, more nearly approximating the best Western ideals. Then came the unfortunate Bengal partition scheme to fill up the measure of the indignation and wrath of the better classes. This scheme has stirred the upper and middle classes of Bengal, and incidentally of the whole country, as nothing that has happened in many years has sufficed to do. The viceroy's ostensible plea for partition was the inability of any man occupying the position of lieutenant-governor effectively to administer the affairs of a province containing some 85,000,000 of people, though he himself, as the Bengalis did not fail to remind him, ruled over 300,000,000. He also insisted that under the then existing conditions, the 25,000,000 or thereabouts of Mohammedans in Bengal were so largely outnumbered by Hindus as to be at a serious disadvantage, which could be remedied only by partition. By his proposals one province would continue to give a preponderance to Hindus, but in the other province, the Mohammedans would have a much better chance. But the Bengalis would have none of his partition and they girded themselves with wonderful zeal and enthusiasm to resist his plans. It should be stated that the Bengalese objection to partition was based upon several considerations, chiefly of a selfish character. It broke up the solidarity of the aspiring and politically scheming Bengali people and prevented the united effort on which they had reckoned in their future operations. It deprived professional classes of the metropolis of valuable sources

of income, especially diverting lucrative legal business from the capital. It limited the patronage and influence of the more aggressive newspapers. It increased the expense of managing the large estates of the landed gentry who reside chiefly at the capital as a class of absentee landlords. The malcontents fully believed that the strenuousness of their opposition to partition would have constrained Lord Curzon to abandon his scheme. But they did not know the man they had to deal with, and their dismay was equaled only by their wrath when they saw that the scheme was legally consummated. Their hopes revived with the advent to power of the Liberal party, from which they expected consideration. But they were doomed to bitter disappointment; John Morley refused to cancel the partition. Then began such an agitation as India has never witnessed. Just about the time it began, the Chinese boycott of American goods had demonstrated to the world how effective Asiatic sentiment when aroused could be. Remembering also the Irish Nationalist methods of agitation, the Bengalis instituted a campaign of boycott of English goods, hoping that by touching England's most sensitive point—her pocket—the desired concession would be obtained. But here, again, they were doomed to grievous disappointment. The boycott was only moderately successful. The secretary of state remained inflexible. Partition was declared to be final. The agitators girded themselves more resolutely for the conflict, the press became more noisily virulent and defiant, religious feeling was pressed into the service, and soon the cry of *Swadeshi* (patronage of home products to the exclusion of foreign) resounded through all parts of the land, and *Bande Mataram* (Hail, Motherland) became the recognized national war cry of the Hindus. The marvelous triumph of Japan over Russia made a profound impression upon the educated people of India. It furnished a striking proof that Europeans, after all, are not invincible, and that Asiatics, under favorable conditions, are equal to a conflict with Western powers. The Japanese triumph suggested, as well it might, that if India could be free from foreign domination to work out her national destiny, she might attain to as proud a position as Japan. These conditions helped to inflame the minds of Hindus to an extraordinary

degree and intensified the bad feelings engendered by Lord Curzon's unpopular measures. Very fortunate at this time for Britain that her relations with other nations, especially with Russia and Japan, are on such a good footing, or the disaffection in India might cause her serious embarrassment. To add to the unrest, certain administrative and revenue measures recently put in operation in the Punjab, or proposed (increasing land rentals and other obnoxious proceedings), were instrumental in arousing bitterness toward government in that important province, on the loyalty of which so much depends. Agitators took advantage of the general situation to foment discontent, as noted above, and in a short time the condition of affairs became really serious. It looked for a time as if troublous times were upon us. But the government authorities were fully prepared and did not hesitate to apply severe measures when the danger became apparent. It is well at this time that the Mohammedans are found sympathizing with government. For some time past the Mohammedans have been feeling that the Hindus, among whom education is far more widespread, have been crowding them to the wall and preventing them from getting their full share of the loaves and fishes. They welcomed the Bengal partition scheme because it promised them a better chance, and they stoutly refused to participate in the boycotting of English goods. This naturally exasperated the Hindus, and the result is intense discord between the two communities. It is commonly believed by the Hindus that government deliberately undertakes to provoke enmity between the communities, on the principle *divide et impera*. We do not believe that government stoops to such baseness as to foment discord between its subjects in order to enable the executive to cope more effectually with disaffection, but government must be relieved, and is no doubt glad, to find the Mohammedans on their side in this emergency. Were it otherwise, were the two communities throughout the land in united opposition to government at this particular time, a state of things compared with which the mutiny of 1857 would be mere child's play would be inevitable. Britain's tenure of India would be more seriously challenged than ever in the past.

By way of a dispassionate survey of the complicated situa-

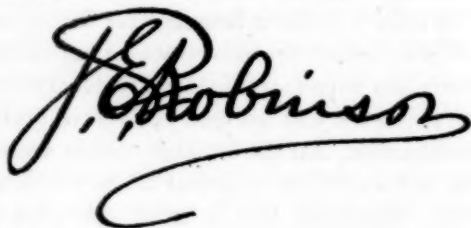


tion, which contains elements of a character to awaken grave anxiety, one must, as an American, sympathize with all true aspiration for political independence. That there are men at the front of the present agitation who are animated by true patriotic motives cannot be doubted. But, on the other hand, it is abundantly manifest that the dominating object is to secure the advantage of the classes rather than to promote the welfare of the masses. The cry of "India for the Indians" may sound very plausible in the ears of outsiders, but when we pause to inquire What Indians? the cry loses much of its charm. The term means the Hindu aristocracy, the higher castes, with never a thought concerning the low caste millions. It is impossible to sympathize to any large degree with a small minority of men who are all intent upon advancing the interests of their own privileged communities while the vast majority of the ignorant and poverty-stricken people are not considered at all. The educated men of the higher castes chafe under their subordination to foreigners—"we of the ancient civilization, of the profound philosophy, of the venerable religion, of the proud Aryan race—that we should be under the domination of Westerners," etc. It does not require profound statesmanship to enable one clearly to apprehend that the country is far from being prepared for self-government. Apart from the lack of men endowed with the requisite moral qualities for leadership in the state, it would be absolutely impossible to establish stable self-government while vast communities of bigoted religionists are ready to fly at one another's throats. Anarchy of a most disastrous type would be the inevitable result of any experimentation in the direction referred to. Hindus and Moslems can never be fused into anything worthy of being called a nation. To this writer at least it is manifest that there must first come a common language for India, and with that a common religion, before the conception of an independent, self-governing India can be realized. As a missionary, one regards these recent developments with mingled feelings of gratification and anxiety—gratification, that the lethargic people are waking up and catching the new spirit that is abroad in the world, that the "divine discontent" which has done so much for other peoples is taking hold

of them, and that they are reaching out after what they consider to be higher and better; anxiety, because they have not the spiritual vision and the moral preparation which people ought to have to justify such high aims as self-government.

What one hopes to see in the not distant future is a greater willingness than now exists on the part of the British authorities to share the burden of government freely and in a sympathetic way with Indians who are capable of serving their country. The proud, haughty, self-complacent, patronizing attitude of Europeans toward Indians must be changed, or the positive hatred of Europeans which in recent years has developed so alarmingly among educated Indians and is gathering strength daily, will spread among the masses and eventually overflow in an irresistible torrent of destructive wrath.

The pleasure-loving, overbearing section of the European community, who speak and act as though India had been created for their special benefit, bid fair by their thoughtlessness and folly to involve England in the loss of its greatest dependency. It is matter of thankfulness that the prevalent bitterness is not at all directed against Christianity. Naturally, when agitation against foreign rule exists, some prejudice there must be against the foreigners' religion, but it has not taken violent shape anywhere. I think it would be safe to say that at no time has the presence of missionaries been less objected to than at the present time. It is felt that their sympathies are truly with the people of the land in all their lawful aspirations. So far as it is possible to judge at present, the missionary enterprise stands to gain and not to lose by the developments likely to take place. The Church of Jesus Christ is bound to play a most important part in the creation of the new India that is to be.

A large, elegant handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "J. E. Robinson". The signature features a prominent, sweeping flourish that extends from the bottom of the name and curves back towards the left.

## ART. III.—CICERO AND PAUL

WHEN I first read Cicero's letters I was thrilled, especially by those touching his proconsulate in Asia. In reciting the stages of his progress in the occupancy of his office he makes mention of so many places with which I found myself totally familiar; not only familiar with them as a student of classical history and geography, but familiar with them because I had learned them in reading the itinerary of Paul, the apostle of Jesus Christ. And I confess, though it is years now since I first read those Cicero letters to his beloved Atticus, and often as I have reread the letters, I cannot yet dispossess myself of the old-time thrill that marches through my blood like beating drums. That Cicero of Rome and Saul of Tarsus, each in the occupancy of his office—no mean office—each as a Roman citizen, each as a statesman in his own sphere, that these men in the occupancy of their several offices crossed each other's track—I am not quit of it, I will not be. I would impart to hearts a little of the thrill that came and comes to mine when I consider Marcus Tullius Cicero, greatest Roman orator, and Saul of Tarsus, greatest Jewish citizen, going from same province to same province, one man on his own business, the other man on God-Christ's business; the one man working solely for himself, the other man working solely for Somebody else. Cicero served a year in the proconsular office. His proconsular part of Asia was Cilicia, which embraced not only Cilicia but Pamphylia, Lycaonia, part of Phrygia, the Island of Cyprus, and territories of the province of Asia not positively known. Cilicia had as capital city Tarsus; and at Tarsus Saul was born. So that Cicero, greatest of the Roman orators, was proconsular prince over Cilicia, in whose capital was born the greatest of Hebrew orators. Cicero landed at Ephesus. Cicero marched through Syria, through Cilicia, through Cappadocia, came to Iconium, marched to Lycaonia, took his army through Galatia, and, finally, came down to Tarsus, native city of Saul, thence to the Isle of Rhodes, came thence to Athens, went, homesick, hurrying toward Rome; and in the neighborhood of Rome

he died, slain by the sword of Mark Antony, friend of Cæsar. And in Rome Saul of Tarsus died, slain by the poisoned sword of the emperor Nero. Two men, two pilgrims, two statesmen, two orators.

Let the cities, localities, or governments Cicero touched or governed be set down in a list so that we may have a bird's-eye view of his Asiatic itinerary. His recital of his goings and comings has been given with painstaking exactitude in his letters to Atticus. Cicero was nothing if not verbose. He spared no words, which has been an inestimable boon to the succeeding ages, because his gift of prolixity has afforded us the most precise view we possess of the Roman world. He spent ten whole days in Athens, "having made," as he tells Atticus, "my journey through Greece with great applause." He was ten days in sailing from Athens to Delos. He proceeded from the port of Athens, the Piræus, in a Rhodian vessel which he thought little of, it being undecked and not calculated to resist the waves. He came by Zoster, Cea, Gyarus, and Scyros en route to Delos, and was met by an astonishing multitude at Samos, and landed at Ephesus on July 22, expecting to reach his province by August 1. He reached Laodicea on July 31; thence he came to Lycaonia. Three days he spent in Laodicea, three at Apameia, three at Synnada. He says Cassius is in Antioch with his whole army, that he himself is in Cappadocia at the foot of Mount Taurus. He reviewed the army near Iconium, he received pressing messages from the Parthians, he entered Cilicia through the passes of Taurus (from the north) and came to Tarsus on October 5: thence "I went to Mount Amanus," which divides Syria from Cilicia. "My name was respected in Syria," he naively remarks. "I went from Tarsus into Asia, I cannot tell you with what admiration of the cities of Cilicia and, above all, of the Tarsians." He held sessions of state in Pamphylia and Lycaonia. He comes via Rhodes to the Piræus once more, and his year of Asiatic banishment is ended. So here is the catalogue of places he has named or visited which touch the spark of our Scripture memory: Athens, the Piræus, Rhodes, Samos, Ephesus, Antioch (in Syria), Laodicea, Cappadocia, Parthia, Lycaonia, Iconium, Cilicia, Tarsus, Syria, Asia, Pamphylia.

We seem to hear the steady tramp of Saul of Tarsus as he went across the Roman world.

Now, whatever estimate you may retain concerning Cicero, you cannot leave him out of the history of Rome. If you belittle him, as Mommsen does, in the greatest history of Rome written, if you load him with panegyrics, as Middleton does, still you must reckon with him. You cannot write a history of Rome and leave Marcus Tullius Cicero out. He was born one hundred and six years before Christ and was assassinated in the year 43 B.C. He lived in the most eventful half century of Roman history. He was a contemporary of Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar—the first triumvirate—and it is bruited abroad, but with how much truth we cannot say, that Cicero might have changed the triumvirate of Rome into a quaternity. He was fast friend of Cato. He was sworn friend of Cassius, the murderer of Cæsar. He was heart friend of Brutus, whose stab was the last stab that walked into the heart of Cæsar and left it dry as a broken bottle in the sun. You cannot escape him. He was not the greatest man in his day, but he was the most versatile man in Rome. I take it he was the greatest man Rome produced, save Julius Cæsar only, who was a Hercules. All other men only reached to this Hercules's belt. Cicero was an orator. We lads and lassies who studied Latin in the schools know that. The oratorical gift of Cicero chimes through the centuries. He was a writer of books on philosophy. He was a writer of the most noted series of letters that come down to us from the noon of the Roman world. He was the greatest epistolary master that ever lived. Though books on books of his letters have been spilled into the seas, wrecked upon the violent waters of the centuries, yet we have over a thousand letters of Marcus Tullius Cicero, which constitute to the present the ablest biography of Rome yet written. I have read many of the histories of ancient Rome. I have gone nosing around in the nooks and crannies of that ancient day when the men upon the seven hills of Rome mastered the earth and put their arms around the then known planet and were the first authentic masters of the mighty world, Europe, Asia, and Africa; and I confess that for the inside history—for the downward look that

sees the floor and for the upward look that sees the ceiling, and the outward look that sees the streets and mobs and armies of men and women, and the enduring look that sees Rome as it was—those letters are without peer, and ring ever with unconscious fidelity. The Cicero letters are the most masterful exponents of that day and life. This man, therefore, you cannot sneer down. You may think him weak, weaker than water; let that pass. You may think him to lack political conscience; let that pass. You may think him to be unspeakably garrulous; let that pass also. You may think him to be unspeakably vain; let that also go. Yet across that landscape, gone long since, when you look to see the personalities who towered high as the Alps, among the faces which are indelibly limned against the blue of the far-off Roman sky is that of Marcus Tullius Cicero. An excellent face, a clean face, chiseled out as by the sculptor's chisel; lips that seemed as if they were only the door through which the raging words might rush in torrents toward the sea. And that man, who enthralled Rome with his eloquence of speech in the two masterful languages of the then world, Latin and Greek, and spoke not only classical oratorical Latin but wrote books in the Greek of Athens and the Latin of Rome, that man whose friendship Julius Cæsar and Pompey courted, that man who was fêted and loved for the time by the men who would kill Cæsar and over his corpse march to supremacy—that man we cannot shunt from the scene. We must listen to his voice. He was one of those types of men that knew he had two hands for a purpose. He knew that no one thing ought to include a man's life, but to be a man was to have room for a world; therefore, though he was a statesman, though he was a consul, though he defeated Catiline's conspiracy, though he had many callings, though his law business was pressing and very lucrative—though he was so busy—he had time to write multitudinous letters; he had time to be the greatest stylist of Roman literature; he had time to talk and say those words which bulk large in Roman letters; he had time to buy up libraries, ample for that time; he had time to buy statuary at the hands of his friend Atticus; he listened to the Roman world and said things which interpreted the life of the then world to the



now world. Whatever your antipathies toward Marcus Tullius Cicero, you cannot wipe his name from Roman history, nor can you push him out of the doors of Roman literature. We have learned much of our Latin from him, as we have from the Commentaries of great Caesar, where the words seem as a soldier marching to the fray, where we saw races die and felt their gasp for breath. And we pass from this writing of the battle-mooded Caesar into that quiet mood of the stylist Cicero; and yet while we hold conference with him we seem to be breathing the air of Rome. We saw the sky of Rome's great capital. We walked with him down to the sea, and heard him converse with the leading spirits of his age. And Cicero was a man bulking great in Roman letters and in Roman oratory and in Roman statesmanship. He had his faults. He had many faults. He had great faults; and yet when we consider whose son he was, namely, Rome's son, and remember that there were scarcely a dozen men alive in Rome exempt from graft, and that to this great end Christ came along the roadways of the world and whitened our lives and taught us that a man had to be clean as a woman in morals, then recall that in such an era this man Cicero was clean. He was a beautiful father. He loved his son and planned for him, which was a Roman characteristic. He loved his daughter; and when Tullia dies his heartache is poignant enough to make us feel his anguish yet. With all his foibles and all his faults, you cannot be oblivious to Marcus Tullius Cicero. After he had been consul, and after he had saved the life of Rome, and after he had been banished for sixteen months, he made his way back to Rome amid welcome such as seldom comes to man. After he had been given a proconsulate in Asia he was homesick to see Rome as no man in Roman history ever was. Dante wandering away from Florence, gloomed like a cloud because he could not see his city streets, was blood relative of Cicero, who when he is out of sight of Rome, and cannot see the capitol, is as homesick as a child. And the patriot is bigger than the cosmopolitan; the man who has lost the art to love his home and his nation, so that absent from his flag and shore he is not like a child absent from his mother, seems to me not big but little. This man Cicero loved Rome so

that when he was away from it he was homesick, and when in Asia all he asked, in his letters to Atticus and to all his friends at home, was, "Bring me home again." And all he asked for in the proconsulate was that it might be brief. And so he came unwillingly, but not unwittingly, and landed at Ephesus and came to Iconium; came to Lycaonia; came to Pamphylia.

Inquire what was Marcus Tullius Cicero's business, and with what sort of pageant did he come to this business? Well, let us consider it. He came as a representative of Rome. He was a Roman. And we have read that to be a Roman was greater than to be a king. And to be a proconsul was greater than to be an emperor. And this man, when he landed, deputations of citizens of Asia met on the seas and did not misname him, but called him great. And when he came to Ephesus the people crowded out to meet him and fête him. He was a clean ruler, though he made much money in his political office, which is a matter known in our own day, and he held such cleanness of political sway in his proconsular service as was unknown in the annals of Rome. But, mark you, he was a king, though he came not because he would but because he must. He had vanity, but his absence from Rome slew even his vanity. He came, and great deputations saluted him. He came not as a man whose life was in jeopardy, but as a man who jeopardized the lives of many. He came as the exponent of Rome. He came to crush out common citizens. He came, and his coming was ruthless in the Roman fashion. He came for his own aggrandizement, to lord it over the East. This was his first consideration. I am not speaking unkindly nor untruly, but simply in the name of fact. He came to Asia to rule it, to be its autocrat. He came, in a second regard, to see if in his brief period of office he might win a triumph. He wanted to be "imperator." Like many another man, he had been a success in one thing and desired to be a success in another thing. He had been allowed to be an orator, and now he designed to be a general. He had won a kingdom, and it gave him an opportunity to try his hand at holding the sword, and his sole desire in battle was not so much to aggrandize Rome as to aggrandize Cicero. He told his friends that he wanted in Rome to be saluted, "Imperator." And

when on the fields the ragged voices of his soldiers called, "Cicero, imperator," then those stolid features of Marcus Tullius Cicero broke into a smile and he laughed out loud. And he turned on some free tribes in Cilicia. Because nobody made war on him, and he couldn't get to be a general very well fighting nothing, he thought to pick on some defenseless citizens in the hilla, which he did without much danger and with large success. And he marched to their mountain fastnesses and hammered their gates down and broke their walls level with the dust, and on a certain Saturnalia day—namely, a day of festival—sold the prisoners into slavery and put into the pocket of the Roman world past half a million dollars of Roman gold. That was Marcus Tullius Cicero's business. And by and by, having done this year of service, he marched down to Cilicia, set sail from Tarsus with a happy heart, passed Rhodes, came over to Athens, and hasted on his way back to Rome a general, to have a general's triumph! Clean as this man was regarding money matters, he had the superior lust for name. To win the name of "imperator" at the Roman capital he would wipe out freedom from the Cilician mountains. Such was the career of Marcus Tullius Cicero in the proconsulate of Asia.

Paul, apostle of Christ, was the widest traveler we have note of in the Roman world of his day. The points of his journeys are here set down, that we may see how prodigal this man was in the simple item of travel. He was in, or touched in his journeys, the following places: Jerusalem, Judea, Tyre, Cæsarea, Ptolemais, Antipatris, Sidon, Damascus, Syria, Antioch, Seleucia, Phrygia, Laodicea, Colosse, Pontus, Pamphylia, Pisidia, Antioch, Attalia, Perga, Cappadocia, Cilicia, Tarsus, Lycia, Myra, Patara, Caria, Miletus, Cnidus, Lydia, Thyatira, Sardis, Smyrna, Ephesus, Philadelphia, Trogyllium, Mysia, Troas, Pergamos, Adramyttium, Assos, Cyprus, Salamis, Fair Havens, Galatia, Lycaonia, Iconium, Derbe, Lystra, Parthia, Paphlagonia, Bithynia, Thrace, Macedonia, Illyricum, Philippi, Neapolis, Apollonia, Berea, Amphipolis, Thessalonica, Corinth, Cenchrea, Achaia, Athens, Chios, Samos, Rhodes, Clauda, Melita, Lesbos, Mytilene, Rhegium, Puteoli, Rome, Asia, Ionia, and it is more than probable

he journeyed to the western part of southern Europe and came, as his heart desired, to Hispania. Mark you this man Paul. We know him blessedly well. He is the most potent personality in the New Testament—always excluding Jesus, who is divine, and owns the New Testament as he owns the stars and the heavens and the earth. This man was born in Tarsus in Cilicia. He lived about half a century after Cicero. He was born a Roman citizen, though he was a Jew by blood. Born at Tarsus, lived there, went to Jerusalem, was educated there, became a Pharisee of the Pharisees; heard about the sect called Christians, was angered by them; was no half-way man, was no namby-pamby man, was no mugwump, went to slay the Christians, met Christ, saw him once, on the Damascus road, marveled at him much; loved him so that afterward he gladdened to say, "I am a bond servant of Christ," and, in the event, died for him. And we have thought to track this man Paul and track this man Cicero. Both marched through Cilicia, both marched through Syria, through Tarsus, through Pamphylia, through Cappadocia, through Galatia, through Lycaonia; and this man is marching for the one purpose of aggrandizing Marcus Tullius Cicero; and this man Paul, who used to be Saul of Tarsus, hath on his breast—and his arms hugged around it, and the blood streaming down it—a cross! And as he marches through Syria and through Cilicia, and as he goes to his own home town, Tarsus, and as he goes to Galatia through the mountain passes, as he falls among robbers, they always see a lonely soldier, not with a sword but with a cross. And when the day is dark and dull toward night he stands upon the fringe of the town and holds the cross on high and calls: "Behold the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." And I can hear him yet. And when he goes down the lonely highways, where the robbers linger and wait for him, he smites them with the cross and calls: "The cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." And as he marches along the mountain fastnesses, and as he goes solitary along in the starry night, he goes holding up the cross, and men can hear him giving hallelujahs and singing psalms; far away can hear his calling: "The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." And so we witness the one man, Marcus Tullius Cicero, went to stand for Marcus Tullius

Cicero, and the man Paul went to stand for Christ. The one went to enrich himself and to glorify himself, and the other went to impoverish himself and to glorify Christ. And one man went for the ego and the glory of self, and the other man went to slay the ego and to eradicate self. And he is going into Ephesus. Did you mark that? This Paul had a voice, and for years went to and fro preaching the gospel. And he went to the town of Ephesus and preached there day and night, with tears, and visited from house to house. And I think I will say what is in my knowledge to say, and what is in my heart to say, that the parting of Paul from the brethren out beyond Ephesus is one of the most heartbreaking episodes that ever spilled out of the breaking heart of literature. Paul went to Ephesus for the glory of himself? No. Is he met by great companies and great welcome? No. Is he greeted by applauding throngs? No. He goes into the city alone, or with one man. He goes into the city not to be supported by public bounty, but earns his board by tentmaking and his fingers are often bleeding from the wiry fibers. Paul, what do you do? "Earn my board, that I may give my strength for Him." And you shall see him at Lycaonia. If you will read in the narratives of Cicero, you will read that he marched through Iconium; but if you will read in the narratives of Paul, you will find that his footprints are marked with blood, because he was stoned in a certain city, and dragged out for dead, but after awhile he got up and walked back into the city that stoned him and left him for dead. And he is going about talking about Another, whose name is Christ. He is working for his board that he may tell the name of Christ. He is working his own passage that he may tell the name of Christ. He is on shipboard that he may preach Christ. And wheresoever he pilgrimed Paul and Another came to town. Wheresoever Paul pilgrimed two men came to town, Jesus Christ, of Nazareth, and Paul the apostle of Christ. And a voice said, "Christ," and the voice was Paul's. And once people came to worship Paul, and he said, as he tore his garments: "God forbid! Worship Christ." Not as a random arrow from a random bow do we study Paul and Cicero, but they represent the difference between the dispensation of Rome and the



dispensation of Christ—heathenism and its civilization, Christianity and its civilization; the business of the one the aggrandizement of itself, the business of the other to demolish self and to love and glorify Christ.

And Paul was at Tarsus, his birthplace. And Paul was at Syria. And he went through Asia. He knew Asia Minor better than any governor. He walked most of the way, whether he had money or not. And finally, when his heart hungered to come to Rome, not for his own glory but because his heart ached to name Christ in Rome, he appealed to Cæsar. Not that he cared for Cæsar's office or for the Roman capital, to walk through streets crowded with history, but because he wanted to bear his cross and wear it there. He came to Athens, came on a voyage, and what he did in Athens was to march up Mars' Hill and say: "Him whom ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." And he came to Rome, and was glad as a lover who comes near to the woman he loves; though when they brought him he was in chains, and he had been shipwrecked, and the garments he wore were stained and sea-soaked, and chains dangled from his wrists. And he came up to Rome, not as Marcus Tullius Cicero did, with great *eclat* and callings of the throng, but he came with his chains to the prison. And he was so glad that you may hear him calling aloud with rapture: "Home, home, home." And they thought he said, "Rome, Rome, Rome." And he was a messenger who knew there was a short-cut to the kingdom of God and in that prison he was to lift up the cross and say: "The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." He was in his own hired house. They by and by put him in the Mamertine prison, chained to a Roman soldier. The prison cell was damp and dark. The windows were only slits with bars across. And he sang songs, not as interludes or preludes, but all the time kept singing: "His name is Christ. His name is Christ." And once men came and said: "Who are you?" And he said: "Paul, a bond servant of Jesus Christ." And one day they fetched him out; and he came with steps that leaped and ran as a man running to the triumph awaiting him, for a crown. And he ran toward the hill and leaned his head down to the block for the blow of the ax, and they smote hard—and two chains



dangled at the dying man's wrists, but on the dead man's face there was a smile of rapture.

Down near the coast line of Italy, borne of slaves, is Marcus Tullius Cicero, and he is fleeing for his life. And behind him come clamoring the horsemen of maddened, drunken Mark Antony—who has forgotten much, but not his lust for Cicero's blood; and at last Cicero leans his head out of the carriage and sees the sword, and says: "Strike!" It was the manliest word he ever drew breath to utter. But Paul was not caught fleeing from his enemies, but toward them; and when he stood upon the hill, about to die, he held up the cross and said: "The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." And the men said: "Be still; be still!" And he said: "Men, you know not what words you utter. I glory in the cross of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, whose bond servant I am. Amen." And he leans his head to the ax.

Cicero lived for self and self-applause and self-enrichment and self-service. And Paul lived not for himself, but unto God. Good night, Marcus Tullius Cicero! Ah, brother Paul, good morning!

W. A. Ingle.

#### ART. IV.—PROSPERITY THE TEST OF NATIONAL CHARACTER

THE early days of the history of the American people were for the most part full of hope, but they were full of hardship. We had our struggle with wild beasts, with the aborigines, and with the wilderness. Even down to the days of the Civil War only the surface of the continent had been pecked with the pick and tickled with the hoe. There was very little downright poverty, but neither was there the abounding comfort of the many nor the boundless luxury of the few which have come to characterize the last half century of our national existence. For more than two hundred years life was simple and measurably irksome and difficult, but during that period what is best in American character sank its roots deep into the soil of the fatherland. The Civil War crowned with the promise of ultimate success the political struggle for the making of the nation. Thenceforward a great volume of released human energy leaped to the exploitation of the unparalleled natural resources of forest and field and mine. We plunged at once into an age of mechanical invention. The telephone and the telegraph became the nerves of industry, and the great railway systems the arteries of commerce. The peoples of the earth have poured the enterprising surplus of their populations upon our welcoming shores. Native born has shared with foreign born the privileges of wealth and freedom, and all, in sharing the plenty of America, have come to share in some measure the spirit and the ideals of a common country. But this is only one side of the shield. Our unparalleled prosperity itself has put a strain upon individual and upon national character frequently too great for us to bear. Men never saw before such sudden increase of the passion for success. And it has taken the form in America of the passion for wealth just because the surest avenue to fame and position in this industrial age is the accumulation of money. American men of spirit and energy value wealth not that they may hoard it and gloat over it as the miser gloats, but because wealth is the "open sesame" to place and power. It

is not immoral to strive for wealth. It is well within the sphere of wholesome human nature to love power. But never has vice shown itself more clearly as the excess of virtue than in the insidious influence of money madness in undermining in many instances American foundations of individual and of national character. We have developed an inglorious passion for unearned wealth, a discreditable desire to chase the easy dollar. Bucketshop vies with bucketshop; graft from the kitchen and the stable to the throne room of the insurance president; the floating of specious and fraudulent corporate enterprise, for which there is almost unrestrained license in one state or another in America; the excessive overcapitalization of many kinds of honest business, which may necessitate the dishonest milking of the community for generations in the interest of dividends and profits, and which is always accompanied by a more or less speculative management of great properties instead of a straightforward business operation of those properties; the seizure of the political life of the country for commercial purposes; the lack of civic self sacrifice. It is only recently that it has been possible to put one's finger upon a decently governed city in the United States of America. Corruption, inefficiency, and greed have been the law of our municipal life, the result of an unholy alliance between business and politics. On the one hand, the political "striker" holding up progress in the interest of his own pocketbook; on the other hand, the baleful influence of the public service corporation hungry for another franchise; fighting the political devil with fire as being, on the whole, the only element of which the devil stands in fear when the supply of holy water gives out. And the personal vulgarity and vanity which have been fostered in the midst of our financial fury: the great insurance president who fitted up his office with the autocratic absurdity and extravagance of a Louis Quatorze—ninety thousand dollars of trust funds for elaborately carved and gilded chairs and other gewgaws of a lavish and irresponsible monarch. Is it any wonder that the people of America came to eye with suspicion both the sound business instinct and the democracy of such folly as that? And the indifference to ideals other than those of mere material success—how sorry the specta-

cle! The pompons Chicago pork-packer whom Lodge, of Massachusetts, publicly named in the Senate, had a son who unfortunately developed a fondness for books, and in an unguarded moment his father allowed him to go abroad and study at a foreign university. Suddenly he summoned him home, and the pork-packer was asked why the young man had been called back. "Oh," said he, "I let him go abroad for awhile. He wanted to write a book. But he has got something better to do than that. I can hire men to write books, but he has got a big packing business the like of which is not in the world. He can't waste time in studying and writing books." To such dead level of vulgarity and contempt for the best American ideals had the pork-packer fallen. He is one of the more sordid and thoughtless representatives of that relatively small group of trust magnates and railway managers who, along with an indifference to the higher ethical ideals of the republic, have exhibited a coarse defiance of popular opinion and the law; who have attempted to create unnatural monopolies in the business in which they are engaged, to weave themselves and their doings in a web of secrecy as dense as darkness, who have entered into collusion with the railways to secure the illegal rebate, and by this and other means have crushed their competitors with the same unmoral nonchalance with which a man would step on a fly. These individuals have been rudely awakened in the last five years by a great executive to find, to their wrathful chagrin, that they hold no chattel mortgage on the goods of the nation. It is sometimes said with a sneer that the President of the United States acts as if he had rediscovered the Ten Commandments. He has, for some people, and a new look at the old code of right and wrong has been a wholesome tonic, too. These dangers of industrial prosperity grow out of an imperfectly restrained economic initiative, and no man of sense questions the evil. But it is to this same free initiative—every man leaning on himself and keeping what he produces—that we owe the great social blessings of foresight, industry, and of honesty, too. For one of the great bulwarks of integrity was set up in this world when with the institution of private property man came to perceive that, if he expected to enjoy peaceably the fruits of his own

labor, he must recognize this as the right of every other man. He must be square with him. And yet in our time we are in danger of being swept from this historic mooring of integrity by a great wave of prospective gain which is just now passing across the land. Shall we, then, eliminate self-interest, eliminate free economic initiative, by revolutionary process? Not if we walk by the light of experience and in the rational pathway of social evolution. Rather, step by step, shall we eliminate unjust privilege and curb individual initiative in those fields where it is necessary in the interest of equality of opportunity for every man. We may even in a considerable number of instances be obliged to alter the content of private property—which has frequently been done in the past—and some things which are now private property may become public property. But we shall, if we are wise, take great care how we weaken free economic initiative; how we weaken those great primary human virtues of self-reliance, industry, and foresight which are at the base of national progress. Governmental initiative and individual initiative are not antagonists of one another. They are complements of one another. But, if it is a question which we are to lean upon, let every man lean on himself. To lean hard on government, as the socialists would have us do, is to pauperize the individual, to paralyze progress, to put out the light of hope. Government may do something for us in America, but it should not be our chief reliance. There is a force older than government, stronger than human law, which is working toward better things. Human nature itself is in process of evolution. And unless we crush out individual economic initiative and human development by some hard and fast system of socialism, and return again to the pit whence, as a race, we were digged, the mental and moral evolution of the nation will go on, and human desire and human nature will be slowly modified in the direction of justice and equality and altruism in industry just as they have been modified in that direction in political democracy. It is probable that the second generation of men who hold accumulated wealth in this country will effect a change in this respect which will be evolutionary but which will be so marked as to seem to be revolutionary. But it will be sim-

ply the rising to regnancy once more of those great underlying qualities of integrity and of character which have been developed through preceding generations of free initiative and of mental and moral progress. Everett Colby has taken his father's railway money to fight corporate rule in the state of New Jersey. Theodore Roosevelt has had the backing of his noble father's moderate wealth in his fight against injustice and inequality between man and man, and the number of such instances will probably be greatly increased. The reaction is already upon us. Instead of going bodily over to socialism, and leaning upon Uncle Sam until we get to be as lean as he is himself in his published photographs, the free energy of some of us will aid Uncle Sam in curbing the selfishness and greed of others of us; but our chief reliance will, after all, be in that great ethical and rational advance of a whole people toward social solidarity; a solidarity not artificially created by government and human law, but a solidarity which was decreed before the morning stars sang together, and which is being inexorably worked out by a process of natural law of which the best human government is a very imperfect and feeble instrument. There are many evidences that this surface defilement which everywhere appears does not yet touch the springs of American character. They are still deep and pure. Every year the evidence grows that the rank and file of the American people more and more see things as they are. The charm of dishonest success is broken. Never in this generation in America have we had such acuteness of public judgment, such strength of public intelligence, such community integrity as at this hour. The two most influential and unquestioned political leaders, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan, are such because they represent first of all, the tremendous moral force of the nation. It was that force, and no other, which called them to place and power and keeps them there. Whatever else may be wrong about them, and whatever discrimination one may be inclined to make between them, the nation believes that they have clean hands and pure ideals of public service. And it is this keen public judgment and the influence of an enlightened and purified public opinion which are behind our present national legislative program for the curbing of business wrongs. It is a



clearer moral vision which is lighting the public will on its way to the uprooting of municipal abuses, the dethronement of the old-time political boss, and the enthronement of a purer leadership and a purer democracy. It would not be surprising if this moral drift toward a sounder national character were to carry with it our great captains of industry. These men have not often been misers. There have never been such generous givers in the world as Americans who have accumulated wealth through the capitalistic system of industry. Our colleges, our libraries, our museums, our scientific enterprises, our churches, our hospitals, are monuments to that. But it is easier to be generous than it is to be just, and the democratic conscience is becoming highly sensitive to injustice and has no use for generosity which is not tempered with exact justice and the spirit of public service. It is said that we have few great lawyers in the old sense, like Story, and Webster, and Evarts, whose eminent abilities were laid upon the altar of their country. But we have Elihu Root and William H. Taft, who have risen to the best that is in them now that the nation is their client. It would not be surprising if the great corporation managers and corporation lawyers should begin to employ such powerful, but sometimes crude and unmoral, energy and ingenuity as they possess in the promotion of law and justice.

There is no more perfect evidence that the American character is standing the test of plenty and prosperity than our now historic attitude toward the people of Cuba and toward the poor, oppressed, and ignorant inhabitants of the Philippine Islands. We have burst the bonds of our traditional policy of isolation and have dared to be strong for the weak. We have swept away the vestiges of ancient wrong. With a patience that has never wavered, with an unselfishness that has been dimmed only once, and that by the refusal thus far of the Senate of the United States to open our American markets to the limited quantities of Philippine products, with a wisdom that is rare in the history of nations, we have established for these island dependencies schools and laws and freedom. Great communities of political children have been thrust upon our care by the strange fortune of war. We are training these political children in the fundamental principles of

self-government and self-control. If there ever was altruism among nations, the evidence of it can be found in the modern foreign policy of America. In China, in South America, throughout the world, to employ those fine words of Secretary Root before the Pan-American convention: "We deem the independence and equal rights of the smallest and weakest member of the family of nations entitled to as much respect as those of the greatest empire. We wish for no victories but those of peace, for no territory but our own, for no sovereignty except the sovereignty over ourselves." The Anglo-Saxon blood at home and abroad is a blood that does not allow itself permanently to fall into disgrace. We need not share the fears of the sainted Senator Hoar and others of our countrymen, that the entrance of America into world politics will be disastrous to the nation. Before the English occupation of Egypt nearly every thoughtful man in England looked forward with dread, believing there would be a great spread of public corruption. But the tone of British politics has been elevated as never before. It will be so with us. We are already feeling in the moral upheaval at home the reaction of our ideals of altruism and honesty and efficiency of administration abroad. And year by year, and decade by decade, as we are placed in delicate international situations, we shall have the tact and the integrity to do the right. American character will rise to responsibility, will "greaten with the act of freedom and strengthen with the weight of duty."

The Puritan and the Pilgrim did not live their somewhat narrow lives in vain. They have bequeathed to this nation a backbone of absolute fidelity to conscience which is standing us in good stead when the days of crisis come in public character. And as Teuton and Celt and Latin and Slav mingle here, and contribute still other essential qualities to the American type, the conscience of the Puritan will leaven all with moral self-control, which is the sheet anchor of individual and political liberty.

*Fludaneport*

## ART. V.— THE GROWING OF A SERMON

WE have it from ancient and respectable authority that the poet is born, not made. This is true in what it affirms, and partly true in what it denies. The same may be said of the preacher. But the preacher's chief product is a growth. Corn and wheat are growths, productions of nature, and yet we speak of raising corn, of growing corn—yes, we sometimes say we "make a crop." No man can *make* a blade of grass, much less an ear of corn, and yet man has so much to do with its production that we unconsciously, in the very language employed, give him large share therein. Thus it is in some measure with a sermon. It is a growth, and yet a man has so much to do with its production that we very commonly say he made it.

In order to the growing of a sermon we must have the right sort of seed, and seed which is vital. Even though you have the right kind of seed, if the germ has never been fertilized, or has lost its vitality, you may plant it in the best of soil, and under the most favorable conditions, but it will never sprout. The text is, of course, the principal sermon seed—but, as is the fate of most rhetorical figures, this one fails to meet all our requirements in this case, for there must be numerous other seed-thoughts for a complete sermon. The gathering and preserving of seed is always very carefully attended to by the judicious farmer. The largest, most perfectly filled, ripest ears of corn are sorted out at the time of harvest and laid away with great care. The choicest seed pods and heads of annuals are carefully culled by the florist and preserved for future flower beds. "Men of the soil" who grow things out of nature's heart are ever on the alert for the best seed. Likewise "men of the soul" who must grow sermons out of brain and heart should ever be on the alert for the best sermon seed—not keeping watch merely for the text; that of itself is worthy the best effort. The ideal sermon grows from a large accumulation of materials. To liberal culture the ideal preacher has added vast stores of general knowledge. He has become a genuine lover of truth wherever found. Early in his ministry he was tempted to

read solely for the immediate making of sermons, and consequently his sermons were forced growths or not growths at all. Necessity knows no law. We may as well learn at once that the ideal sermon is not reached the first year in the ministry. At first, I say, he read for next Sunday's material. He thought, and thought hard, because he must have something ready. Now he reads and thinks for the sake of truth and the rich stores thereof which he may appropriate for future use. The precious seed truth which he gathers and pigeon-holes away in his brain becomes accustomed to the soil, becomes assimilated, actually becomes a part of himself, so that when it springs forth at some future time it is a flower bearing the fragrance of his own life. The people know very quickly whether or not sermon thoughts have really had time to take root in the preacher's mind. The sermon that smells of Saturday night's oil instead of the "beaten oil" betrays itself by its crudeness. Every young man at the very beginning of his ministry should form the habit of sermonic seed accumulation. Notwithstanding that during the early years he will be compelled to read and think largely for immediate results, he can establish the habit of hoarding for future use. Callowness and crudity in the young man may be excusable, but not in the mature preacher. Quotations from commentaries, bookish exegesis and bookish illustrations will only be tolerated for a time, but depending upon them will make trouble for future years. Have upon your study table, always accessible, a good-sized substantially bound blank book. Whenever a germinant thought comes seize your pen and write it down. Such thoughts will come out of your special course of literary reading, out of your cursory scanning of current fiction, even out of the five-minute glance given to the morning paper, out of nowhere and from manywhere. Thought-compelling suggestions entirely foreign to the sermon on which you are just now engaged will frequently send you to your treasure book, and without any damage to present preparation you will scribble down a page of matter that will set you on fire at some future day just when you are in need of inspiration and help. Have also a special vest-pocket notebook and let nothing escape you. Besides your notebooks have a generous file of long, narrow cards. Place on

the end of a card in plain letters the name of any new subject on which you find any thought worth recurring to in any book you read. Jot down the name or the initial of the volume, together with the page; and, if the book is your own, mark the line or paragraph. Gradually your cards will get heads, and you can arrange them so that all the heads can be seen at a glance. You can pick out any subject you desire, either for adding new memoranda or finding something needed on that particular theme. Everywhere, and all the time, gather and store up material. Much of it you will never use, but that matters not. The mere fact of the gathering enriches your mind and gives you increased facility. Most of us take several church papers, probably we preserve only one of them; certainly one should be carefully filed, but the half dozen, more or less, will be destroyed after they are a week old—or, if you follow my suggestion, after they have been clipped. "No religious paper destroyed until it has passed under the scissors" should be a law in every preacher's home. With this end in view you will read the papers with pencil in hand. You cannot clip it now, for others will wish to read it. But you can mark it for future slaughter. Even the dailies and irregular strays and pamphlets will sometimes get thus disfigured, to the real enrichment of your cabinet. The scissors editor has been mercilessly ridiculed and the scissors preacher is even more contemptible, and of course I am not advising the transfer of these clippings to your sermons, but I am advising you to clip anything and everything that has genuine value, and store it away as seed thought for the future. As to how you shall store it deponent sayeth not, but agents without number are ready to supply every man according to his individual preferences. Cabinets of bewildering variety are everywhere offered, but, for a few dimes, you can make and arrange a series of large envelopes which will meet every requirement.

Another very essential requisite to the growing of a good crop is thorough preparation of the soil. The brain and heart of the preacher constitute the soil from which the genuine sermon must grow. Habituate the mind to sermonizing. Mind is not matter, but it works by means of the brain, a material instrument, and

very readily becomes accustomed to certain paths along which it travels with both pleasure and speed. The accountant sums up long lines of figures with ease. The mathematician makes calculations of dizzying, exhausting intricacy and comprehensiveness with a facility almost marvelous. Practice, discipline, cultivation—these establish a tendency. We see the poetic tendency, the philosophic tendency, and certainly he whose most sacred duty and privilege it is to preach the Word should have the homiletic tendency. He must have it or sermons will not grow readily and with vigor. The mind thus prepared gives warm welcome to every workable thought that falls into it, and transmutes it into sermon material. It analyzes and methodizes as naturally as a root sprouts downward and a blade upward. It constructs without conscious effort, and with far less effort than the ordinary mind brings these roughly drawn plans into perfection of form, and gathers about them the material necessary for completeness and adornment. Having this habit thoroughly developed, a great wealth of material will be caught and assimilated. Argumentative material will be captured in passing. Illustrative material will flow in from every quarter. The difference between the preacher who possesses this habit of mind and the one who has it not is abundantly manifest when they face the work of immediate preparation. With one it is the waving of a wand and beholding the sermon come forth in beauty and strength. With the other it is the heavy, disagreeable, exhausting labor of circumstantial compulsion. In one case it is the welling up of a living spring, in the other a dead lift from dark and unknown depths. No matter how sermonically well trained the intellect may be, unless the heart of the preacher is warm, the sermon will not grow. He must maintain fervor of soul. While this is not merely a matter of the will and cultivation, it is possible to greatly develop it thereby. People differ very widely by nature. Some very excellent Christian men seem to have but little spiritual insight, others see far into the heavenlies without apparent effort. The same is true of preachers. It ought not so to be, for the spiritual leader, of all men, should be possessed of spiritual vision. Having this he sees beyond the earthly horizon. Faith becomes sight. His



heart glows with the warmth of eternal realities, and he is in the mood to sermonize. He is dwelling upon divine things, and, being consciously acquainted with them, he writes or formulates out of a fullness of heart-consciousness which gives substance to his words. They have clearness because he is an eyewitness. Then in the hour when he is about to begin to prepare a sermon, even presupposing all that has been above recommended, the preacher should have a special, an immediate, spiritual quickening. Sometimes this will come spontaneously, almost before the study door is closed. Happy the man to whom this is a common experience. The pen is seized with avidity, if that is his method of preparation. With heart aflame and brain athrob he writes with constantly increasing momentum. If thought preparation be his method, the congregation soon sits before him, and faster than words could be uttered he forms them, and fixes them, in at least a general way, for the approaching occasion. If it comes not thus, as it will not to many of us often, and to none of us always, we should seek it. To undertake to write without it will be to fail, or, at best, make but indifferent progress. How shall you seek it? This is not a question that can be easily answered. Every man will need to study his own case. Prayer is the first and most reliable means. Not mere words, or, if in silence, mere formal thoughts, but paramount, o'ermastering desire; the whole being going out to God until you are lost to present surroundings and the Triune God fills your study. Such praying is not entirely a matter of personal option. Many a minister has at times bowed himself over his study chair, until utterly wearied in body, longing for light and warmth but finding neither, and has finally risen from his knees, with dark face and stony heart, utterly unable to account for his abnormal deadness. But such times will not be numerous in the devout man now seeking a special quickening. Ordinarily, such a man will not look up through his closed eyes many minutes before he will see heaven opened. Lethargy of soul gives place to overflowing spiritual joy. Intellect acts with almost superhuman rapidity, and the will marshals all the forces of his being for the work in hand, which now becomes a joy instead of a task. Now he will do good work. "*Bene orasse est bene*

studuisse," said Luther. "It is incredible how much force and vitality is imparted to the clergyman by deep, earnest supplication," said Erasmus, a man eminent for learning and logical power, whom no one would suspect of mysticism. The mightiest intellects have ever been the most eager for this supernatural arousing. Even Augustine exhorts: "Let our Christian orator who would be understood and heard with pleasure pray before he speak. Let him lift up his thirsty soul to God before he pronounce anything." And please bear in mind just here that no man can be at his best in preparing a sermon, either by writing out in full or thinking it out beforehand, unless he be sufficiently aroused to enable him to see his congregation before him. The manuscript over which no hot heart yearned during the writing will melt no hearts when read or delivered memoriter. That thought outline which wakened no shout in the soul of the "man in the study" will win faint response from the "man in the pew." Suppose you have tried to pray and failed. Be not discouraged. Others have had similar experiences. You are not forsaken of God. Have at hand always some intensely devotional poetry. The church hymnal contains some choice selections. Faber's hymns are excellent. Pick up the best you can think of. Turn to the one you have marked most frequently. Read it. Read it aloud. The sound of your own voice will help to scatter the dumb devils who are seeking your life amid the spiritual gloom. Read another and another, and in all probability your soul will soon begin to sing and, whether you know music or not, your lips will try some heart-filling song there in the seclusion of your study, and, behold, the darkness has disappeared! Now you can pray, and then write. You are now of the number who can say: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Having closed your study door and obtained the needed mental and spiritual quickening, you are now seated, pen in hand, to produce a sermon. If you have already chosen your subject, an important step has been taken, but for the purpose of these practical suggestions I assume that you have not. You say, What shall I preach about? Bearing in mind the three principal elements which should enter into that choice, namely, the needs of the

people, the harmony and continuity of your work, and your own desire or inclination, you set seriously to work to choose. Several subjects seem attractive. One in particular meets the third requirement. You would like to preach upon that, and you are well aware that a preacher can best do that which he loves best to do, but as you consider the matter you see that just now such a sermon would be out of harmony with the regular cumulative plan of your pulpit ministrations. Another subject which embodies both the second and third elements is tried, but you are soon conscious that your congregation is not in need of that particular sort of food just now. Finally, you get one that you feel sure is timely, and as you turn it over your heart warms to it and you fix upon it. A text is soon chosen and critically examined in every language of which you are master. If from the New Testament, you will find Greek, Latin, and German Testaments very valuable and suggestive. Let commentaries alone. Shun books of plans. Proceed to make a rough draught of an outline. Write down the text in full. Follow it by the word "Introduction." If something appropriate comes to you, jot down a few catch-words. If nothing offers, do not wait. By no means stop to hunt up anything. Move on! Leave a little space. Put down on the margin a big letter I. Very manifestly, some portion of the text belongs just here. No doubt the leading thought of your subject will formulate itself in your mind. Yes; that is it. The formal "topic" which you will announce for your discourse. Write it down at the top of your sheet, just under the text. And now under your large Roman I you will probably need either a letter a or a small figure <sup>1</sup> for a subhead. Down goes a suggestive sentence, or perhaps only part of a sentence. You cannot wait. A thought which certainly does not belong here, but which you are equally sure will be valuable near the close, must be caught and fixed before it slips away. Skip to near the bottom of the page and write it down. Work under it, if it develops. If not, leave it and come back to I. Get subhead number 2 if you can. Perhaps you need no subheads under I. Leave a small space and put down a big II. Again some part of the text fits in and some great truth stands out. Down it goes in heavy lines. A hazy

view of some historic scene which will forcibly illustrate the truth comes before you. You cannot afford to stop now to look it up. The risk would be too great. The continuity of your thinking must not be broken. Jot down a word or two and write "Illustrations." Move on. Secure other main divisions if necessary, but do not imagine that you must have them. Perhaps two divisions are all that the subject demands or will admit of. At all events, you are now pushing ahead and taking on whatever comes in your way. While the iron is hot, while the subject as a whole, though probably a very jumbled sort of mass, is in a state of fusion with your own personality, drive right on into the writing out of your peroration or conclusion. There may never come a time just like the present for doing this. Even though you do not purpose ever to write out the entire sermon, put down in black and white a page or two of the living, throbbing sentences which well up just now and plead for utterance. While your soul cries out after your people, and you are saying, "Oh, that they were now before me!" pour yourself out on paper. It is the best you can do just at this particular moment. Just here some one asks, in surprise, "Do you mean to advise us to write the last of a sermon before the first part is perfectly sketched?" I answer, Yes, if the impulse is upon you as here described; and I say, Be not bound by any hard-and-fast system of rules for sermonizing. Be yourself. Work in your own harness. Avoid coming into bondage to any one method of working. There may be some special method which for you is more workable than anything else you have ever heard about, but do not adopt some plan different from anybody else for the sake of the singularity. You have already discovered that I contemplate continuous work. Your study door is shut. Not only this, but the doors of brain and heart are shut except toward heaven and the subject in hand. Oblivious to surroundings, you work right on. Only thus can you even approach perfection. You will sometimes be interrupted from the outside. This you cannot always avoid. But you must not interrupt yourself. Of these interruptions from the inside most men stand in greatest danger. Some little ache or pain, some feeling of weariness, some other enticing line of thought—how easily one cuts himself off! Thus

the power is gone; the heart cools, the intellect slackens speed, the highest grade of work is now no longer possible. Mind, like matter, gathers momentum by motion. The man who gets up speed, as above suggested, at eight o'clock in the morning and drives on at a constantly increasing rate, taking no note of time until halted by the call to lunch, will have accomplished more in four hours than intermittent, snatchy effort would have brought to pass in two days. Moreover, the resultant product of the four hours is a concrete whole, moving straight on and on toward a definite end without crooks or breaks, while that of the two days is a fragmentary, disjointed, scattered affair aiming at almost anything and hitting nothing. Schiller says: "Divide up the thunder into separate notes and it becomes a lullaby for children, but pour it forth in one continuous peal and its royal sounds shall shake the heavens." Sermons composed by piecemeal, at fits and starts all along through the week, cannot be ideal sermons. They have never called out the full strength of the man. They may be logically joined together but the joints show. The sense of fusion is lacking. There is no glow.

The next morning you return to your study. A look at that crude jumble of a skeleton stirs your brain and you are soon at it again. Go now to commentaries and Bible analyses. You have made your own commentary and analysis the day before, and it is proper and wise now to turn on the side-lights. Then, as you take up the several divisions and subdivisions, go after material for argument, illustration, and ornamentation wherever you can find it. Rummage through the books you have marked; empty out your clippings—not for the sake of getting words, for you do not want those, but to start thoughts in your own brain and stir up emotions in your heart. When you start a good one seize your pen and pursue it, putting it into your outline where you think it belongs. Thus continue and soon you will have matter enough for several sermons. Now begin the work of rearranging, marking out and filling in. Some things which you placed near the top will fit better near the bottom, and vice versa. Cut and change ruthlessly. You are in cold blood now. Then take a clean sheet, and set it all down in order. If your habit is to

deliver your sermon from manuscript, you will now proceed to write it out in full. The utmost tension of soul is necessary for this. The exact counterpart of that feeling which possesses the extemporaneous orator at his best should fill the writer. He cannot write with fury without it, and he must write with fury if he would make his manuscript live. If possible, write constantly to the end. If you have determined upon quotations, skip some space and copy them in afterwards. If you are to speak extemporaneously, sometimes you will write out in full but oftener you will go over the whole "plan" in thought. Every detail will be called up and thought out. Some will do this standing, or walking about, others sitting, with the mental gaze fastened on the congregation and upon the scenes portrayed. You will go over it many times, until it becomes part and parcel of your own inmost being.

When the hour arrives you will be so surcharged that the very atmosphere about you will seem vibrant with your spirit. The people will feel it before you have spoken a dozen sentences and will realize that your sermon is a growth out of your own brain and heart.

*G. E. Ackerman*



## ART. VI.—LINCOLN NOT AN UNBELIEVER

THE birthdays of the great should be commemorated and monuments should be unveiled to their memory in order that a nation's citizenship may remember that a country's real wealth lies in men and not in mines, in character and not in commerce. We celebrate the day of a great man's birth rather than the day of his death because the great never die. "Man is immortal until his work is done." The man who by valor and sacrifice has made himself a factor in the world's progress lives with increasing power as the years fly; hence it is the anniversary of his birth that becomes a milestone on the path of civilization. The year 1809 is most eventful in the calendar of an extraordinary century. It is remarkable as being the birth year of a group of men most influential in the great achievements of the last fifty years. It gave to poetry Edgar Allan Poe, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Alfred Tennyson; to music, Chopin and gentle Mendelssohn; to science, Charles Darwin; to Great Britain and statesmanship, William Ewart Gladstone. It was the birth year of Samuel F. Smith, the author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee"; and of Ray Palmer, who is immortalized in "My Faith Looks Up to Thee." But to us the year 1809, the twelfth day of the second month, was most memorable because it gave to America and to the world that superb Christian patriot, Abraham Lincoln. Every now and again the declaration is made that Mr. Lincoln was an unbeliever. In 1893, in New York city, Colonel R. G. Ingersoll, with characteristic disregard of facts, vehemently averred that Lincoln's religious belief, or unbelief, was similar to that of Voltaire and Tom Paine. Nearly every liberalistic paper in the world has claimed Lincoln as an avowed infidel. With perennial regularity someone, either from ignorance, or knavery, or for notoriety, repeats this charge in some form. It is not our purpose to burden this discussion with labored and unnecessary definitions, but to present certain well-authenticated historical facts, and to reproduce impressions left by the marvelous personality of Lincoln, which should set forever at rest the statement that Abraham Lincoln was

not a humble believer in Almighty God and in his Son Jesus Christ.

Abraham Lincoln was a pioneer of faith—faith in this republic, faith in his fellows, faith in himself, and faith in his God. As was written of the first Abraham, so it can be appropriately said of him: "He went out, not knowing whither he went." The Creator advances the affairs of nations by a succession of divine impulses. The story of the progress of the ages is but a record of the high and holy impulses which responsive men have endeavored to fulfill in their lives. Every epoch has turned upon the soul of some true man or woman who was striving to honor his vision of duty and privilege. A law of momentum prevails in the moral as well as in the physical universe. The momentum of a body is the mass plus the velocity, but in morals momentum is the man plus the God purpose. Men who respond to their high calls are sustained by this momentum; they become the products of that power, are made strong by it, and are made great because of it. All great men in history have obeyed this law of moral and spiritual momentum and have allowed the law to fulfill itself in them. Such a man was Moses when he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; "he went out, not knowing whither he went," to suffer affliction with his own people. Such a man was Martin Luther as he walked into the very jaws of persecution and death. Such men were our Puritan Fathers as they sailed out upon a wide and turbulent sea, seeking a country where they could worship God unhindered. All of these chose to be lost with God and follow the path of duty, rather than to enjoy the pleasures and luxuries of slothful and valorless living. To this list of the world's noblest men must be added America's ideal patriot, seer, and sacrifice, Abraham Lincoln. He felt himself to be in the current of a divine purpose, and he abandoned himself to its thrall and its consequences. He said: "I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me." His clear vision of duty probably first came to him when for the first time he witnessed the selling of human beings to the highest bidder; and he thereupon registered his vow: "If I ever have a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard. By the Eternal God!"

From that eventful hour all things seemed to coöperate to develop the opportunity for him "to hit it hard." It seemed as if the God of the republic had waited long for the coming of this man of convictions, courage, and faith. He was a man of integrity—absolutely honest and honorable; pure in life and thought. There is not a suspicion of stain upon his character. He had another indispensable element of Christian manliness—humility. Born in poverty and reared in adversity, his life was a continuous struggle. He never had means or leisure enough to give him aristocratic tendencies. During Lincoln's debates with Douglas, being brought into prominence in the nation, an Illinois newspaper mentioned his name for the presidency. He requested the editor to do so no more, giving as a reason: "I must in candor say that I do not think myself fit for the presidency." He was always a plain man of abstemious habits. He was the people's friend—he loved his friends and never forgot them. He forgave his enemies and made them his friends. His temperance prophecy, delivered in a Washington's Birthday address in 1842, was characteristic of his hope and his personal habits. He said: "And when the victory is complete—when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on the earth, how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both those revolutions that shall have ended in that victory." He possessed the prophet's instinct. In the first year of the war he said to George William Curtis, then a young but already brilliant man: "We shall beat them, my son; we shall beat them." Neither Daniel nor Joseph was braver than he, and his name is not dimmed when placed beside the noblest heroes of the ages. He once said: "The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance." In 1858 he uttered the following prophecy: "Sometimes, in the excitement of speaking, I seem to see the end of slavery. How this will come, when this will come, by whom it will come, I cannot tell, but that time will surely come." He was a man of piety. His Sunday-rest order, issued to the army, shows his reverence for the holy Sabbath. His fondness for the Bible appears in his words to Joshua Speed: "I am profitably engaged

reading the Bible. Take all of this book upon reason that you can, and the balance on faith, and you will live and die a better man." When the colored men of Baltimore presented him with a Bible he said: "In regard to the great Book, I have only to say that it is the best gift which God has given to men. All the good from the Saviour of the world is communicated in this Book." He was a believer in prayer, and again and again prostrated himself before the great God and prayed for strength. He freely asserted, in the presence of General James F. Rusling and General Daniel E. Sickles, that the victory at Vicksburg and Gettysburg was assured to him in prayer. To Bishop Simpson he said: "Bishop, I feel the need of prayer as never before. Please pray for me"; and in that awful crisis of battles these two mighty men knelt and prayed to God for help. Lincoln was a man of sympathy. It gave men access to him and made him the brother of the race. Like his Lord, he wept with those who wept. Many a doomed man still lives to bless the name of his great benefactor who revoked the death sentence. To his warm personal friend he once remarked: "Speed, die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow." He throbbed many a discouraged man into hope and usefulness by pressing him against his heart of love. He was brave as a lion and as tender as a woman. Lincoln possessed the principal quality in true manliness—courage. Courage is derived from the Latin word which means heart; courage is, therefore, a moral factor. True courage is founded on goodness. Lincoln was brave because he believed. By faith he was enabled to leap out into the dark, trusting in God to furnish a landing place for his feet. Courage and faith thus mingled lead men to do divine things. They are enabled to break through finite limitations and accomplish God's work among men. In his famous Cooper Union address his final words were: "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it." The world's greatest sin is selfishness, but Lincoln forgot himself. He could give, and he could give up. Character is the fine art of giving up. In self-abnegation and in giving himself

to the service for others Lincoln developed a character unsurpassed in the annals of history. On his way to Washington, in his address in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, he said: "I would rather be assassinated on the spot than surrender that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not only to the people of this country but to the world for all future time." Lincoln's faith and courage made him the incarnation of the spirit of his age. Liberty was determined to produce a man whose like had not before been seen.

Her Old World molds aside she threw,  
And choosing sweet clay from the breast  
Of the unexhausted West,  
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new.

Dr. Stone, his family physician, once remarked with much feeling: "It is the province of a physician to probe deeply the interior lives of men, and I affirm that Mr. Lincoln is the purest-hearted man with whom I ever came in contact."

On his way to his inauguration Mr. Lincoln stopped over a few hours in Buffalo. An expectant multitude had gathered at the old Exchange Street railroad station. There was a deputation of leading citizens, chief among them being former President Millard Fillmore. They were there to give royal welcome to Abraham Lincoln, President-elect of the United States. The honored guest was received with thunderous cheers. He was conducted, amid abounding enthusiasm, to the balcony of the American Hotel, where formal addresses of welcome were delivered. As the tall, serious man arose to reply he was greeted with tremendous and long-continued applause. As he referred to the grave responsibilities he was about to assume, men shouted and wept. In the course of his short address he said: "I am sure I bring a heart true to the work. For the ability to perform it I trust in that Supreme Being who has never forsaken this favored land, through the instrumentality of this great and intelligent people. Without that assistance I shall surely fall; with it I cannot fail." A few days before, when he left Springfield, where he had lived for twenty-five years, he said to his neighbors and friends: "I now leave, not knowing when, or whether ever, I may return, with a



task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in him who can go with me and remain with you and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To his care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell." In the *North American Review* for December, 1896, ex-Senator James F. Wilson, of Iowa, writes that in June, 1862, in company with several other gentlemen, he visited the White House just at the time when the Confederate General J. E. B. Stuart had interrupted the communication between Washington and the Army of the Potomac. In the course of the conversation one of the gentlemen declared his belief that God would bring victory to the Union armies if the nation would give to slavery its death blow. Thereupon Mr. Lincoln arose and stood at his extreme height, his face aglow like the face of a prophet, his right hand stretched forth, and with deliberate but emphatic utterance said: "My faith is greater than yours. I not only believe that Providence is not unmindful of the struggle in which this nation is engaged; that if we do not do right, God will let us go our own way to our ruin; and that if we do right, he will lead us safely out of this wilderness, crown our arms with victory, and restore our dissevered Union, as you have expressed your belief, but I also believe that he will compel us to do right in order that he may do these things, not so much because we desire them as that they accord with his plans of dealing with this nation, in the midst of which he means to establish justice. I think he means that we shall do more than we have yet done in furtherance of his plans, and he will open the way for our doing it. I have felt his hand upon me in great trials and submitted to his guidance, and I trust that as he shall further open the way I will be ready to walk therein, relying on his help and trusting in his goodness and wisdom." In this way did Lincoln throw himself into the Almighty's great scheme to ameliorate mankind. His greatness consisted in being a pliable instrument in God's hands. The man who makes himself available to God is the only truly great man. In his all-night vigil



after the disastrous defeat of Chancellorsville, Lincoln waited on God for further direction. God gave him light and courage, and Gettysburg was the victorious and providential sequel.

General John H. Littlefield, who studied law with Mr. Lincoln, said of him: "The highest tribute I can pay to Abraham Lincoln is this: those who knew him best loved him best and admired him most." When Mr. Lincoln's pastor desired to call at the White House the President said that if he could come at five o'clock in the morning they would be undisturbed. When the clergyman arrived he thought he heard talking in Mr. Lincoln's office, but the attendant said: "There is no one there. Mr. Lincoln always spends this hour in reading the Bible and in prayer." A Christian gentleman, a resident of Brooklyn, in a letter written on January 8, 1907, says: "Forty-five years ago Springfield, Illinois, was not a very large place. I lived there and knew practically everybody in the town. Our family relations were quite intimate with the law partners and friends of Mr. Lincoln. I knew Mr. Herndon well. Mr. Herndon was an agnostic of the worst kind. He labored to make out that Mr. Lincoln was like himself, but those who knew the two men knew there was quite a difference. Mr. Lincoln was a man of faith. He believed in the right; he believed in good men; he believed in God. He believed in Christ as the Son of God. When I say this I think I have some reason to know what I am talking about." In another letter, also of January, 1907, another gentleman, who has been in the employ of the government for the last forty years and resides in New York city, writes: "I was born in Springfield, Illinois, in 1840, within a stone's throw of the Lincoln home, seeing him daily as a child, youth, and up to manhood. My father's family and the Lincoln family were intimate friends. I cannot be mistaken when I assure you, from actual conversations with Mr. Lincoln, that I believed him to be a true Christian in all that that term implies. He had an almost childlike faith in God and Christ. He was a regular attendant and pew-holder in the First Presbyterian Church." During the dark days of the rebellion Bishop Simpson was often at the White House as a guest and adviser and intimate friend. Mr. Lincoln said to the bishop that in his youth he was

skeptical, but as the years advanced and he became more thoughtful and had a soberer view of life he became convinced that there was a personal God, that Christ was not an ordinary being, and that the Bible was of supernatural origin. Though Mr. Lincoln never connected himself with any church as a member, yet he was always a regular attendant and devout worshiper. In his *Life of Lincoln* Mr. Arnold expresses surprise that anyone should ever charge any lack of religious feeling to Lincoln; and says that once Mr. Lincoln said to him: "I have never united myself to any church. I found difficulty in giving my assent, without mental reservation, to the long and complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterize their articles of belief and confessions of faith. When any church will inscribe over its altars, as its sole qualification for membership, the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church shall I join with all my heart and soul."

Because the glowing, trusting, sympathetic, self-sacrificing, almost divine character of Abraham Lincoln is so masterful an exemplification of the teachings and promises of Jesus Christ there can be no sufficient reason, either in justice or logic, why he should not find his classification among those people who bear the name of the lowly Nazarene. Abraham Lincoln is the apotheosis of American manhood. If our country had done nothing else than produce the character of Lincoln, this achievement would have won for America enduring fame. Let the sculptor chisel a statue and mold his features true, and let this monument of marble have a commanding site in beautiful park or marble hall, but that which will most grandly commemorate the loving life of Abraham Lincoln will be to train our children, and join ourselves with them, in assimilating the matchless spirit and magnificent Christian virtues of a man whose name will glitter with permanent glory when suns have gone out and time has forever ceased.

*Charles Edward Locke.*

## ART. VII.—BEATRICE AND POMPILIA

A STUDY of the characters of Beatrice and Pompilia furnishes a strong illustration of the truth that the Christian faith is the only true interpreter of life, the only satisfying answer to the deepest questions of the soul. Beautiful natural and moral traits, divorced from living faith in God, cannot produce the highest type of literature, cannot interpret the real tragedies of life for a Christian age, cannot best interpret either the bad or the good, cannot picture an ideal personality. The stories from which this character study is selected have each an Italian setting. Each author based his poem upon facts described in an old manuscript. Shelley found in Rome in 1819 an account of a nameless crime committed in the year 1599; Browning found in Florence, in an old bookstall, an account of a murder trial of the year 1679. The villains in each story are from families of high rank and good standing in the church; the victims in each story are women, young, beautiful and pure. The author of the second poem was an ardent admirer of the author of the first; he pours out his heart's adoration in the lines:

Sun-treader, life and light be thine forever!  
All hail! From my heart's heart  
I bid thee hail! E'en in my wildest dreams,  
I proudly feel I would have thrown to dust  
The wreaths of fame which seem'd o'erhanging me,  
To see thee for a moment as thou art.

The name of Shelley was to Browning as an eagle feather picked up on the moor, worn on his breast, making him forget the "blank miles round about." The writing of the story of Beatrice occupied less than three months; the story of Pompilia was probably six or seven years in coming to its completion. Beatrice was the victim of an incestuous, murderous father, whose death she procured or connived at; Pompilia was the victim of a lecherous husband, thirty-five years her senior, who had married her for her money, and who murdered her as she attempted to escape from her thralldom. Shelley, despite his efforts to forget him-

self, "has created his own image," as Crabbe says, "in the story of Beatrice"; Browning, in the story of Pompilia, gave to the world his greatest monument to the "influence of the personality of his wife." The first story was written for the stage; the second story was written for thoughtful reading. The first story is told in vivid pictures; the second story is told in terms of reflective thought, with keenest analysis of character and motive. The first story moves straight on, adding new interest by new situations; the second story is repeated over and over, ever intensifying our interest by the new interpretations of the same facts, with ever-changing analysis of motives, according to the mental and moral make-up of the speaker. The story of Beatrice is perpetuated by the beautiful face of the ill-fated Italian girl, copied and recopied by painter and printer throughout the world; the story of Pompilia is known to the lovers of the author, and survives the peril of oblivion which was threatened by weaving it into the heart of a poem two thousand lines long. The first story tells of a horrible crime and fascinates us with the alternating chances of escape or defense; the second story holds us throughout the two thousand lines by the intensely human interest in the causes and consequences of the crime. The first story calls forth our deepest sympathy but depresses us; the second story calls forth our deepest sympathy and inspires us with noblest ideals for humanity.

Before reading the two poems we should recall the leading facts in the life, belief, and temperament of each author. Shelley had a delicate physical organization and was little fitted for a robust life among men; Browning was physically strong and ever overflowed with "the wild joy of living." Shelley's life was one long series of disillusionings; Browning could ever say: "I find life not gray but rosy." Both authors were amply provided with means of support. While Shelley was often harassed through the importunity and treachery of his friends, Browning was almost wholly free from pecuniary embarrassments. "Blame Shelley as we will," says Trent, "and he deserves blame, we shall find back of the whole sad story that terrible lack of common sense which results always or nearly always from an unpropitious environ-

ment." Shelley wrote his story of Beatrice when he was crushed by the death of his son; Browning was under the shadow of his greatest sorrow when he wrote his story of Pompilia, but he was comforted by the presence and ardent love of his son, and thus helped in his search for the word which could tell of the "one angel borne" on his heart. Shelley was an avowed atheist, or, as De Quincey puts it, "was a man who believed in God and hated him"; Browning was a Christian theist. Shelley in his earlier years could write:

Let every seed that falls  
In silent eloquence unfold its store  
Of argument; infinity within,  
Infinity without, belle creation;  
The exterminable spirit it contains  
Is Nature's only God.

Browning, looking upon the same world with deeper insight, could say:

This world's no blot for us  
Nor blank: it means intensely and means good.  
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.

Both Shelley and Browning loved men and longed for the overthrow of all forms of oppression; both were true patriots, and felt that every wrong done to his countryman was a wrong done to his country. Both sought for a reformation of the world. Shelley could see human agency alone; Browning could see that human agency must be helped by "a reason out of nature." All fair-minded students of Shelley unite in speaking of him as a most lovable character, unparalleled in his spirit of forgiveness; he not only forgave Hogg his unspeakable treachery, but afterwards befriended him by lending him money. De Quincey calls Shelley "an angel touched with lunacy." Shelley was sincere and true, not in scrupulous exactness of statement but in honest and benevolent intention. Browning wrote of him: "It was not always truth that he thought and spoke, but the purity of truth he spoke and thought always. . . . He was both sincere and tender, and tenderness is not always a characteristic of sincere natures. . . . Had Shelley lived, he would have finally ranged himself with the Christians; . . . his very instinct for helping the weaker side

. . . his very hate of hate, which at first got itself mistranslated into Queen Mab notes and the like, would have got clearsighted by exercise. I find him everywhere taking for granted the capital dogmas of Christianity while most vehemently denying their historical basement." Similar estimates might be quoted from John Addington Symonds, the Rev. F. W. Robertson, and others. These words about Shelley's moral creed are not quoted here to make out for him a Christian character, for he did "hate God as he knew him," and "reject Christianity as he knew it," but to show that moral traits well deserving of our praises may fall short of the faith which can give the true interpretation of life. Beatrice and Pompilia reveal the faith or the lack of faith of their authors. In speaking of her father's crime and its just punishment Beatrice says:

It would have been a crime no less than his, if for one moment  
That fierce desire had faded in my heart.

His death will be  
But as a change of sin-chastising dreams,  
A dark continuance of the hell within him.

He must never wake again.  
What thou hast said persuades me that our act  
Will but dislodge a spirit of deep hell  
Out of a human form.

Pompilia, in speaking of her husband's cruelty, says:

For that most woeful man my husband once,  
Who, needing respite, still draws vital breath,  
I—pardon him? So far as lies in me  
I give him for his good the life he takes,  
Praying the world will therefore acquiesce.

May my evanishment for evermore  
Help further to relieve the heart that cast  
Such object of its loathing forth:  
So he was made; he nowise made himself:  
I could not love him, but his mother did.

As Beatrice looks into the future she sees only a possible continuance of torture from the spirit of the father if she should meet him in "the wide, gray, lampless, deep, unpeopled world." She exclaims,



If sometimes, as a shape more like himself,  
Even the form which tortured me on earth,  
Masked in gray hairs and wrinkles, he should come  
And wind me in his hellish arms, and fix  
His eyes on mine, and drag me down, down, down!

Who ever yet returned  
To teach the laws of death's untrodden realm—  
Unjust perhaps as those which drive us now—  
O, whither, whither?

As Pompilia looks into the future she sees blessedness for herself and possible pardon for her murderous husband if he will but make amends; not amends to her, for she thanks the blow that blotted out the marriage bond that mockingly called them husband and wife:

We shall not meet in this world nor the next,  
But where will God be absent? In his face  
Is light, but in his shadow healing too:  
Let Guido touch the shadow and be healed!

There is a wide difference between Beatrice and Pompilia in their ideals of loyalty to truth. Beatrice does not shrink from downright lying when it seems to favor her escape. When faced with a letter from her lover, telling of plans for making away with her father, she was asked by the judge, "Knowest thou this writing, lady?" she promptly answered, "No!" When confronted by the hired assassin she was asked by the judge, "When did you see him last?" "We never saw him," she emphatically replied. Then the miserable assassin retorts:

You know 'twas I  
Whom you did urge with menaces and bribes  
To kill your father. When the thing was done,  
You clothed me in a woven robe of gold,  
And bade me thrive.

Beatrice turns upon him with fierce and scathing words and terrifies him into retraction of all that he had confessed. She lets him die at the hand of the executioner, that his retraction may divert suspicion from herself. Pompilia, through all the fiery ordeal of torture from her husband, through the devilish cunning

of her housemaid, who was the willing agent of Guido, followed only the light of her own pure heart, ever declaring,

What was all I said but truth,  
Even when I found that such as are untrue  
Could only take the truth in through a lie?  
Now—I am speaking truth to the Truth's self:  
God will lend credit to my words this time.

Shelley's bitter experience of disillusion closes the heart of Beatrice to all hope in man or God:

Worse than despair,  
Worse than the bitterness of death, is hope;  
It is the only ill which can find place  
Upon this giddy, sharp, and narrow hour  
Tottering beneath us.

The believer's hope is begotten of God and maketh not ashamed; through all anguish of heart and in the presence of death Pompilia holds firm hope in God, who will some day right all wrongs. Praying for means of escape she says:

And all day I sent prayer like incense up  
To God the strong, God the beneficent,  
God ever mindful in all strife and strait,  
Who, for our own good, makes the need extreme,  
Till at the last he puts forth might and saves.  
..... I trust  
In the compensating great God.

The sufferer who trusts God and the sufferer who ignores God cannot reap the same fruits from pain, nor rise to the same sublime heroism in resignation. We realize this truth when we hear Beatrice say:

How tedious, false, and cold seem all things! I  
Have met with much injustice in this world;  
No difference has been made by God or man,  
Or any power molding my wretched lot,  
'Twixt good or evil, as regarded me.

I am cut off from the only world I know,  
From light, and life, and love, in youth's sweet prime.  
You do well telling me to trust in God;  
I hope I do trust in him. In whom else  
Can any trust? And yet my heart is cold;

and when Pompilia, looking back over her whole life, says, as of her flight to Rome, that all events, black and white, did but lead to her crown of bliss:

As I look back, all is one milky way;  
Still bettered more the more remembered, so  
Do new stars bud while I but search for old,  
And fill all gaps i' the glory, and grow him—  
Him I now see make the shine everywhere.

So shall I have my rights in after time.  
It seems absurd, impossible, today;  
So seems so much else, not explained but known.

Therefore, because this man restored my soul,  
All has been right; I have gained my gain, enjoyed  
As well as suffered—nay, got foretaste too  
Of better life beginning where this ends.

Shelley was particularly pleased with the last lines of his poem and his admirers speak of them as beautiful, touching, natural; but to an intelligent Christian believer they are painfully suggestive of the shallow words of a criminal upon the scaffold. They are frivolous because they are faithless. After Beatrice had heard her brother's bitter lament over her fate, and after the guards had come for her, she says:

Here, mother, tie  
My girdle for me, and bind up this hair  
In any simple knot; ay, that does well.  
And yours I see is coming down. How often  
Have we done this for one another! Now  
We shall not do it any more. My lord,  
We are quite ready. Well—'tis very well.

With these words ends the tragedy. Beatrice goes to her doom without a regret for anything said or done, without a hope or prayer; without a hint of serious appeal to God for justice or pity. Pompilia to the last limit of her strength breathes out praises for God's goodness in giving her the one true friend, who rescued her, and in sparing the life of her babe. The respite between the murderous blow and its fatal issue she accounts as the gift of God for the birth and safety of her boy. To her the end was the crown of all, and it mattered not what calumny had

covered her in the past. She was given a whole long fortnight filled with bliss "in which to know life a little which she was to leave so soon." Those two weeks were to "continue, broaden out happily more and more, and lead to heaven." She gives glad thanks to all, and most of all to him who "had the sense that reads the mark God sets on woman, showing she should be divine."

I withdraw from earth and man  
To my own soul, compose myself for God.  
O lover of my life, O soldier-saint,  
No work begun shall ever pause for death!  
Love will be helpful to me more and more  
I' the coming course, the new path I must tread  
My weak hand in thy strong hand—strong for that!

My fate  
Will have been hard for even him to bear:  
Let it confirm him in the trust of God,  
Showing how holly he dared the deed!  
. . . . say from the deed no touch  
Of harm came, but all good, all happiness,  
Not one faint fleck of fallure!

So let him wait God's instant men call years;  
Meantime hold hard by truth and his great soul,  
Do out the duty! Through such souls alone  
God, stooping, shows sufficient of his light  
For us I' the dark to rise by. And I rise.

Quotations could be multiplied and their significance emphasized by words from other characters in the poems from which they are taken, but these are sufficient to show that the difference between Beatrice and Pompilia comes not only from the difference in the genius of the two authors but from the difference in their attitude toward God. "Not all the personal charm of Shelley," says Professor Trent, "can keep us from discovering at last in his poetry the incurable want of a sound subject matter." Shelley did not lay hold of a sound subject matter because he did not know the fundamental things of the Spirit, the deep things of faith." He who does not see in God," says Professor Strong, "an infinite personality, righteousness and love, can never interpret the world with its sorrow and sin." "Only the man who supplies new feeling fresh from God," says Professor Corson, "quickens and

regenerates the race, and sets it on the King's highway; not the man of mere intellect, of unkindled soul, that supplies only stark-naked thought." To the mind of a Browning the world is a book of God whose pages glow with ever richer meaning; the world is the Art god telling forth "obliquely" the infinite power and beauty; the infinitely complex experiences of a man are the broken and refracted rays of the white light of God's purpose—rays which are some day to be gathered into a firmament of stars, into perfected humanity. "Man is not man as yet." Shelley could not see God, and therefore could not see God's world. Shelley makes us see the sufferings of Beatrice much as we see the sufferings of Electra or Antigone; Browning makes us bow down before the white soul of Pompilia as "the glory of life, the beauty of the world, the splendor of heaven." Browning's creation is born of the beautiful life which he had seen and adored, and of his quickening faith in the Unseen. As we look upon the wrongs of Beatrice we note her increasing reliance upon cunning and strength; our sympathy is asked to justify her keenest satire and shrewdest self-defense. As we look upon the wrongs of Pompilia we see increasing reliance upon simple truthfulness, and faith that God will somewhere and somehow do right by all; we see the triumph of the soul through simple trust in the good God who cannot do wrong. As we look at this simple trust and faith our own faith grows; our faith in man and our faith in God; our faith in what man can be and what God is.

We have here the keenest analysis of motives; we look upon the deepest secrets of the heart, but we see secrets and motives touched by the Spirit of God. This is one well-known source of the spiritual delights which come to the preacher in his study of Browning. He studies him not for the purposes of quotation, nor merely for the wealth of suggestion and illustration found, but for the presence everywhere of a living faith and abounding optimism which keep the soul forever above the fear of the world's failure. Unbelief of any shade must ever fail to tell the soul of what is best in the world, or how to make the most out of it. "Matthew Arnold has shown us soul," says R. H. Hutton, "struggling mightily with what he called its illusions. No one has

expressed more powerfully and poetically its practical weakness, its craving for a passion it cannot feel, its admiration for a self-mastery that it cannot achieve, its desire for a creed that its heart fails to accept, its sympathy with a faith it will not share, its aspiration for a peace it does not know. . . . He finds little interest in the individual roots of character. He paints the spiritual weakness, languor, and self-disdain of the age with a certain intellectual superficiality of touch which leaves an unfathomed depth beneath the perturbed consciousness with which he deals. . . . His poems, pathetic as they often are, give no adequate expression of the passionate craving of the soul for faith. There is always a tincture of pride in his confessed inability to believe, a self-gratulation that he is too clear-eyed to yield to the temptations of the heart." In contrast to this, the "subtlest asserter of the soul in song" sees God everywhere and sees man coming to his true estate by faith in God. The unbeliever, whether humble or haughty, sad or scornful, claims to appeal to the facts. To the facts let him go, only let him make his induction wide enough to take in all the facts. All the facts include all great lives: all of Christ's life, all the experiences of the great souls who have trusted Christ, all lives which have given birth to the

Hymn that sounds far, far away  
To where the great God lives for evermore.

If all the facts are included in heroism, patriotism, and a consuming zeal for the welfare of man, together with a fine faculty for saying brave things in verse, Shelley had them. If all the facts are included in unquestioned moral dignity, indefatigable labors for man's education, pure and ardent domestic affection, Matthew Arnold had them. But all the facts of human experience are not so included. All appeals to facts are inconclusive which leave out the supreme fact of the spiritual life: actual communion with God, confirming all that Christ claimed to be and do. Such a realm of facts was included in the experience of Browning; from such a mind alone could come this matchless creation.

John A. Story



### ART. VIII.—A CHRISTIAN EXAMINATION OF THE MORAL ORDER

ANY Christian examination of the moral order must be true to the fundamental postulates of Christian theism: the absoluteness and personality of God, and the personal freedom and immortality of man. It must recognize the generally admitted phenomena of the moral order: the moral sense in man, its constant violation in experience, and the accompanying conceptions in the mind of man—duty, sin, guilt, and punishment. Remaining true to its theistic postulates, it must relate these phenomena one to another, to the fundamental dogmas of the Christian religion, and to the persistent generalizations of science.

The moral sense is universal in man and, so far as can be ascertained, always has been. Every man has a notion of right and wrong, a sense of obligation to the right and a feeling of self-condemnation when he chooses the wrong. This is conscience, and seems to be an essential element in personality. It is inseparable from self-consciousness, and, with it, distinguishes man from the lower orders. This feeling of obligation is closely associated with the feeling of dependence upon some higher power which is common in man, his sense of the supernatural from which he cannot escape. In all reason any such inalienable conviction in the nature of man indicates a reality behind it, points to an intelligent, moral, personal Authority above man himself—that is, to God—as its source. Consequently, all theists relate the moral law in some way with God. There are three ways in which this may be done: it is from God, it is behind God, or it is in God. Naïve thought makes the distinction between right and wrong to be *from* God; that is, to be the product of God's sheer will. God says such shall be right and such shall be wrong, and it is so. To others this seems arbitrary, more so than the nature of moral law will admit. God himself seems to be under the moral law, bound by necessity to be true to its dictates or be no longer God. Hence they would place the distinction between right and wrong "in the nature of things" behind God. Instantly,

however, to the philosophical theist, this does violence to the absoluteness of God. There can be no "nature of things behind God." God is the ultimate. Consequently, the best explanation seems to be that the moral law is somehow in and of God, is a fundamental principle of the very nature of God, and yet indorsed by the entire personal life of God. There is nothing arbitrary about it; there is nothing external to God about it. It is in, and of, and by him. From this it will appear that any violation of the moral sense in man is a violation of the moral law and does violence to God himself; so that all evil, and hence all sin, is really against God.

But here we must pause and see if this be indeed so. Certain it is that any actual violence to the moral law is a wrong against God, for that law is of the very nature and will of God. But is it equally certain that any violation of the moral sense in man is an actual violation of the moral law? May not conscience make a mistake? Conscience never tells a man what is right and what is wrong; it is his intuition and his judgment that does that. Conscience merely does three things: tells the man that there is a right and that there is a wrong, makes him feel that he must find the right and do it, and then gives him peace if he has done what his judgment told him was the right or distress if he has not. It is, of course, possible for the judgment to err, but conscience is infallible in its urgency toward what the judgment decides to be right. Consequently, a man that violates his moral sense does injury to the right as he sees it, and hence does violence to the eternal distinction between right and wrong, to the moral law; that is, sins against God. It is, of course, needless to observe that men are constantly violating their moral sense the world over, and always have been. Not that all men are doing so all the time, but all men have at some time or other, and perhaps most men continue it through life. It is the cause of most of the moral evil in the world and takes an innumerable variety of forms. They may, for practical purposes, be classified as vice or as crime, viewed as excessive indulgence of natural appetites or affections, resolved by psychological analysis into sensuality or into selfishness; but classify, look upon, analyze

as we will, there is, in almost every instance, behind the outward form an inner violation by a man of his moral sense—a sin against God.

The qualifying words "most" and "almost" are used because, while every violation of conscience is morally wrong, yet not every moral wrong done by a man is a violation of his conscience; for his judgment may actually be at fault and pronounce wrong right. So that there is a sense in which a man may sin without knowing it; in which case, as we shall presently see, it is not properly a sin. In the broadest generic sense sin is any violation of the moral law—the law of God—conscious or unconscious, intentional or unintentional. But the moral sense of a man condemns him only when the violation is conscious and intentional. In human justice we condemn one another only on the same grounds. We intuitively feel anything else to be injustice, and are confident that God judges likewise. Hence it is perhaps best to use the term "moral evil" for sin in the generic sense and reserve the term "sin" for conscious, intentional violation of the moral law. Certain it is that both our moral sense and our common sense hold a man responsible for sin only when he knew the act to be wrong and yet intended to do it. Sin is an intensely personal thing. A man is responsible only for his own personal act, never directly for another person's. Moreover, he is responsible only for an act of his will, and not for any condition, or state, or nature in which he finds himself—unless, indeed, such has been occasioned by some act of his own will. Sin is always an act of will. This does not mean that it must always be a deed, an outward act; but it must be an actual movement in personal bearing, if no more than the merest intention to do what is never actually done. This conception of sin, as a conscious and intentional violation of the moral law by the will of a man, is entirely in accord with all the moral consciousness of mankind and any true understanding of moral personal life. Those who speak of "original sin," meaning inherited sin, and "inherited guilt" put a different content into the terms "sin" and "guilt." The moral sense in man includes not only a notion of right and wrong and a sense of obligation to the right, but also a feeling of distress

when one has chosen the wrong and of contentment when he has chosen the right. The distress consequent upon wrongdoing is a feeling of self-condemnation and ill-desert. It is not at all a fear of the consequences of the sin; for the sinner is often glad to meet them if thereby he can be freed from his distress of soul. It is a sense of blameworthiness, a conviction that punishment would be just, a shrinking from the presence of God. This feeling is universal in man whenever he is conscious of having done what he ought not. Now, just as the notion of right and wrong points to the existence of such a distinction in the world order, and the sense of obligation indicates the reality of it, so this notion of guilt reveals the reality of the blameworthiness of sin. If we can trust our intuitions at all, we may be sure that personal sin is always culpable; man is always responsible for it, God always condemns it. It is never something which is simply inexpedient or injurious to the best welfare, it may or may not be that; it is always something which absolutely ought not to be; which violates the moral law, and deserves and receives the displeasure and condemnation of God. It goes without saying today that guilt is absolutely inseparable from sin. There may have been a time when one could say without danger of contradiction that one man can in any sense be guilty of another's sin, but that time has certainly passed. Any such assertion is contrary to the dictates of an enlightened moral consciousness. No one but a sinner can be in any true sense guilty, nor can a sinner be guilty of any but his own sin. Neither can a sinner in any real sense ever cease to be guilty. The condemnation and the punishment may be removed, or withheld, but the culpability, the desert of condemnation and punishment, ever remains. A sinner may, indeed, under proper circumstances be pronounced "pardoned," but never can he be pronounced "not guilty." Pardon is an act of mercy, not of justice. The distinction is unreal which has sometimes been made between moral and legal guilt. There can be no real liability to punishment without desert of punishment, and no such desert without sin. One may inherit the consequences of another's sin but not the guilt of it. One may suffer for or on account of another's sin, but, if words mean anything,

one cannot be punished for it. He may suffer what for the sinner would be punishment, but that for him it cannot be, for he is not guilty.

Correlative to the notions of obligation, sin, and guilt is that of punishment—suffering deservedly inflicted upon a sinner on account of his sin. The reality of punishment in human relations is undoubted; its place and function and even its existence, in God's relations to men, is by some brought into question. Punishment among men has four essential elements: discomfort; upon a wrongdoer; for his wrongdoing; and by authority. Lacking any one of these elements, it ceases to be punishment. The second and third perhaps need no further comment, but questions may naturally arise concerning the first and fourth. Is suffering an essential element of punishment? May not punishment take some other form? If by suffering is meant some form of physical discomfort, then certainly it is not an essential element of punishment. To be sure, punishment among men in the past has taken so constantly the form of the infliction of physical pain that to some minds the two are inseparable. But the movement against the corporal punishment of children today shows that there are many who feel that physical discomfort is not only not a necessary form of penalty but not the best form. A gentle reproof may be to some a more effective punishment than the most painful chastisement. Nevertheless, just at this point two important observations need to be made. The first is that not to every wrongdoer is a reproof a more effective penalty than chastisement. And the second is that, to whom the reproof is the more effective, it is so, as a matter of fact, because it means the keener suffering. And from these two observations we may make two important conclusions: First, because physical discomfort is not an essential element of punishment we must not conclude that not any form of discomfort is; but, on the contrary, experience seems to show that some form is an essential element of any penalty. Second, because it seems possible at a high stage of ethical development to do away with corporal punishment we must not therefore conclude that we can do away with all punishment; but, on the contrary again, experience seems to indicate that so long as wrong-

doing exists some form of punishment is necessary. Concerning the fourth element of punishment, its source in authority, little needs to be said. In human relations this seems to be generally recognized. Any attempt at punishment by one not in authority is resented. It is maltreatment, not punishment. Even if the person attempting the punishment without the authority is the one against whom the wrong has been done, it is, nevertheless, not punishment but vengeance. Perhaps the purest form of human punishment is this: the reproof of a son by his father for having disobeyed the father in such a way that he has not injured him or anyone else but himself. Here the penalty has taken not the form of physical suffering but the higher one of psychic discomfort—an intensifying of the sense of guilt—which is the most painful and effective sort of punishment. Moreover, it comes in perfect justice from one in authority and has in it no merely personal element of retaliation. A consideration of the true purpose or end of punishment would come better after we have considered divine punishment. Our notions of divine punishment necessarily come largely by analogy from our conceptions of human punishment. Sin brings certain consequences that the sinner feels to be just. They are not attributable to any human agency. It is both natural and right that men have always looked upon them as punishments from God,—the heavenly Father, the divine moral Ruler of men. This has gone so far at times as to lead to the belief that every item of suffering in a man's life is the penalty for some sin. But, while the connection between moral evil and natural evil is undoubtedly close, yet the nature of the relation is so mysterious, and the exact penal connection in any one instance so uncertain, that as men have come to know more and more about the laws of nature they have come to look less and less upon physical suffering as penal. This tendency, in turn, has, with some men, gone so far as to well-nigh do away with the reality of divine punishment altogether. And in this it has been seconded by two other tendencies of modern thought: the tendency to diminish in one way and another the culpability of sin, and the movement away from the old notion of divine punishment, as personal retaliation, toward the notion of



mere loving chastisement for reformatory purposes. Two questions arise at this point: What is the significance of penalty in the moral government, if it has any place there at all? and, What form, if any, does the divine punishment of sin take? That something in the nature of penalty is necessary in the divine government is evident. There must be some means to the end the attainment of which is thwarted by sin. If sin were left alone, the end in view in all moral government would never be attained. Whether we call the means used punishment or chastisement will depend perhaps upon our conception of the culpability of sin. Sin, as we have seen, is a violation of the moral sense in man, a violation of the moral law, a violence done to God himself. All that is within us condemns it unqualifiedly. We may be sure that God condemns it also, and any reply he makes to it is one of unqualified condemnation and may correctly be termed punishment; that is, discomfort inflicted upon a sinner on account of his sin by one in authority over him and to whose authority he has done violence. In other words, one element in the divine punishment of sin is always retribution. Punishment may be many-tongued, but one voice at least cries out: "God is holy; he can not overlook sin!" From the standpoint of moral government the retributive element in penalty is for the vindication of that government; from the standpoint of the personality of God it is for the expression of his holiness. And yet, of course, we must not stop here. God surely is not satisfied with merely condemning sin; he will destroy it; hence the purpose of penalty is reformatory as well as retributive; there is an element of expediency in it. Nor can we stop here. There can be no short-sighted expediency in the methods of the moral Ruler of the universe. God's purpose in punishment is not merely to condemn sin, nor is it merely to reform man, nor is it even merely both together; it is both in order to the attainment of the ultimate ends of moral government. As Professor Curtis has it, "The aim in all penalty is so to express the holiness of God as to secure actual movement toward the final goal of moral government."

What form does the divine punishment of sin take? Who shall say? As we have seen, some men have thought that all

suffering in their lives was in some way the punishment of God. Others see in their physical sufferings merely calamities or trials, perhaps the natural consequences of some sin, but not ordained by God as punishment. The individual conscience must decide, and in the vast majority of men will probably decide correctly. But there is one experience common to all that men universally feel to be penal, and that is the lashings of a violated conscience. All men instinctively feel the wrath of God against them on account of their sin. There can be no doubt that sin creates a disharmony between the sinner and God. God cannot be in harmony with a sinner. He cannot look upon him with favor. He must look upon him with positive disfavor, with an intense righteous indignation that is very correctly termed holy wrath; and the sinner can not but feel this wrath that expresses the holiness of God in the presence of sin. While physical evil does not always seem to the individual to be the punishment of God, yet to the moral consciousness of man, considered as an expression of God's verdict upon a sinful race, it has always worn a penal aspect. Man generally has in some way connected the fact of sin with the fact of suffering in the world and in particular with physical death. Death in any form is something abnormal and repulsive. Sin and suffering and decay and death are, somehow, all of a kind. They are fitting concomitants, fitting companions one to the other, all contrary to the divine ideal; sin the work of man, suffering and decay and death the reluctant work of God necessitated by man's sin and expressing his attitude toward it. "The penal element in the world order is summed up in death." What form God's punishment of sin will take in the life after death we do not know and have no way of finding out. We are safe in believing that the character of our life here will determine the condition of our life hereafter, and that is perhaps the most that can be said.

The universality of sin is the most indisputable of all facts concerning the moral order. As to the nature and consequences of sin there may perhaps be some dispute, but as to the fact of the universality of sin in the world all men are agreed. There can be no disputing it. Whether we examine our own hearts,

observe the lives of others, or read the history of men in the past, we are convinced that every human being without exception does, in violation of his reason and his conscience, do that which is wrong. Men differ in their individual attitudes toward this fact, some giving it weighty consideration in their thinking and living and others making light of it, but the fact itself all unhesitatingly acknowledge. Sin is undoubtedly universal. All men commit sin. It appears in various forms of vice or of crime. All may be conceived as some form of lawlessness or of sensuality or of selfishness or of godlessness; all may, perhaps, be almost always traceable to the inordinate indulgence of some natural appetite or passion; but, however conceived or to whatever principle resolved, certain it is that every sinful act is a more or less willful disregard or even violation of the dictates of reason and conscience. These dictates may in some cases be extremely feeble, but they are present in some degree for every man, and every man lives more or less in willful disregard or violation of their persistent promptings. Now, when we carefully consider in all its significance this fact of the universality of sin, when we stop to realize that every man that lives or ever has lived has repeatedly committed sin, has repeatedly done what he knew was not only not right but not best, and that in spite of the constant warnings of reason and conscience, we are driven to the conclusion that it is human nature to sin. Indeed, in one sense, this is not so much a conclusion as it is a different statement of the same fact. All men do sin. It is human nature to sin. This seems but two ways of saying the same thing. And yet the two statements do really represent two separate facts in logical relation one to the other, of which the second is prior to the first: the nature explains the sinning and not the sinning the nature. When we say that it is the nature of man to sin, we have taken one step toward an explanation of the universality of sin. But we soon realize that it is only a step. It is an explanation that needs an explanation. When we ask, Why do all men sin? and reply, Because it is human nature to sin, the reply is indeed correct and indisputable, but immediately the question arises, But why is it human nature to sin? What is

the explanation of this innate tendency to do wrong? For all purely practical purposes of religion and morality this question is perhaps unnecessary. It is enough that we know that all men do commit sin, and are by nature inclined so to do, without seeking a speculative explanation of the plain fact. But in this discussion the fact challenges explanation inasmuch as it seems to contradict all that has been said concerning the nature of sin and guilt. Standing alone, without explanation, the fact that it is the nature of man to sin seems to relieve man of his responsibility for sin, deprive sin of its culpability, do away with guilt, and leave no place for punishment. Now, any such result is contrary not only to the fundamentals of the Christian religion but even to the clearest and deepest intuitive conviction in the mind of man. The personal freedom of man, his consequent responsibility for his acts, and the intense blameworthiness of sin—these we must hold to be facts if we are to do any thinking at all. The question before us is, therefore, How is it that a man is responsible for his sin in spite of the fact that it is his nature to sin? This question suggests that man's nature is such that he cannot but sin. Of course, as we have seen, a man is in no way responsible for the nature he inherits from his ancestors; consequently, if that nature were such as to absolutely coerce him into sinning, he certainly could not be held responsible for his sin. But a man's proneness to wrongdoing is not such as to coerce him into wrongdoing. Of that every man feels sure in his own heart, and he holds himself accordingly responsible for his acts. Man is a free moral person and not a creature of necessity. A man is so constituted not that he must sin but that he will sin if he chooses to follow the line of least resistance. It is easier for him to respond to the impulses of his lower nature than to spiritual influence from above. The lower impulses are not in themselves bad; it is only their inordinate indulgence that is so. The fault in man's nature consists not in the presence of these natural appetites and passions, but in the abnormal tendency in the will of man to overindulge them. But whether a man will yield to this tendency, or respond to the spiritual influences which are constantly present to save him from sin, is entirely in the man's own power to determine. Conse-

quently, we answer the question as to how it is possible that a man is responsible for his sin in spite of the fact that it is his nature to sin, by saying that the nature is not such as to coerce a man into sinning; he has the power to respond to it or not as he will.

But the question still remains, Whence this innate tendency to wrongdoing? Although not anything for which the individual himself is responsible, it is, nevertheless, clearly something unideal in the nature of man. It seems impossible that God should have created man with this abnormal element in his nature. It must be the result not of God's action but of man's—if of man's, that of some one particular man, probably the first one. This is all speculation, of course, but so must be any attempt to explain the origin of man's innate disposition to sin. The only other explanation is that it is according to the will of God, who purposely placed it in the nature of man that man might be tested and trained by sin in order to his spiritual development. But this explanation, besides overlooking the fact that the test might have just as well come with the mere possibility of sin for man, without any positive tendency toward it, makes God, indirectly at least, responsible for sin and makes sin something natural, normal, and necessary in the life of man; and against such a conception of God and sin all our nature unites in protest. For the Christian theist it is impossible. Consequently, we are constrained to conclude that God created man without any innate disposition to do wrong, intending that he should always do right, and that man, probably the first man, did freely choose to do wrong rather than right, the consequences of which act (in a natural disposition to sin) every man inherits.

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## ART. IX.—THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1808

THE General Conference held in Baltimore in 1808 was the last non-delegated General Conference of Methodism, all General Conferences since that day having been delegated bodies. The delegated General Conference of 1908 will not be the Centennial General Conference, but the year 1908 will be the centennial year of the last non-delegated General Conference. The centennial session of the delegated General Conference will be held in 1912. But the General Conference of 1808 will ever be regarded as one of the most important in Methodism, as it was there that legislation was passed which assigned for all future time to representatives elected by the Annual Conferences the legislative, judicial, and executive functions which had inhered in the General Conference of the entire Methodist ministry. This was done after establishing perpetually and unchangeably "episcopacy" and the "itinerant general superintendency," and fixing the "restrictions" to General Conference action which made it difficult to change principles and practices of church government. Prior to 1812 all consecutive years were entitled to seats in the General Conference. The members of the Annual Conference who had traveled four times to the General Conference of 1808, however, passed the necessary legislation to establish a delegated General Conference composed of representatives elected by the Annual Conferences. This equalized the representation; since under the former arrangement Annual Conferences situated near the place of meeting had excessive representation and those remote from the seat of the General Conference had but small representation. The basis of representation of the first delegated General Conference, that held in New York in 1812, was one delegate for each five members of an Annual Conference; this ratio has varied from time to time, and today is one for each forty-five members. The last General Conference was held in the city of Baltimore—as, indeed, all the previous General Conferences had been, it being the most central city—and the nearby Conferences—the Baltimore and Philadelphia—had almost one half of the membership; but in the first



delegated General Conference, held in New York in 1812, these Conferences had less than one third of the entire membership. The figures are as follows: Of the 129 members of the General Conference of 1808 Philadelphia had 32 members; Baltimore, 31; New York, 19; Virginia, 18; Western, 11; South Carolina, 11; New England, 7. The 90 delegates to the General Conference of 1812 were composed as follows: Philadelphia, 14; Baltimore, 15; New York, 13; Virginia, 11; Western, 13; South Carolina, 9; New England, 9; Genesee, 6. Note the different distributions of the membership of these two Conferences. Philadelphia and Baltimore drop from having one fourth to but one sixth of the total; Virginia and South Carolina remain stationary; the Western increases a little; New York increases from 15 to 21 per cent, and New England almost doubles its ratio. Among the names on the roll are many which are familiar to readers of Methodist history: Freeborn Garrettson, Ezekiel Cooper, Billy Hibbard, Laban Clark, Nathan Bangs, George Pickering, Martin Ruter, Jesse Lee, Daniel Kelly, Stephen G. Roszel, Gideon Draper, and Henry Boehm. Four of the members were subsequently made bishops: Joshua Soule and Elijah Hedding, of the New England Conference, William McKendree, of the Western Conference, and Enoch George, of the Baltimore Conference. Thirteen rules of order, or by-laws, were adopted for the government of the body, as follows:

1. Any person speaking shall not be interrupted except by the president when he judges that he deviates too much from the point; nevertheless, an appeal may be made to the Conference by any two of the members from the president, but neither the president nor the Conference shall speak to the point but barely take the vote.

2. No person shall have liberty to speak above a quarter of an hour at a time, except by the permission of the Conference; but, still, the Conference shall grant or prohibit without debate.

3. If any person think himself misrepresented by a speaker, he shall have the right to explain in as few words as possible after the speaker has done.

4. No person shall speak oftener than three times on any question.

5. The sittings of the Conference shall be from 9 to 12 o'clock in the morning and from 3 to 6 in the afternoon.

6. No question shall be proposed on a different subject from that under debate until the question debated shall be decided or postponed.

7. The secretary shall keep a regular Journal of all the proceedings of the Conference, which Journal shall be signed by the president and countersigned by the secretary at the close of the Conference.

8. The proceedings of the Conference each day shall be read on the succeeding day in the Conference before the business of the day be entered upon; and the complete Journal of the Conference shall also be read in the Conference before the final close thereof.

9. No motion shall be put except by the president unless it be first delivered at the table in writing after being read by the mover and seconded.

10. No old rule shall be abolished except by a majority of two thirds of the members present.

11. No member of the Conference shall leave the city of Baltimore until the Conference adjourns without first obtaining leave of absence.

12. No person shall leave the business without first obtaining permission.

13. Any person shall have liberty to copy at pleasure every motion that is laid on the table.

These rules are substantially those of the previous General Conferences, except that, in 1800, rule 13 provided that, "The bishops are requested to arrange, and from time to time lay before the Conference such business as they may judge expedient; *provided* that the above regulation does not affect the ninth rule." In 1804 rule 14 was added: "No spectators shall be admitted but members of society, and such as have introduction by, or a ticket from, a member of Conference." It will be noted that the parliamentary principles of these rules are to be found in the present Rules of Order of the General Conference, except rule 9, which indicates the fact that in the early days the bishop was allowed to make a motion, as was frequently done by Bishop Asbury. But this rule does not appear to have been enforced in the delegated General Conference. Instead of this we find Bishops Asbury and McKendree addressing each other in the presence of the Conference on matters which were under consideration. This was, however, in every case done informally, before the reading of the Journal of the previous day, and therefore, theoretically, not in the Conference session. For example, on May 8, 1812, we read: "Bishop Asbury addressed himself to Bishop McKendree, or to the Conference through him. . . . Bishop McKendree rose and replied, expressive of his approbation. Then the Journal was read." May 9: "Bishop Asbury rose and addressed himself to Bishop McKendree

on the subject of defining the bounds of the Annual Conferences." Then the Journal was read. May 15: "Bishop Asbury rose and requested leave of the Conference to address Bishop McKendree in the presence of the Conference. Leave was granted. Bishop Asbury then proceeded to address himself to Bishop McKendree and the Conference conjointly. Bishop McKendree then rose and addressed himself to Bishop Asbury and the Conference." The Journal was then read. All the rules of order were modified more or less at each successive General Conference, but they are not printed again at length in the Journal until 1828; and then only fifteen of them are given. The rule requiring that "No resolution altering or rescinding any rule of Discipline shall be adopted until it shall have been at least one day in possession of the Conference," and the rule for the previous question were added at that time. Then the rules were passed collectively. How many more there were we do not know, but in 1820 they numbered at least forty.

An early item of business was the reception of the European communications, "upon which Bishop Asbury withdrew from the Conference from motives of delicacy, arising from some encomiums bestowed on him in the British address." At the same session a stated communication from the trustees of the Chartered Fund was read; also a petition from Boston praying relief from "their great embarrassment." This was referred to a committee which subsequently reported recommending that an agent be appointed "to raise a subscription in any part of the connection to assist in defraying the enormous debt." On motion of the bishop the matter was placed in the hands of the presiding elders. Propositions to print a hymn book compiled by Daniel Hitt and also a standard music book compiled by James Evans were referred to the Committee of Review, which recommended the former as an addition to the Hymn Book, but did not "think it proper to take Mr. Evans's or any other man's music book under our patronage." The case of Bishop Coke came before the Conference in a letter from the British Conference asking that he be allowed to remain with them. This request was granted, accompanied by a resolution certifying to the grateful remembrance of

his services and labors of love, and ordering that his name be continued in the Minutes in the list of bishops with the understanding that he should exercise no episcopal authority in the United States while his residence was in Europe. On Monday, May 9, the question of forming a *delegated* General Conference was introduced by a memorial from the New York Conference, in which the Eastern, the Western, and the South Carolina Conferences concurred. The memorial was as follows:

VERY DEAR BRETHREN: We, as one of the seven eyes of the great and increasing body of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, which is composed of about five hundred traveling preachers and about two thousand local preachers, together with upward of one hundred and forty thousand members; these with our numerous congregations and families spread over an extent of country more than two—miles from one end to the other, amounting, in all probability, to more than one million of souls, which are, directly or remotely, under our pastoral oversight and ministerial charge, should engage our most sacred attention and should call into exertion all the wisdom and talents we are possessed of to perpetuate the unity and prosperity of the whole connection and to establish such regulations, rules, and forms of government as may, through the blessing of God in Jesus Christ, promote the cause of religion, which is more precious to us than riches, honor, or life itself, and be conducive to the salvation of souls among the generations yet unborn. The fields are white unto harvest before us and the opening prospect of the great day of glory brightens continually in our view; and we are looking forward with hopeful expectations for the universal spread of scriptural truth and holiness over the inhabitable globe. Brethren, for what have we labored? For what have we suffered? For what have we borne the reproach of Christ, with much long suffering, with tears, and with sorrow, but to serve the great and eternal purpose of the grace of God, in the present and everlasting felicity of immortal souls? When we take a serious and impartial view of this important subject, and consider the extent of our connection, the number of our preachers, the great inconvenience, expense, and loss of time that must necessarily result from our present regulations relative to our General Conference, we are deeply impressed with a thorough conviction that a representative or delegated General Conference, composed of a specific number on principles of equal representation from the several Annual Conferences, would be much more conducive to the prosperity and general unity of the whole body than the present indefinite and numerous body of ministers, collected together unequally from the various Conferences, to the great inconvenience of the ministry and injury of the work of God. We therefore present unto you this memorial, requesting that you will adopt the principle of an equal representation from the Annual Conferences, to form, in future, a delegated General Confer-

ence, and that you will establish such rules and regulations as are necessary to carry the same into effect.

As we are persuaded that our brethren in general, from a view of the situation and circumstances of the connection, must be convinced, upon mature and impartial reflection, of the propriety and necessity of the measure, we forbear to enumerate the various reasons and arguments which might be urged in support of it. But we do hereby instruct, advise, and request every member who shall go from our Conference to the General Conference to urge, if necessary, every reason and argument in favor of the principle, and to use all their Christian influence to have the same adopted and carried into effect.

And we also shall and do invite and request our brethren in the several Annual Conferences which are to sit between this and the General Conference to join and unite with us in the subject-matter of this memorial.

On the next day Bishop Asbury put the question as to whether further regulation was necessary, and it was carried in the affirmative, and a committee was appointed, consisting of an equal number (two) from each Annual Conference to consider and report as to what should be done.

On May 12 William McKendree was elected bishop.

On May 16 the Committee on Regulating and Perpetuating the General Conference made its report. In the afternoon session of the same day the question of the election of presiding elders was presented by Ezekiel Cooper and a parliamentary battle was fought over this question during four sessions. The motion to elect them was finally defeated by a vote of 73 to 52.

On May 23, on motion of Enoch George, it was voted that the General Conference shall be composed of one member for every five members of each Annual Conference. On May 24 it was voted to hold the next General Conference in New York in May, 1812, and a quorum was fixed at two thirds of the representatives of the Annual Conferences. On motion of Jesse Lee, it was voted that "the next General Conference shall not change or alter any part or rule of our government so as to do away episcopacy, or to destroy the plan of our itinerant general superintendency." On motion of Stephen G. Roszel, it was voted that "The General Conference shall have full powers to make rules and regulations for our church under the following restrictions," namely:

1. The General Conference shall not revoke, alter, or change our Articles of Religion, nor establish any new standards or rules of doctrine contrary to our present existing and established standards of doctrine.

2. They shall not allow of more than one representative for every five members of the Annual Conference nor allow of a less number than one for every seven. (An attempt was made "to modify certain exceptionable expressions in our General Rules. Lost.")

3. They shall not revoke or change the "General Rules of the united societies."

4. They shall not do away the privileges of our ministers or preachers of trial by a committee and of an appeal; neither shall they do away the privileges of our members of trial before the society, or by a committee, and of an appeal.

5. They shall not appropriate the produce of the Book Concern or of the Charter Fund to any purpose other than for the benefit of the travelling, superannuated, and worn-out preachers, their wives, widows, and children.

6. *Provided*, nevertheless, that upon the joint recommendation of all the Annual Conferences, then a majority of two thirds of the General Conference succeeding shall suffice to alter any of the above restrictions.

On the same afternoon power was given to the bishops on advice of the Annual Conference to call a special session of the General Conference and to fix the time of meeting for it. An interesting episode of the session was the resignation of Ezekiel Cooper, editor and book steward. When he began, in 1799, the capital stock of the Book Concern amounted to \$4,000 and there was \$3,000 indebtedness, with not a single dollar in cash. At the General Conference of 1804 the capital stock was \$27,000, and the Concern had earned \$23,000 during the five years. At the time of his resignation the capital amounted to \$45,000, having increased at the rate of more than 100 per cent per annum. His salary was \$330 a year and his board. Is it any wonder that in his letter of resignation he could say, "I can ingenuously declare to you that I have with conscious rectitude served the interests of the connection with persevering integrity and fidelity to the best of my ability"? The Conference requested Brother Cooper to serve again, and voted him \$1,000 by way of extra compensation. On the last day, on motion of Jesse Lee, the word "salary" was stricken out of the Discipline and the word "allowance" inserted in its place, and a "blanket" resolution, presented by Daniel Hitt, was passed, to cover any possible confusion, "that



every part of the Discipline that stands in contrast with any of the rules and regulations adopted at this sitting of the General Conference be repealed." Several verbal changes were also made in the Discipline, Bishop Asbury was requested to send his likeness to the English brethren who desired to print it in their magazines, and the last General Conference of Methodists adjourned. The Journal, as well as that of the first delegated General Conference, held in 1812, is signed by Bishop Asbury and Bishop McKendree.

Even so hasty a review impresses us with the greatness and genuine wisdom of these men, who "saw things" so plainly at an early date. The century's experience has justified them. For combined strength and flexibility, together with the largest independence of thought and action, no such organization exists or has existed as the Methodist Episcopal Church. They recognized the distinctive governmental principles of Methodism, "episcopacy" and "itineracy," and made these unchangeable. Then they made other important principles practically secure, while not absolutely unchangeable, and placed them as "restrictions" on future action. They made episcopacy possible, with an enlarged church, by making the presiding elders "subbishops" rather than agents of the preachers, so that the bishops of today, wisely informed by the "cabinet," annually appoint thousands of pastors with almost inappreciable friction. A century's experience still justifies this early action, for only once has a majority of the General Conference been won over to even attempt the change of this provision, though there has scarcely, if ever, been a General Conference when some delegates have not tried to enact legislation which would allow the Annual Conference to limit the episcopal authority over the presiding elders. General Conferences acting along the line of their highest function—as the supreme court of Methodism—have consistently justified the wisdom and legal acumen of the fathers who constituted the last General Conference of Methodism.

*Joseph B. Hingeley*

## ART. X.—THE MINISTER, HUMAN AND DIVINE

"If a man's life is lightning, his words will be thunders." So goes the old proverb. The essential element in the Christian ministry is the man himself. It is the man that wins or loses. With deadly result Thackeray analyzes George IV. Says Thackeray: "I take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding, stays, a coat with frogs, and a fur collar, a star and blue ribbon, a pocket handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Truefitt's nutty-brown wigs reeking with oil, a set of teeth, a huge black stock, under-waistcoats, more underwaistcoats, and then—nothing." Comment is unnecessary. Herbert Spencer has declared that "ideas do not govern the world; the world is governed or overthrown by feelings to which ideas serve only as guides. The social mechanism does not rest finally upon opinions, *but almost wholly upon character.*" "In preaching, the thing of least consequence is the sermon." The sermon is worth just as much as the man and no more. July 2, 1881, Garfield was shot. The following September he died. When the news of his death reached Paris a notable Frenchman spoke thus: "A great misfortune has overtaken the American people. President Garfield is no more. *His virtues were needed at the White House more than striking mental abilities.* Talent, in this period of the nineteenth century, is common enough. But great moral qualities are, alas, rare, and it is they alone which give vital force to a nation." It is the man himself that counts or fails to count. This is preëminently the case with the ministry. Therefore, what sort of a man should a minister be? A hard-headed (and perhaps hard-hearted) old Scotchman commented thus on his three successive pastors: "Our first was a man, but not a minister, our second was a minister, but not a man, and the one we have now is neither a man nor a minister." Goethe held: "The more thou feelest thyself to be a man the more thou resemblest the gods." And Tennyson sang:

For man is not as God,  
But then most godlike being most a man.

Time was, in the ministry, when the divine was emphasized and

enlarged upon to such an extent that the human was neglected, hidden. In more recent years we have exalted the human. I think it is fair to ask if we have not exalted it too much. Have we not gone to the extreme on the human side just as the earlier fathers went to the extreme on the divine side? We should be men, yes, but we should be "men of God." There should be a proper adjustment, balance of the human and the divine. The Man of Galilee gave a three years' course in practical theology to a dozen prospective ministers, and when those ministers had finished their course they were equipped. They had not read books; they had read Christ. They had followed him, listened to him, observed him in action, drunk in his spirit. Jesus Christ stands before us forever the model Minister and "Man of God."

A minister may assume one of two attitudes toward Christ. Castillo was a noted Spanish artist. He had won highest rank in his profession. Well along in life he saw for the first time a Myrillo. After long and earnest scrutiny of the wonderful canvas he exclaimed: "Castillo is no more!" It was different when Correggio's eyes first lighted upon a Raphael. Stirred with a deeper sense of the possibilities of his art, he exclaimed: "And I, too, am an artist!" A minister's view of Christ, the superlative Minister, may cause him to despair or it may rouse him to heartier and holier action, seeing in him what he ought to be, and, further, what by God's grace he shall be, and with radiant meaning he exclaims: "And I, too, am a minister!" Through the perfect union of the human and the divine Jesus Christ realized two great results which every true minister will achieve. In the human he revealed the divine. In man he uncovered God. He said to Philip and the others of his day: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." And it was true. In the human son they beheld the divine Father. This is the privilege and necessity of the Christian ministry wherever it fulfills its mission. When we appreciate this we are a long way toward winning the world in which we are stationed. Christ is lifted up, his word is established, all men are drawn to him.

Was Christ a man like us? Ah! let us try  
If we then, too, can be such men as he!

The opportunity lies within the reach of every minister to make this pronouncement true of himself:

His life grew fragrant with the inner soul,  
And weary folk who passed him on the street  
Saw Christ's love beam from out the wistful eyes  
And had new confidence in God and man.

Such a heaven-desired condition can prevail only where the ministry is pure in heart, free of pride and jealousy and self-seeking, and the other evils that tempt us so persistently. In his *Arrows of the Chase*, Mr. Ruskin attempts to prove that "on clear water near the eye there are and can be no shadows—no shadows of cloud, mountain, or forest, but only reflections. Upon turbid muddy waters like those of the Rhine, because there is so much earthy matter in them, there are, indeed, shadows; but never upon waters that are clear." Christ said: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." And it was true, true because his soul was clear, transparently pure. In a recent address to the Manchester and Liverpool Districts Ministers' Association a Methodist preacher declared: "The masses of the people are temporarily alienated from official Christianity because it represents so poorly the Master's spirit; but those who are now indifferent, or who are diverted for the time being into social schemes of salvation, will return to the church when they see the Christ of Gethsemane and Calvary reincarnated in her ministry." If this be true, if it be partially true, it is incumbent upon us to move at once to the fountain for cleansing. The world should see in us, not as in a glass, darkly, but as face to face, the Father and the Son whose message we proclaim, whose life we exalt. Of the Christian minister this should ever be a faithfully accurate saying: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." A second noteworthy element in Christ's ministry is its projective force. His ministry was not passive. He was "always invading the lives of others with his holiness." This helped to work out his own salvation. Phillips Brooks once said: "The force with which his character and love flowed out upon the world kept back, more strongly than any granite wall of prudent caution could have done, the world from pressing in on him. His life was like an open stream that

keeps the sea from flowing into it by the eager force with which it flows down into the sea." Napoleon for war voiced the same principle when he declared: "It is a maxim in the military art that the army that remains in its entrenchments is beaten." The true defense for Christian living lies in Christian aggression. And this projective force in Christ's ministry was ever apparent. It affected high and low, the intellectual and the illiterate, the church and the state. It was in the world, but not of the world; it contrasted and collided sharply with other forces of the world; it was usually revolutionary. It startled men, it disturbed men, it stirred men. It set them thinking, it set them acting. It over-turned, it established. It destroyed, it created. It cast out, it brought in. It was always and everywhere felt. The true ministry is that which invades the world with its holiness. It is never merely passive. It is its nature to act. It is its life to move. It makes itself felt in every department of organization, in every sphere of living. After a visit to Bernard of Clairvaux William of Saint Thierry said: "I tarried a few days with him, and whichever way I turned my eyes I marveled and thought I saw a new heaven and a new earth. As soon as you entered Clairvaux you could feel that God was in the place." The holiness of a man of God had invaded the town. The projective force of a minister had transformed a community. Some time in 1738 John Wesley writes in his Journal: "Preached twice at Saint John's, Clerkenwell, so that I fear they will bear me there no longer. . . . Preached in the evening, to such a congregation as I never saw before, at Saint Clement's, in the Strand; as this was the first time of my preaching here, I suppose it is to be my last." Why? Because John Wesley's life was a protest against, an arraignment of, a passive ministry. But he couldn't be passive. There was a force in him that must have outlet. And it was the projective force of this mighty man of God, say the historians, that saved England from the "red fool-fury of the Seine," and kept her undisturbed while the wild forces of the Revolution were shaking throne and church in France into ruin. What is this force? It is more than mental power. Enthusiasm does not always signify its presence, for enthusiasm may be generated for a time by pride,

or ambition, or youthful zeal, or all combined. It is more than personality, for personality does not everywhere make for righteousness. It was manifestly present in the life of Christ; not, however, during all his career. It is noticeable in the hour when he realizes that he is the Son of God and the Saviour of the world; the moment he comprehends his relation to God and his relation to man. But this is the hour in which "the shadow of a cross arose upon a lonely hill." There were two visions connected with that cross, the lesser and the larger. The lesser compassed the personal, the individual, relation of Christ to that cross or that cross to him. It was a cross on which he must hang, on which he as an individual must suffer. It was in his path, and he could not avoid it without forsaking his path, denying the call of duty, losing his own salvation. The cross was a necessity in the working out of his own redemption. His larger vision of the cross compassed time and eternity, heaven and earth, God and man. He beheld God's infinite love, willing to give his only begotten Son, and the world's infinite need, necessitating such a sacrifice for its saving. There is a vision of the cross in which its personal relationship is made clear. The relationship is not exactly the same as in the case of Christ. But the cross is in our heavenly way; it is the essential factor in our personal salvation; by it, and it alone, we experience pardon, and peace, and cleansing, and life. This, however, is the lesser vision. There is a larger. And this larger we must gain at all cost of pain and patience. Some weeks ago I was in a great foundry. It was the hour for "pouring." The men lined up at the cupola with their heavy dippers or carrying vessels. The foreman made a dexterous twist with his long pole, removing the obstruction in the passage, and out raced the fiery stream. The lesser vision of the cross gives us life, the larger vision of the cross gives this life to the world. The larger vision of the cross, the vision that fully embraces God and man, that unveils the two infinities, divine love and human need, this larger vision breaks down obstructions, casts out prejudice, and bigotry, and selfishness, and doubt, and all other hindrances, and opens up man's life to the outflow of that force which is born of God and is mighty to save.



They say of Phidias that "he carved like one who had seen Zeus!" We may have a far more wonderful vision than that attributed to Phidias, and we may carve more lastingly. Let us gather to the cross. There are

Days

In which the fibrous years have taken root  
So deeply that they quiver to their top  
Whene'er you stir the dust of such a day.

Such a day is the day of the larger vision of the cross. May this be such a day! If so it transpires, we shall return to our work in the exultant consciousness that "we, too, are ministers," with the passionate zeal of Henry Martyn, whose heart cry was, "I desire to burn out for my God," with a mysterious influence such as was exerted by the man of whom a laborer spoke, "I never see that man cross the common, sir, without being the better for it," with "a something, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness."

*B. M. Tipple*

## ART. XI.—THE SPIRITUAL MISSION OF POETRY

IN one of his essays Edgar Allan Poe alludes to the heresy of the didactic. "It has been assumed," he says, "tacitly and avowedly, directly and indirectly, that the ultimate object of all poetry is Truth. Every poem, it is said, should inculcate a moral, and by this moral is the poetical merit of the work to be adjudged." Poe took issue with this view. He claimed that a poem should be written solely for the poem's sake. He defined poetry as "the rhythmical creation of beauty. With the intellect or with the conscience it has only collateral relations. Unless incidentally, it has no concern whatever either with duty or with truth." Poe's criticism of Longfellow was that his conception of the aims of poetry was erroneous. "His invention, his imagery, his all, is made subservient to the elucidation of some one or more points which he looked upon as truth." In a note from Edward Everett Hale, replying to the question, What is the spiritual mission of poetry? he says in his characteristic way: "I suppose religion to be the close intimacy between man and God. This intimacy may express itself in material things, as when God places by my side some sweet-scented violet. Or it may present itself in thoughts or feelings which defy material language. I suppose the business of poetry is to use material language so that the things may express in part what they can never express wholly. For instance, 'the heavens,' which are material, 'declare the glory of God,' which is not material merely. Unless what is called poetry does this, it is only rhymed prose." The truly great poets in every age have felt the nobility of their calling, have perceived that their true mission is not to amuse, or merely to give delight, but to be witnesses for the ideal and spiritual side of things; not merely to be the expression of the feelings, good or bad, of mankind, or to increase our knowledge of human nature and of human life, but that, if it includes this mission, it includes also a mission far higher: the revelation of ideal truth, the revelation of that world of which this world is but the shadow or the drossy copy, the revelation of the eternal. Though some exceptions there

have been, the great majority of poets in all times have, according to their gifts, recognized this to be their true mission and have fulfilled it. It was this mission of poetry which was indicated by Matthew Arnold when, with so much subtle truth, he defined it as "the application of ideas to life," and it was with this conception of it that he pronounced its future to be immense, and prophesied that, as time went on, mankind would find an ever surer and surer stay in it. Emerson says: "It is not meters but a meter-making argument that makes a poem; a thought so passionate and alive that, like the spirit of a plant or an animal, it has an architecture of its own, and adorns nature with a new thing." Poe may have written "The Raven" merely for the sake of the poem itself, but it cannot be conceived that the great world-poets of all times girded themselves to their longest, most deliberate efforts—Æschylus in "Prometheus Bound," Dante in the "Inferno," Milton in "Paradise Lost," Tennyson in "In Memoriam"—without reflecting what was to be the effect of their work on their fellow-men. It would hardly have satisfied them to be told that their poems would add to men's intellectual pleasures. They would not have been content with any result short of this: the assurance that their work would live to awaken those high sympathies in men in the exercise of which they themselves found their best satisfaction. To appeal to the higher side of human nature and to strengthen it, to come to its rescue when it is overborne by worldliness and material interests, to support it by great truths set forth in their most attractive form—this is the only worthy aim, the adequate end, of all poetic endeavor. Not only is this true of the longer poems that have an assured place in the world's literature, but it is also true of the greatest of the shorter poems. If all the writings of Rudyard Kipling should be destroyed, with the single exception of the "Recessional," his fame would be assured. That noble poem, simple enough to be understood by the humblest and appealing to the most cultured, fairly took the world by storm. Yet it was not achieved at the white heat of inspiration, as we might fancy, but was painstakingly, even toilsomely written. Mr. Kipling said in regard to it: "That poem gave me more trouble than anything I ever wrote.

I had promised the Times a poem on the Jubilee, but when it became due I had written nothing that satisfied me. The Times began to want that poem badly, and sent note after note asking for it. I made many more attempts but no further progress. Finally, the Times began sending telegrams, so I shut myself in my room with the determination to stay there until I had written a Jubilee poem. Sitting down with all my previous attempts before me, I searched through those dozens of sketches till I found just one line I liked. That was 'Lest we forget.' Round those words the 'Recessional' was written."

Emerson, in one of his Two Unpublished Essays, *The Character of Socrates*, contrasts the poet and the philosopher. "We could not," he says, "suppose a character more diametrically opposed to the soul of the poet, in all the gradations of cultivated mind, than the soul of Socrates. The food and occupation of the former has to do with golden dreams, airy nothings, bright personifications of glory, and joy, and evil, and you imagine him sitting apart, like Brahma, molding magnificent forms, clothing them with beauty and grandeur." Yet in this poetry makes common cause with all high things—with right reason and true philosophy, with man's moral intuitions and his religious aspirations. It combines its influence with all those benign tendencies which are working in the world for the melioration of man and the manifestation of the kingdom of God. There are two characteristics which essentially associate themselves with this conception of the highest office of poetry. The one is the old doctrine of the Greeks, so frequently insisted on by Plato, that the poetical faculty when genuine is innate, the immediate gift of heaven, simple inspiration, having as an impulsive power no connection at all with art, not to be learned, nor in any other way than by divine transmission to be attained. And so Plato speaks of the poet as bereft of reason but filled with divinity. He is a seer, he is a prophet. He discerns in the light of inspiration. He speaks for, he is the interpreter of Divinity. Of the full meaning of the message he is charged with he may be ignorant. In the *Apology* Socrates is represented as questioning poets as to the meaning of their poetry, and finding that any by-stander could

give a better explanation of what the poets meant than the poets themselves. "Then I knew," he says, "that not by wisdom do poets write poetry, but by a sort of genius and inspiration." The other characteristic is a remark which first found direct expression in Strabo, but which embodied a sentiment pretty generally held by the ancients, that a man could not be a good poet who was not first a good man, as Milton, commenting upon this remark, observes, "himself a true poem." Of the truth of this there can be no question. "The greatest poets," says Shelley, "have been men of the most spotless virtue, of the most consummate prudence, and, if we would look into the interior of their lives, the most fortunate of men." Shelley himself is not, for many obvious reasons, in the first rank of the world's poets. But, suffused as his poetry is with moral and spiritual enthusiasm, in one most important respect it has their note; and whatever were his infirmities and errors, of his essential goodness there can be no question. If Shelley never consciously found God, he drank of the streams of his eternal goodness and virtue unwittingly; for there is but one Source whence these streams flow. The universe presents but one Fountain of benevolence, purity, and love. After the poet's death Mrs. Shelley wrote: "To be something great and good was the precept given me by my father. Shelley reiterated it." Coventry Patmore, combating the prevalent doctrine that we have nothing to do with the private character or opinions of a poet, that our business is only with the teaching of his poetry, and that it is all nonsense to revive the old dictum that a good poet must first be a good man, says that we are, in fact, whatever our theories, affected in our estimate of some beautiful and touching thought by our acquaintance with the personality of the author of it. And he cites, by way of illustration, Wordsworth's familiar lines:

To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Byron, says Mr. Patmore, might well have been the author of these lines. The sentiment of them is entirely within his reach, and he was quite capable of utilizing it had it occurred to him. But supposing that it had appeared in one of his poems—"Childe

Harold" or another—would it have evoked the kind of response in our hearts, and have dwelt there as an abiding comfort and monitor, as it has done since it came to us from Wordsworth? And Mr. Patmore's answer is that it would not, and for this reason: that in spite of our theories we do ask ourselves as we read whether such a sentiment is sincere, whether it is grounded in the real character. Milton, in that noble passage in the second book of *Reason of Church Government* urged against Prelaty, has interpreted for us the true mission of the poet. He says:

Poetical abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, but yet to some (the most abused) in every nation; and are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to imbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune, to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he works and what he suffers to be wrought; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship. Whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion and admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and refluxes of men's thoughts from within—all these things with a solid and treatable smoothness to point out and describe.

This is the true mission of poetry, which is the bloom of high thought, the efflorescence of noble emotion. The true end is to awaken men to the divine side of things, to bear witness to the beauty that clothes the outer world, the nobility that lies hid, often observed in human souls. We find it in that oldest of the love stories of the world, Helen of Troy, the fairest of women in the song of the greatest of poets. No incident is more frequently celebrated in poetry and art, and yet the character of Helen, as Homer draws it, surpasses in beauty and spiritual power all later attempts. Her repentance is almost Christian in its expression, and repentance indicates a consciousness of sin and shame which Helen frequently professes. In the *Convito* Dante tells us that there are four senses in which poetry is to be taken: the literal, the allegorical, the moral, and the mystical; and it is the last which is concerned with its highest mission. In poetry of the



secondary order these elements exist in singularity or, at most, enter imperfectly into its composition. In great poetry, assuming their fullest proportions, they are blended and fused. It is so with the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," with the "Æneid," with the "Divine Comedy" and "Paradise Lost." It is so with the great Attic tragedies and with the dramas of Shakespeare. It is so with the lyrics of Pindar and with the poems most characteristic of Wordsworth. Henry Morley, in his introduction to Chapman's Homer, says: "The true master poet speaks from all the depths of all the life he knows. The power of the 'Iliad' lies partly in the fullness of its dealing with all elemental forces in the life of man, showing them stirred with immense energy under conditions of an early civilization, newly passed out of Asia into Greece and Italy, from which the poet himself drew all his experience and all his illustrations. But the main strength of the poem lies in the handling and the molding of this matter by the spiritual power that was in Homer himself, and which he had in common with the prophets and the poets who seek to uplift the soul of man." Xenophon makes Nikeratus say: "My father, anxious that I should become a good man, made me learn all the poems of Homer by heart." They tell us that Milton is hardly read now. So they tell us the Bible is not read. I do not believe it. Milton is a poet to be read at leisure, the "Paradise Lost" once a year and five of the minor poems quite as often. "Lycidas" is the poet's poem, the test by which one can decide whether he really loves good poetry. It is a poem to be committed to memory and to be a part of a wise man's mental furniture. It is surcharged with the modern spirit of faith, courage, Christianity. Henry van Dyke says: "If this age of ours is a great age, then Tennyson is a great poet, for he is the clearest, sweetest, strongest voice of the century." Tennyson has been called the prophet of hope rather than of faith, of questions that ask an answer but fail to find a sure response, but I am sure this is to underrate his work. He may be the "master of measured music, the painter of words, the teacher of all of us how to say a sweet, true thing truly and sweetly." But he is far more than this. The one thing we feel in reading "In Memoriam" and other poems grouped with it is

that they are real records of the inward conflict between doubt and faith, and that in this conflict faith has the victory. How many of his noblest poems—"Locksley Hall," "Rizpah," "Guinevere," "Enoch Arden"—find their uplifting inspiration and reach their climax in "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen"? Could he have written anything of his best without that high faith in an immortal life which he has expressed in the rolling lines of "Vastness," and in that last supreme, faultless lyric, "Crossing the Bar"? The deepest and sweetest note of all Tennyson's poems is reached in the two lyrics which sprang out of the poet's grief for the death of Arthur Hallam. The world has long since accepted the first of these as the perfect song of mourning love. "Break, break, break," once heard, is never to be forgotten. It is the melody of tears. But the fragment called "In the Valley of Caunteretz" is no less perfect in its way. A new beauty comes into both of the poems when we read them side by side. For the early cry of longing,

But O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

finds an answer in the later assurance of consolation:

And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,  
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

The work of Browning is most strongly pervaded and controlled by this great faith, which is more resonant, if not more absolute, than that of Tennyson:

Good, to forgive;  
Best, to forget!  
Living, we fret;  
Dying, we live.  
Fretless and free,  
Soul, clasp thy pinion!  
Earth have dominion,  
Body, o'er thee.

No fiber of his organic and vital poetry could endure were the nerve-force of faith in immortality extracted. It is this faith which changes "The Ring and the Book" from the record of a petty and suffocating tragedy to the triumphant epic of the Spirit:

O lover of my life, O Soldier—Saint,  
No work begun may ever pause with death.

Nor is Browning's faith due to blindness:

You call for faith:

I show you doubt to prove that faith exists.  
The more of doubt the stronger faith, I say,  
If faith o'ercomes doubt.

So cries Browning at last. To him doubt is the angel of the Most High, rendering moral character and spiritual progress possible. It is in Browning that Christianity finds its most joyous and undaunted exponent. From "Paracelsus" to "Asolando" a definite and devout Christianity shines through his work. In his life of Robert Browning William Sharpe says that "Chinese" Gordon, "our most revered hero," was wont to declare that nothing in all nonscriptural literature was so dear to him, nothing had so often inspired him in moments of "gloom," as the lines from Browning's "Paracelsus":

I go to prove my soul!

I see my way as birds their trackless way.  
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,  
I ask not: but unless God send his hail  
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,  
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive:  
He guides me and the bird. In his good time!

In the preface to the later edition of "Sordello" Mr. Browning himself told us that to him little else seems worth study except the development of a soul. "It is," says Walter Pater, "because he has ministered with such marvelous vigor, and variety, and fine skill to this interest, that he is the most modern, to modern people the most important, of poets."

If poetry is to be to us what it ought to be, and what, if faith and hope are to be kept alive, it must be, we must go back to the old conception of it, when men believed that inspired poets were the prophets and messengers of God. We must seek in it what men sought and found in it when Aristophanes could say: "Children have the schoolmaster to teach them, but when men grow up the poets are their teachers."

*Howen & Butler.*

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

## NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

## A ROMANTIC CHRIST

"WHAT think ye of Christ?" is a question which it is proper to put to all men; and it is lawful to require of everyone an answer. To that question every human being with any intellectual self-respect or sense of obligation is bound to make in reason, in honor, and in decency some respectful reply. It is a test question and will search the quality and bent of every mind that entertains it. In every case the man's reply to it will reveal his own nature. No one can answer it honestly without making an exposé of his inmost self, his appetencies, his affiliations, his class and rank in the scale of being. Nothing is more true than that Jesus is set for judgment in the earth. Whoever judges him, at the same time passes judgment on himself. Whoever sights him, even from afar, straightway reveals his own affinities or aversions according as he seeks and draws near to, or shuns and shies off from, Christ. The procession of men coming up before Christ instinctively parts itself into two columns, one going to his right hand with saints and angels, and the other to his left hand with goats and demons.

Until within a few years it might have been a problem for curious speculation, what a thoroughbred and utter aesthete would probably think of Christ. This is no longer left to speculation. In a volume entitled *De Profundis* such an one has told the world how Christ affects him and what estimate he puts upon Jesus of Nazareth. So that now all who wish may have a chance to see Jesus through an aesthete's eyes. For all normal human beings this very peculiar way of looking at Christ will be a novel and in the end unpleasing experience. It is the view of an exquisite voluptuary and pagan who seems devoid of moral perception, having not much more sense of the fierce difference between right and wrong than a faun or a satyr is supposed to have. Or, if whatever moral faculty he may have been born with has not been wholly extirpated, at least it is fair to say that his moral vision is so dimmed and perverted, so cataracted and strabismused, that he sees all things through a haze with everything out of drawing and distorted. To ethical distinctions

he seems so color-blind that sin and holiness appear to him of one and the same color. So abnormal is he that he might easily play the part of moral freak in a dime museum. But neither this abnormality, nor the fact that his study of Christ was made for the most part while he was a convict at hard labor in prison, disqualifies him from pronouncing upon Jesus Christ the critical judgment of a past master in æstheticism. In the realm of æsthetics he is an authority; and all thoroughgoing æsthetes are abnormals liable, if the police are awake, to land ultimately in jail. As a curiosity of literature which Disraeli did not live long enough to capture, we reproduce, not without comment, the æsthete's estimate of Christ, in which, it will be perceived, it is the æsthete, and not Jesus, who really comes to judgment and receives final sentence. At the end all readers will doubtless agree with Robert Ross, the friend and literary executor of this æsthete, that the writings from which we are about to quote are the product of "a highly artificial nature."

One Christmas season a wretched prisoner in Reading gaol found his thoughts turning toward Christ. He managed to get hold of a Greek Testament. Every morning he had to begin the day by going down on his knees and washing the floor of his cell. But after he had done this and polished his tins, this dainty Oxford graduate sat down on his iron cot and read a little of the Gospels, a dozen verses or so taken by chance anywhere. He says that it is a delightful way of opening the day; that every one, even in a turbulent, ill-disciplined life, should do the same; that endless repetition has spoiled for us the freshness, the naïveté, the simple charm of the English version of the Gospels; that excessive repetition is antispiritual, and that when one returns to the original Greek it is like going into a garden of lilies out of some narrow and dark house. He finds a double pleasure in reading the Greek Testament because he thinks it extremely probable that we have in it the actual expression, the *ipsissima verba*, used by Christ. It has been supposed that Christ talked in Aramaic, but this university scholar believes that the Galilean peasants, like the Irish peasants today, were bilingual, and that Greek was the ordinary language of intercourse all over Palestine, and over the Eastern world. He finds delight in thinking that Christ might have conversed with Charmides, and reasoned with Socrates, and talked to Plato in their own tongue and they would have understood him.

Reading his Greek Testament, he is charmed with Christ because Christ has the romantic temperament and says such beautiful things.

Christ was the first person who ever said to people that they should live flowerlike lives. And Jesus is charming when he says, "Take no thought for the morrow; is not the soul more than meat and the body more than raiment?" Jesus saw that people should not be too anxious over common material interests; that to be impractical was a great thing; that one should not bother too much over affairs. The birds and the lilies didn't. Why should man? And Christ took children as the type of what people should try to become, holding them up as examples to their elders. All this the aesthete thinks is charming. Reading his New Testament, he notes also that Christ, like all fascinating persons, had the power, not merely of saying beautiful things himself, but of making other people say lovely things to him. He says he especially loves the story Saint Mark tells about the Greek woman who, when Christ said to her as a trial of her faith that he could not give her the bread of the children of Israel, answered him that the little dogs who are under the table eat of the crumbs that the children let fall. He thinks that was very clever and witty and winsome in her!

Altogether the aesthete thinks this romantic Christ quite wonderful. He says: "There is something to me almost incredible in the idea of a young Galilean peasant imagining that he could bear on his own shoulders the burden of the entire world; all that had already been done and suffered, and all that yet to be done and suffered; the sins of Nero, of Cæsar Borgia, of Alexander VI, of him who was Emperor of Rome and Priest of the Sun; the sufferings of those whose name is legion and whose dwelling is among the tombs; oppressed nationalities, factory children, thieves; people in prison, outcasts, those who are dumb under oppression and whose silence is heard only by God: and not merely imagining this but actually achieving it, so that at the present moment all who come in contact with his personality, even though they may not bow to his altar nor kneel before his priest, find that in some way the ugliness of their sin is taken away and the beauty of their sorrow is revealed to them."

Christ's entire life seems to him the most wonderful of poems. He says: "For pity and terror there is nothing in the entire cycle of Greek tragedy to touch it. The absolute purity of the protagonist raises the entire scheme to a height of romantic art from which the sufferings of Thebes and Pelops's line are by their very horror excluded, and shows how wrong Aristotle was when he said in his treatise on the drama that it would be impossible to bear the spectacle



of a blameless one in pain. Not in Æschylus nor Dante, those stern masters of tenderness; not in Shakespeare, the most purely human of all the great artists; not in the whole of Celtic myth and legend, where the loveliness of the world is shown through a mist of tears, and the life of a man is no more than the life of a flower—not in any of these is there anything that, for sheer simplicity of pathos wedded to sublimity of tragic effect, can be said to equal or even approach the last act in the tragedy of Christ's passion. The little supper with his companions, one of whom has already sold him for a price; the anguish in the quiet moonlit garden; the false friend coming close to him so as to betray him with a kiss; the cowardly friend denying him as the bird cried to the dawn; his own utter loneliness, his submission, his acceptance of everything; and along with it all, such scenes as the high priest of orthodoxy rending his raiment in wrath and the magistrate of civil justice calling for water in the vain hope of cleansing himself of that stain of innocent blood that makes him the scarlet figure of history; the coronation ceremony of sorrow, one of the most wonderful things in the whole of recorded time; the crucifixion of the Innocent One before the eyes of his mother and of the disciple whom he loved; the soldiers throwing dice and gambling for his clothes; the terrible death by which he gave the world its most eternal symbol—the cross; and, finally, his burial in the tomb of the rich man, his body swathed in Egyptian linen with costly spices and perfumes, as though he had been a king's son." The æsthete contemplates all this from the point of view of art alone, and holds this to be the greatest tragedy in literature. He thinks it supremely fit that the most impressive office, the most sacred rite, of the church should be the mystical presentation of the Passion of her Lord, as given in the holy sacrament.

Yet though the life of Christ ends with darkness coming over the face of the earth and the stone rolled to the door of the sepulcher, that life seems to this literary dilettante to be an idyll as really as it is a tragedy. He says: "One always thinks of Christ as a young bridegroom with his companions; as a shepherd straying through a valley with his sheep in search of green meadow or cool stream; as a singer trying to build out of music the walls of the City of God; or as a lover for whose love the whole world was too small. His miracles seem to me to be as exquisite as the coming of spring, and quite as natural. I see no difficulty at all in believing that such was the charm of his personality that his mere presence could bring peace

to souls in anguish, and that those who touched his garments or his hands forgot their pain; or that as he passed by on the highway of life, people who had understood nothing of life's mystery saw it clearly, and others who had been deaf to every voice but that of pleasure heard for the first time the voice of Love and found it musical as Apollo's lute; or that evil passions fled at his approach, and men whose dull, unimaginative lives had been but a mode of death rose, as it were, from the grave when he called them; or that when he taught on the hillside the multitude forgot their hunger and thirst and the cares of this world; and that to his friends who listened to him as he sat at meat, the coarse food seemed delicate, and the water had the taste of good wine, and the whole house became full of the odor and sweetness of nard."

One more thing that occurs to him to say about Christ is that "he is the leader of all lovers; who saw that love was the first secret of the world for which the wise men had been looking, and that it was only through love that one could approach either the heart of the leper or the feet of God. . . . People have tried to make him out an ordinary philanthropist or ranked him as an altruist with the unscientific and sentimental. But he was neither one nor the other. Pity he has, of course, for the poor, for those who are shut up in prisons, for the lowly, for the wretched; but he has far more pity for the rich, for the hard hedonists, for those who waste their freedom in becoming slaves to things, for those who wear soft raiment and live in king's houses. Riches and pleasure seem to him to be really greater tragedies than poverty or sorrow. . . . With a width of imaginative sympathy that almost fills one with awe, Christ took the entire world of the inarticulate, the voiceless world of pain, as his kingdom, and made of himself its mouthpiece. He sought to become eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, and a cry in the lips of those whose tongues had been tied. His desire was to be to the myriads who had found no utterance, a very trumpet through which they might call to heaven. He made of himself the image of the Man of Sorrows, and as such has fascinated and dominated art as no Greek god ever succeeded in doing. To him love was lord in the fullest meaning of the phrase." He says that "the spirit of love is the spirit of the Christ who is not in churches."

This apostle of aestheticism is not so spellbound by the Greek gods that he cannot see defect and inferiority in them. He says: "In spite of the white and red of their fair, fleet limbs, they were not really

what they appeared to be. The curved brow of Apollo was like the sun's disc over a hill at dawn, and his feet were as the wings of the morning, but he had been cruel to Marsyas and had made Niobe childless. In the steely eyes of Athena there had been no pity for Arachne; the pomp and peacocks of Hero were all that was really noble about her; and the father of all the gods had been too fond of the daughters of men." And he perceives the superiority of Christ. He says: "Life itself produced, from its lowliest and most humble sphere, one far more marvelous than any of the divinities of Greek mythology. Out of the carpenter's shop at Nazareth came a personality infinitely greater than any pictured by myth or legend, and one destined to reveal mystical meanings and real beauties as none, either on Cithæron or at Enna, had ever done."

But to him Christ's supreme function is that of precursor to the romantic movement in art, the very nature of the Man of Nazareth making him the palpitating center of romance in the world. Wherever the romantic movement is the æsthete finds Christ, or the soul of Christ. He sees Christ's influence in the finest products of architecture, literature, painting, and sculpture; in the cathedral at Chartres, in the Arthurian cycle of legends, and in Dante's *Divine Comedy*; but not in the dreary classical Renaissance that gave us Petrarch, and Raphael's frescoes, and Palladian architecture, and formal French tragedy, and Saint Paul's Cathedral, and Pope's poetry. He finds Christ's spirit in *Romeo and Juliet*, and in the *Winter's Tale*, and in Provençal poetry, and in "The Ancient Mariner," and in Chatterton's "Ballad of Charity"; in Hugo's *Les Misérables*, in Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal*, in the note of pity in Russian novels, in Verlaine's poems, and in the stained glass and tapestries of Burne-Jones and Morris, no less than in the tower of Giotto, in Lancelot and Guinevere, in Tannhäuser, in the troubled romantic marbles of Michael Angelo, in pointed architecture, and in that love of little children and flowers which from the twelfth century down to our own day has been continually making its appearance in art.

All this elaborate æsthetic eulogy of Jesus is not mere harmless romantic sentiment. Although there may be in it glimpses of a refining and beautifying effect which is a by-product of Christianity, yet it is in fact so superficial as to be frivolous and sacrilegious. When Hurrell Froude said he thought Law's *Serious Call* a very clever book, it seemed to Keble as if Froude had said the Day of Judgment will be a pretty sight. So it seems to us when the æsthete,

standing in the august presence of the Son of man, utterly insensitive to moral majesty, dilates only on the romantic charm of Christ. It is almost as if he had said: "Jesus Christ is so very pretty." Of the real nature of the incarnate Son of God he has no more perception than the wooden Indian in front of a tobacco shop has of the greatness of Abraham Lincoln. He is one of those who have no sense of the divine in Jesus of Nazareth, and no perception of the superhuman in his miracles. The immaculate purity of Christ makes no impression on him, and the ethical pungency of the Master's words goes by him as the idle wind which he regards not. There is no moral fiber in the æsthete and Christ's cutting rebukes of sin and filthiness go through him without resistance or sensation as a Damascus blade would go through a floating wreath of cigar smoke.

He read his New Testament in Greek, this university man did, but a dismally frivolous and grossly self-indulgent life had so vitiated his nature that he seems not much more capable of explaining the Gospels and their Christ than a moth miller fluttering across an open Bible is qualified to expound the pregnant and profound meaning of the inspired pages. He says that every man, at least once in his life, encounters Christ, whether he recognizes him or not. He intimates that he himself has walked over the hills to Emmaus with the Master. But at the end of his high-privileged interview on the road with the risen Lord, he passes on merely remarking with the critical tone of a pleased connoisseur: "What a fascinating person!" This æsthete says the worst vice is shallowness. If this were so, then he would have to be rated one of the worst of vicious men; for, considering his gifts, advantages, and opportunities, his mental and spiritual shallowness seems almost unparalleled. In presence of the august and awful realities presented in the New Testament, he displays a soul too shallow to float a great thought or a deep feeling, a nature which seems like a puddle in the road, on the surface of which the beautiful white clouds of the sky might be reflected; on the mire of which a few butterfly fancies might alight and sit for a time, idly closing and opening their flowered and filmy wings; while the muddy bottom of the puddle was all acrawl and asquirm with things unbeautiful, slimy and loathsome.

It is not difficult to guess who was the æsthete's chosen commentator on the Gospels and favorite interpreter of Christ. Evidently he knows his Renan, and his romantic Christ is close akin to the Jesus of the demoralized university professor who Frenchified

Christ into a Jewish peasant enamored of the girls of Galilee. This æsthete died in Paris: he should have been born there, for he was essentially French, at home in studios and *cafés chantant*, and other viler resorts. He belonged in the land which, going one step further in taking desecrating liberties with sacred things, has perpetrated a comic life of Christ.

The case of this æsthete illustrates the powerlessness for good of merely intellectual and artistic companionship and culture. At one period before he became evilly notorious, he and Walter Pater were frequently seen together. Thomas Wright gives us a picture of the two in the days of their intercourse and mutual influencing of one another. Chiefly they influenced each other in a merely literary way toward an exquisitely artificial preciousness of style. "These two," says Wright, "made a queer pair when seen together—Pater with his short figure and crooked back, Wilde with his huge bulk, his sunflower, and his peacocky suits, his hair fastidiously arranged after the example of Nero, of whom it is said, 'He did his hair faultlessly—a fact nowhere mentioned by historians.'" It seems that in Pater's personal influence there was not enough regenerating force, or spermiatic Christian quality to make any impression. What might have been done for the redemption and elevation of the æsthete if he had fallen, very early in life, under the influence of a really radiant, positive, and potent Christian character, is matter for speculation. But it would seem probable that if this professed devotee of Beauty had made friends with John Ruskin, the divinely anointed high priest of the beautiful, and had surrendered himself to his ennobling influence, then concerning such a friendship something might have been written like what Canon Scott said of Ruskin and Gladstone: "Notwithstanding many differences, and spheres far apart, they were fighters on the same side in the great battle between good and evil; they both held to the supremacy of conscience over all material things, and asserted the reality of righteousness and the hatefulness of lust and cruelty and wrong. Their spirits drew together because, for both, life had its deep root in piety and had its one and only consummation in the favor and friendship of God." But the æsthete did not believe in the supremacy of conscience, the reality of righteousness, or the hatefulness of lust. No elevating friendship ennobled his life. He preferred the base and the vile. He says without shame, regret or apology that he "entertained at dinner the evil things of life"; and with them as



chosen boon companions he attained a scandalous infamy. Walter Pater, however, is in no degree chargeable with this man's preference for evil ways. The man proved himself impervious to all spiritual influences. Strict fairness requires us to admit that a faint moral wistfulness, a momentary sensitiveness to goodness seems to appear when he speaks of one of the most beautiful personalities he ever knew—a woman who was by her nature a suggestion of what one might become, and by her influence a real help toward becoming it; a woman who rendered the common air sweet and made what is spiritual seem as simple and natural as sunlight or the sea. She told him of spiritual things and tried to teach him lessons from them, but he says that he could not believe them, that he was not in the sphere in which belief in such things is attainable. She made him see, far off, the city of God, and it seemed for the moment as if a child might reach it in a summer's day. "And so a *child* could," says the aesthete in a futile flash of discernment; "but with me and such as me it is different." Alas, it is. There was not childlikeness enough in him to make it possible for him to reach even the outskirts of the kingdom of purity and righteousness to which that shining city is metropolis and capital. The beautiful personality who seemed to rouse a momentary wistfulness took no real effect on him. His callous and inveterate baseness made him immune to any pure and holy infection of goodness. At one time he seems to see that a man's heart must be filled with joy when his feet are on the right road and his face set toward the gate which is called beautiful; but as for himself he goes astray in the mist and falls in the mire.

Even the moral majesty and puissant purity of Christ himself had no effect on him. In the presence of the Sinless One he was not abashed, nor by his searching words did he feel himself rebuked. He gives no outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace of penitence. Neither the aspect nor the speech of Jesus could smite his soul into repentance. "I don't regret for a single moment having lived as I did," says this artistic convict; "I lived for pleasure to the full as one should do everything that one does." He boldly declares that he does not blame himself for his evil life. He says: "People thought it dreadful of me to have entertained at dinner the evil things of life, and to have found pleasure in their company. But then, from the point of view through which I, as an artist in life, approached them they were delightfully suggestive and stimulating. The danger was half the excitement." For all his blatant



defiance of the laws of God and man, and all his ungodly deeds which he had most ungodly committed, he makes no apology, feels no shame; rather devises excuses if not justifications for himself. He did acknowledge with mortification and angry self-condemnation, that there was one disgraceful, unpardonable and forever contemptible action in his life; and that was his allowing himself to appeal to society and the public for help, relief, and release from prison. For that, proud man that he is, he can never forgive himself! But he feels no remorse for anything else, not even when reading his Greek Testament and studying Jesus Christ. As for society, which put handcuffs on him and locked him up and set his dainty, manicured fingers to picking oakum for two years, he meant to take triumphant revenge some day on the cruel British public. He intended to execute some masterpiece of literary art that should prove his superior genius and bring society to his feet. He makes no promise to reform his evil ways, for he says that to him "reformations in morals are meaningless, while to propose to be a better man is a piece of unscientific cant." The only regeneration, renewal, and reformation that he believes in come about in the following way: "Those who have the artistic temperament look with new eyes on life because they have listened to one of Chopin's nocturnes, or handled Greek things, or read the story of the passion of some dead man for some dead woman whose hair was like threads of fine gold and whose mouth was as a pomegranate." Such are the things on which the aesthete relies to exert transforming power and which say to the man on whom they take effect, "Behold I make all things new." Recently, in the pulpit of a church which emphasizes ritual and the aesthetics of formal worship, an extravagant glorification of music exploded at its soaring climax in a declaration that "the greatest purifying and uplifting power in the world is music." A strange sort of Christian church it is which knows of no mightier power than music for the purging away of the world's sins, the soothing of its sorrows, and the healing of its virulent diseases!

The imprisoned aesthete intends, so soon as he gets out of jail, to assert himself as an artist. "If I can produce only one beautiful work of art," he says, "I shall be able to rob malice of its venom, and cowardice of its sneer, and to pluck out the tongue of scorn by the roots." He hopes that there will come into his work a deeper note, clearer vision, greater intensity of apprehension, more unity of passion and directness of impulse, richer cadences, more curious effects,

simpler architectural order, a finer æsthetic quality. If this can be, then he will dazzle the world, burnish bright his tarnished name, triumph over society, and revenge himself upon his enemies.

The one unique thing about Christ, the æsthete thinks, is that he had to perfection the artistic nature and the romantic temperament. The chief charm in him is that he is just like a work of art. The reason why he is so fascinating to artists is that "he has all the color-elements of life—mystery, strangeness, pathos, suggestion, ecstasy, love. He wakens wonder." Now, Christ being just like a work of art, and the æsthete being a connoisseur and appraiser of such works, he proceeds to examine, criticise, and commend Christ just as he would a statue or a painting, a poem, a mosaic, a gem, a piece of embroidery, a length of lace, or a character in fiction or the drama—Shakespeare's Hamlet, Thackeray's Henry Esmond, or Browning's Caponsacchi. He is not distantly related to those ethical culturists to whom the Bible is as a strain of music. To him the New Testament is only a part of the literature of romance.

In himself this poor voluptuary is of no consequence to the Christian world. His name could never be mentioned in these pages were it not for important things which his case illustrates and the moral lessons which his miserable example points. In general, his account of Christ illustrates the truth of Bushnell's saying that "a mind discolored and smirched by evil will put a blurred and misshapen look on everything." His vision distorts even the matchless figure of Christ until the upright and perfect Model stoops hunched after the pattern of the æsthete's own moral deformity.

We have in this man an exhibition of the human tendency to think God to be altogether such an one as ourselves. The Ethiop's god has thick lips and woolly hair. The Christ of Matthew Arnold is a modern apostle of sweetness and light, very bitter and severe on Philistines of all kinds. The Jesus of Renan comes near being a nineteenth century Frenchman. And the Christ conceived by this artistic person is an artist, a romantic poet, looking on life with an æsthete's eyes. This æsthetic critic sees a close resemblance between the life of Christ and the life of an artist. He says that whoever would lead a Christlike life must be absolutely himself and be independent of rules; because "for Christ there were no laws, there were exceptions merely"! He selected as his types of the Christlike life "the painter to whom the world is a pageant and the poet for whom the world is a song." As to the words of the Master, he holds that

their value is æsthetic, and that everything Christ said can be transferred immediately into the sphere of art and there find its complete fulfillment. He sees in Christ not a moral teacher, much less the Saviour of the world, but merely a poet, an æsthete like himself.

He betrays his maudlin condition of moral aberration most when he comments on our Saviour's treatment of sin. He thinks it is when this romantic Christ deals with the sinner that he is most romantic. He says that "the world had always loved the saint as being the nearest possible approach to the perfection of God," but that Christ "always loved the sinner as being the nearest possible approach to the perfection of man." An insanely perverse statement, the effect of which would be to cover this æsthetic sinner in among the rarest specimens of human perfection, and very dear to Christ. He goes on to say that "Christ's primary aim was not to reform people. To turn an interesting thief into a tedious honest man was not his aim." What he exposes in that absurd statement besides his perverse misunderstanding of Christ, is that he himself finds thieves interesting and honest men tedious, the sole effect of his words being to classify him with reprobates. He says, further, that Christ "regarded sin as being in itself a beautiful, holy thing and a mode of perfection." He admits: "This seems a very dangerous idea. It is—all great ideas are dangerous." He says: "That it was Christ's creed admits of no doubt. That it is the true creed I don't doubt myself." "Sin in itself a beautiful, holy thing"! Sin is unchangeably and forever that abominable thing which God and his Christ hate, unspeakably malignant, hideous, and damnable. But to this man sin and holiness are of equivalent value. He dwells in a realm

Where Evil saith to Good, "My brother,  
My brother, I am one with thee."

That is monism with a vengeance.

Continuing his strange misrepresentations, he goes on with something still more stupidly absurd, indeed, atrociously libelous, when he says: "Christ, had he been asked, would have said—I feel quite certain about it—that the moment the prodigal son fell on his knees and wept, he made his having wasted his substance with harlots, his swine-herding and hungering for the husks they ate, beautiful and holy moments in his life." He says "it is difficult for most people to grasp this idea." Not only difficult but impossible! For by divine warning and by sore experience, men know that no peni-

tential tears can alter the sinister, virulent, and direfully disastrous nature of sin. And there is no power on earth or in heaven that can make dissolute moments and shameful actions beautiful and holy. How horribly wrong the æsthete is when he says, "All who come in contact with Christ's personality find the ugliness of their sin taken away"! On the contrary, in the light of his presence wickedness feels itself exposed and rebuked; and by contrast with his holiness the ugliness of sin is hideously intensified. Equally wrong is the idea that "Christ's morality is all sympathy, just what morality should be." Did they think so whom he denounced as a generation of vipers and warned of the damnation of hell? Did the money changers think so when the sting of His lash drove them out of the temple? Christ's morality is as far from being all sympathy as the Ten Commandments are from being a flax-seed poultice.

Other statements, similarly perverse and preposterous, follow. "There were Christians before Christ," he says. "The unfortunate thing is that there have been none since." He modifies this at once by making one exception. He does not go quite so far as Nietzsche, who said that the first and only Christian was nailed to the cross on Calvary. Our æsthete admits that Saint Francis of Assisi was a Christian; the reason of this being that God gave Saint Francis the soul of a poet which made the way to perfection not difficult for him. Four pages farther on he makes three more exceptions, and says that since Christ there have been three other Christians besides Saint Francis; and they were Dante, Paul Verlaine, whom he calls the one Christian poet since Dante, and Prince Kropotkin, a man said by him to have "the soul of that beautiful white Christ which seems coming out of Russia." Surely "a highly artificial nature" is on exhibition here. Could anything more artificial, bizarre, fantastic, grotesquely false be imagined? In the light of his absurd and inane comments on Christ it is plain that to the realm of true art this man is but a clown, a vulgar mountebank. If the artist's business be, in Wordsworth's phrase, "to contemplate the spectacle of life with appropriate emotions," then this man fails totally as an artist; for, in presence of the supreme elements of life, he never manifests the appropriate emotion, and in the presence of the Lord of life he never makes the suitable comment, much less offers the appropriate homage.

It is not too much to say that there is something absolutely revolting in the shallow æsthete's dilettante and fondling complimenting of Christ. His superficial eulogies take offensive liberties with

the ineffable majesty of our Lord's sinless purity. As listeners and onlookers, do we not all feel somewhat as we might if the sinful woman in Simon's house, instead of bowing reverently at his feet in self-abhorrence, with penitential tears and costly sacrifice of adoration, had approached his head and had run her fingers familiarly through his locks, saying foolishly, "What beautiful hair you have!"? Do not all Christian souls wince at the essential sacrilege of this art connoisseur's comments on the Saviour, as one would shrink from a painting of a satyr kissing the face of a Madonna? Do we not shudder, as one at the altar might, on finding a toad in the baptismal font, a spider in the communion cup?

One true saying in *De Profundis* is that "Christ creates the mood in which alone he can be understood." But a vulgar voluptuary seems incapable of any such mood. The romantic Christ portrayed by the aesthete is as "highly artificial" as himself, as unreal as an opium-eater's dream, the product of a nature entirely meretricious, habitually vicious, and hopelessly besotted. In one way or another all human lives confirm some one portion of Holy Scripture. The passage which this poor sophisticated and sensualized soul illustrates is, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: . . . neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned."

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#### A NOTABLE BOOK.\*

HERE is a book which, if a studious man but glance into, may give him some salient and unforgettable pointer or guiding hint; while, for him who should live in it till he mastered and absorbed it, it might permanently organize and set in order his thinking on sacred themes and construct his intellectual world for him, once and for all. Its temper is as fearless as its tone is positive and its matter coherent. It is an account of the making of Western civilization, and it declares sharply in the opening sentences of its preface that the three great forces which have made Western civilization are (1) The Incarnation; (2) The Crucifixion; (3) The Resurrection and Passing of Christ into the Silent Kingdom. The intrepid definiteness of that assertion rings like the stroke of a challenge on the broad shield of the world.

\**The Three Greatest Forces in The World: Part I. The Incarnation.* By William Wynne Peyton. 12mo, pp. 234. London: A. & C. Black. Agents in America—New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$1.40, net. After this editorial was in type we learned with regret that this book is now out of print.

Not content with the usual general statement that modern civilization is the product of Christianity, this author says that all that is good and most distinctly characteristic in Western civilization proceeds from the three great events in the life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, Son of God and son of man. Those three great historic facts in Christ's life are eternal and mighty forces. Such downright affirmativeness is refreshing in this day of vague generalities, hesitating statements, timid claims, and excessive deference to skepticism. Of course the important question is whether the book "makes good," whether it substantiates its affirmations. We will not say that it is irresistible and conclusive; few books are; but we do say that it is so clarifying and illuminating as to make it a joy to many minds.

We have some such feeling toward it as we had, on first reading, toward *The Unseen Universe* by Balfour Stewart and Tait. Those who require irresistible conclusiveness must be asked to remember that the realm of things absolutely demonstrated is smaller than is generally supposed. The conclusiveness of logical and scientific, and even mathematical demonstration, is not always convincing to all minds. It is not fair to exact of religious postulates and reasonings a degree of irresistible convincingness not furnished in other departments of human thought and investigation. Mr. Peyton does not live in the region of absolutely demonstrated things, but neither did Darwin; and it may be claimed that the author makes out a case for his explanation of Western civilization about as fully as scientists have made out the case for their theory of evolution as an explanation of how things came to be as they are. His account is as intelligible and plausible as theirs.

The author of this small volume is a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, an advisory friend of Henry Drummond and Mrs. Oliphant, pastor emeritus of Saint Luke's, Broughty Ferry, Forfarshire. The book is an expansion of an essay on "The Incarnation," which appeared some years ago in the *Contemporary Review*, the editor of which is said to be a son of the late Jabez Bunting. It was followed by two other essays, one on "The Crucifixion," and one on "The Resurrection," the last of which was regarded as the ablest of the three. Whether the essays on the crucifixion and the resurrection will be similarly enlarged and each be published in a volume will depend, we judge, on the author's health and strength, now somewhat impaired. Under the general subject, "The Making of Western Civilization by the Three Greatest Forces in the World," the volume



already published presents Part I, *The Incarnation*. But the first eight chapters are in a measure introductory to all three volumes, and Chapter VIII contains a more definite introduction to the whole.

The three great facts, the incarnation, resurrection, and ascension—Christ's incoming into the flesh, his discharge from the flesh, and his return into the heavens—constitute a golden chain binding the world about the feet of God; or, rather, a channel extending from heaven to earth through which power divine flows down upon the souls of men. The constructive and uplifting forces which, operating on the Western peoples, have made Western civilization, proceed from and are imparted by Christ who dwells forever in the Unseen, the Infinite, the Eternal. Civilization has risen to higher levels in response to the call and upward attraction of a Divine Power whose distinctest contact with mankind is through the three events which most reveal to us the God who, in Christ, is reconciling the world unto himself. The mighty spiritual forces, which play upon mankind through those three great events, are separable in our thinking, but work in unison. If a suggestion from physical analogy may be permitted, it is like light, heat, and electricity issuing from the sun, each producing its own effect upon the earth, yet always found together and operating in unison. Christ incarnated, the power of God; Christ crucified, the power of God; Christ risen and ascended, the power of God! This is the Power that worketh in us and in all men to will and to do of its own good pleasure, urgently persuading us to coöperate with it for the working out of our salvation.

The forces manifest in the incarnation, resurrection, and ascension are the forces which have been working on and in Western civilization, furnishing it with ideals, purifying its emotions, elevating its motives, guiding it toward a better social economy, molding its character, and inspiring its life. These forces are in our atmosphere; in twenty Christian centuries they have become a strain in our blood, and are measurably hereditary; we are girded by them unconsciously. At times we recognize the presence and identify the nature of the Power that worketh in us. And when our souls consent to it and coöperate with it, there are vivid moments when we see clearly the world within the world, the secret which makes us men, the assured hope which looks beyond the sunset and the evening star. Christ in the spiritual realm is an envioning pressure, a power of impact, an organizing cause. The responsive social communion of man with God through Christ is what we call Christianity. Part of the universal

scheme of things is this soliciting and responsive intercourse between the Divine and the human. In this intercourse is the causation and explanation of the advancing stages of European history and Western civilization. Without this explanation Christianity is the insoluble conundrum of history. Inevitably the superior race with superior ideals will lead the procession of progress and hold the advantageous ground. The Galilean fishermen, obediently responsive to the inworking power of Christ and in communion with the heavens, became the early units of the superior race with the superior ideals, and they made a beginning of a better civilization and founded the Western world. The European peoples made progress when, and in proportion as, they fell into harmony with the original disciples and their heaven-given ideals. How happens it that twelve men, mostly fishermen, changed the beliefs and convictions of philosopher and peasant, slave and master, carried a new civilization from the East which supplanted that of the West, and permanently shifted the center of gravity of Western society? What constrained and sustained the Christians who for three hundred terrible but glorious years allowed themselves to be torn by wild beasts, burned at the stake, tortured as if by fiends, and variously done to death? What gave to those sufferers the strength which, at first despised as weakness, eventually subjugated the Roman empire? There is only one answer. All this otherwise mysterious and inexplicable history is due to the working of the forces which reside in and proceed from the incarnation, the resurrection, and the ascension, opening communication between heaven and earth, between God and man. How came the European nations to receive these forces and to adopt their accompanying ideals, and consent to be ruled by them? Why did the civilization and organization and social economies of the Western nations, instinct with these forces and empowered by them, take the lead of all the world? How came the art of the Renaissance to feel the truth of the Christian civilization and gird itself joyfully to clothe that civilization with beauty? What made the sixteenth century rise in revolt against a social and ecclesiastical order which had become corrupt, and overthrow it though it wore the sanctions of a thousand years, to institute another freer and purer order, thus setting human progress forward by a mighty advance? Whence the forces which brought on subsequently the Evangelical Revival, and which have produced and supported the type of spiritual character and life which have led the most advanced Western nations? There is absolutely

only one pertinent and adequate answer. It is, all of it, the result of forces which come from on high where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God, the incarnated, crucified, risen and ascended Lord, enthroned forever in a kingdom which is everlasting. It is man's vision of Christ, his listening to his call, his gladly responsive communion with him, his consenting to the Will that is over him, offering to it the homage of obedience—it is these that make his life more affluent and strenuous. This is the gist of Chapter VIII, indicating briefly the outline of Mr. Peyton's whole plan, and introductory to the volume before us and to the two possible following volumes.

The earlier chapters aim to show that the universe is a system of social forces and that some of these social forces, bringing God and man into intercourse and communion, make religion. It is set forth that these forces of the unseen universe, sociable, friendly, and solicitous toward man, are the imperial forces in Western civilization. It is further shown that man's responsiveness to these visiting and inviting forces is the condition and cause of his salvation and high progress, and that responsiveness to Christ explains all that is good and distinctive in the history of the Western world—in European and American civilization.

The first introductory chapters begin by showing the material universe to be one vast social system, full of manifold and mutual interchange on all lines of relationship. The sun is sociable with its planets, holding them to itself with an extensive embrace and sending forth communications and messages to them all—to every living thing upon their surface, in air or soil or waters, offering friendly assistance to every creature that flies or walks or crawls or swims, and to every seed hidden in the dirt. The moon is sociable and friendly with the earth, and takes a contract for swinging the tides in and out upon all shores, thus preventing stagnation and keeping the ocean sweet. Every tree is a social organism, all its parts—root, trunk, bark, and leaves—interdependent, coöperative, working together to maintain the organism which includes them all. And the tree maintains living relationship and active intercourse with the soil, and the air, and the sun, and all the contents of vast interstellar spaces. Man's body is also an organized and coöperative society in itself, made up of various organs working helpfully together in unity of purpose; our physical nature is the arena and workshop of a multitude of elements and forces operating in close and harmonious relations, normally agreeing well and keeping up a secret good under-

standing among themselves. So full is the physical universe of the longing for intercourse and interchange that the pollen in one flower, unable of itself to visit kindred flowers, subsidizes the wind and engages bees and insects and birds to carry it across the intervening distance for a social call on its neighbors. An apt illustration of the mutual and accommodating helpfulness at work in the universe the author finds in the arrangement made between gall-flies and certain plants. The gall fly engages certain trees and bushes to take care of its young and bring them up. And the obliging plants consent and faithfully fulfill the trust committed to them. We are all acquainted with the round green, red, yellow balls, that become brown later, which grow like excrescences on the leaves of certain bushes, and are familiarly known as galls. The wandering gall fly comes along, stops at the bush's door, and as much as says: "Friend Oak, will you kindly take care of my baby for me, nurse it and bring it up? I want to attend to some other matters." And the obliging and sympathetic oak complies with this rather presumptuous request, as if its main business were to keep a foundling hospital. Then the gall fly uses a sharp instrument which it carries to cut a slit in the oak leaf or in the bark of a twig. In this slit it deposits its egg, and then brushes it over with a protective secretion from its own body. This done, the gall fly goes its way about its further necessary business in the world, while the oak shrub (or the willow tree, or the rose bush, as the case may be) at once takes charge of the future young. It first secretes a fine pith for the larva to rest on, weaves a stronger tissue over the tiny, slumbering life, and covers the whole with a skin exactly like that of the natural leaf or bark. Gradually this swells into a ball, in the center of which the grub reposes as in a cradle. And the sympathetic winds come and rock the gall fly's sleeping baby in its cradle. And the sun sees it and moved by an æsthetic instinct paints the outside of the baby's cradle with changing colors—green, red, yellow, and brown. And so the plant and the winds and the sun care for that infant life, just to oblige a vagrant fly which for inscrutable reasons of its own does not want to nurse its own infant. A very sympathetic universe this seems to be, every nook and corner of it pervaded by social and accommodating and helpful impulses knitting its members and inhabitants into one great society, a wonderful social organism, a mutual benefit association, a vast community of interests.

No element or creature is intended to be solitary and unsocial.

Take, for illustration, oxygen, with the discovery of which chemistry began its career. It is possible for the chemist to isolate oxygen, but to keep it so he must imprison it in a tight jar by itself. Its nature is social. It never willingly lives alone. In union with hydrogen it lives in the water: in union with nitrogen it inhabits the air. Association, commerce, fellowship, coöperation—these are the law for the whole universe.

Every creature, animate or inanimate, has, according to its nature and faculties, acquaintance, social relations, and commerce with a range and sphere of things proportioned to its capacities and adapted to its nature.

On the summit of the known creation is man, aware of and looking out upon a vast complex universe with the varied contents of which he has, by reason of his large-facultied nature and unmeasured capabilities, innumerable relationships. The interest and sympathy of a manifold and social universe converge on him. His endowment fits him, and his destiny foreordains him, to a wide acquaintanceship. A quartz-crystal has commerce with a few elements and a limited sphere in the universe. A rose knows a larger and different sphere, rated a finer and richer sphere, than the crystal is aware of. The eagle sees and navigates and is blissfully at home in a high, wide realm not dreamed of by the crystal or the rose; he has strong pinions, soaring ambitions, and the franchise of the skies. Above the eagle is man, having relations with and knowledge of all that is in the spheres of the quartz-crystal and the rose and the eagle; and in addition, by reason of a nature and faculties which they do not share with him, he has relations with, knowledge of, access to, and possible commerce with cosmic realms which to all lower things, animate and inanimate, are as if they did not exist. He knows, to begin with, the wondrousness of the vast physical universe as no crystal, or plant, or bird can know it. And above and beyond all that, he perceives, and knows himself related to, a moral and spiritual realm, which exists for him alone of all earthly creatures. His body and his spirit have relations with the Boundless, "boundless outward in the atom, boundless inward in the soul." Out of the moral and spiritual Boundless, forces that are infinite and divine play upon him like sunbeams, blow upon him like celestial winds, go through him like magnetic currents. An inhabited spiritual universe communicates with him, wants to converse and do business with him. Its spokesman is Jesus Christ. The forces that radiate from it upon the mind and soul and life of man reside



in and proceed from the crowned and glorified Redeemer of the world and are the forces manifest in his incarnation, crucifixion, and ascension.

Man is many-facultied. Each organ of his body does business with certain physical elements congenial to its own nature. The eye does business with the light, the ear with the realm of sound, the respiratory organs with the air, the organs of digestion with nutritive foods. Each organ has social and commercial relations with every element of which it has need and with which it has affinity. Our bodily senses acquaint us with the world of sense. Our intellectual faculties translate the laws and utilities of that world to us. Our social faculties make us aware of our relations with and obligations to our fellow-men. Our spiritual faculties report to us a spiritual world, receive messages from it, enable us to commune with it, and to become perpetual members of its sweet and pure society. Religion means that a man has heard a call from the Unseen, and has answered it reverently in the spirit of worship and obedience. It is the voice of the ever-living Christ that calls him, and his responsiveness to that call is the measure of his nobleness, the guarantee of his high immortal destiny, and the token of his fitness for the fellowship of the saints in light. Affinity with the Spiritual is the hall-mark of religion. Religion is the action of man's highest faculties in response to a specific pressure on him from forces resident in the spiritual universe. When these forces are recognized as originating in the heart of Infinite Love and as proceeding from Christ, then religion becomes intelligently and confessedly Christian. Spiritual sensitiveness to the unseen Christ and vibrant spiritual responsiveness thereto explain the progress of two thousand years and our Western civilization, says Mr. Peyton.

The author points out that Paul recognized the three great forces which initiate and inspire the spiritual life. The apostle longs to know Christ in his place in the creation; he longs to know him in the fellowship of his sufferings; he longs to know the power of his resurrection; and to be conformed to his life, death, and rising again. These spiritual forces, intimately social with the responsive mind and heart of man, account for Christianity and the Christian ages. Seven great events are named as marking the chief epochs of modern progress: 1. The day of Pentecost. 2. The vision of Constantine, in which it was revealed to a Roman emperor on the battlefield that the death of the Crucified One contains a power greater



than all his legions. 3. The coronation of Charles as emperor on Christmas Day, 800 A.D., which James Bryce thinks was the real beginning of modern history. 4. The Renaissance, which in the stagnant Middle Ages woke men into sensitiveness, giving them seeing eyes and feeling hearts, and causing a quickened spirituality to flower into beauty. 5. The Reformation in the sixteenth century. 6. Puritanism, which purified England and sent across the ocean the men who founded the Anglo-Saxon Republic on the western shore of the Atlantic. 7. The Methodist revival in England, which brought in a renaissance of religion in the church and outside of it, overflowing the English-speaking world with a new spiritual life. The cause and characteristic of all these epochs and movements was a renewed responsiveness to Christ, the incarnate, crucified, risen, and ascended Lord.

No chapters in Mr. Peyton's book are quite so timely as those which deal with Parthenogenesis. The virgin birth of our Lord is today one of the preoccupations of religious thought. Huxley told the world over twenty-five years ago that virgin procreation is an ordinary phenomenon, familiar to the naturalist. The author shows that virgin generation, beginning in the lower creation, has a long, large place in the general scheme of nature, which, he holds, culminates in the birth of Christ. He shows that spiritual interference with the ordinary course of natural processes has caused and marked the great epochs of advancement; that the transitions from mineral to vegetable, from vegetable to animal, from animal to man, are due to a fresh infusion of life and power from the universe of spirit. He shows that a long succession of interferences coming from the spiritual universe culminated in the incarnation, which is one of three dynamic facts of the first magnitude that have developed the Western man and compelled the advancing progress of the Christian peoples.

Chapter IX enumerates the chief effects resulting from the incarnation: 1. The incarnation has unified the sacredness around us. The many gods and goddesses of polytheism were invented by man's unenlightened sense of this sacredness. The advent of Christ unified to the human mind the uncharted divineness of which mankind were dimly aware. It was an immense revelation and made a new universe. The many became One, scattered glimpses of the divine united in a Whole, the broken lights blended into the one true Light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world. The old pagan divinities of time and space and sense were seen to be but

broken shadows of the one eternal Being. And this great vision was domiciled among men by the incarnation of Christ, in whom all things have their coherence, and on whose head is the crown of the universe, visible and invisible. 2. The incarnation has unfolded in the human heart the sense of the kinship between God and man, joined two worlds, the heavenly and the earthly, in a flow of sympathy, and united them in intercourse. 3. The incarnation discovered for us the unity of the human race and effected a quick change in the relations of man to man. 4. The incarnation has evoked a new sense of the essential worth of human nature. 5. It has discovered for us the spiritual quality which lies imbedded in our industries and drudgeries. 6. It brings into view the place and worth of the body. 7. It entered with purifying and ennobling power into the sphere of sex. 8. It regenerated the realm of art. Under all these heads there is rich, ample, and often beautiful amplification. Under the third division, which treats of the unity of the human race in Christ, it is interesting to note Mr. Peyton's analysis and explanation of the schismatic and repellent doctrine of apostolic succession, the silly and arrogant claim to possess a privileged and exclusive divine authority and mission. He says this narrow notion is characteristic of a lower stage of evolution, and is the mark of an inferior species. What its holders need is to be lifted in the scale. Hear him: "The biretta of apostolic succession is only the guise which exclusiveness takes on in the Christian economy. The student of social science has no difficulty in understanding it. He knows that it belongs to the lower stages of the cosmic process by which humanity ascends. It spells the lower grades of civilization. It helps to make the difference between Germany and Austria, between England and Spain, between Scotland and Ireland, between North America and South America. Apostolic succession is the natural narrowness of the lower grades baptized into the Christian Church. It means that the incarnation has not worked deep enough into them. This is why there are sects which deny validity to the Christianity of nonepiscopal communions, and remand all Christendom outside their narrow precincts to unratified and uncovenanted mercies. The incarnation has not done its perfect work in them."

The general purpose of the author is to establish and make luminous the fact that Christ's incarnation, crucifixion, resurrection and passing into the unseen, are cosmic events, and are the only forces that can lift and save the world.

## THE ARENA

## CAMPBELL'S "NEW THEOLOGY"

I SUPPOSE every advance in scientific or religious thought will have to pass through a period of misunderstanding and therefore of misrepresentation. Twenty years ago evolution had to suffer both in the pulpit and press, then the "Higher Criticism," now "Socialism," and, finally, Rev. R. J. Campbell's "New Theology." I have read his book, which purports to give us the theology which he preaches in the City Temple in London and which has aroused so much criticism, so I read the discussion in the May number of the REVIEW, but am convinced that either the writer has failed to get the "view point" of the Rev. Mr. Campbell or I have failed to understand his teaching. The fundamental principle of his whole theology is the divine immanence, God in nature, the universe the manifestation of God, therefore in man as much as in any other part of his creation, that Christ was the highest revelation, therefore "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself," which is very far from Unitarianism. This doctrine of atonement may differ from ours, but is still an atonement. The word means "at-one-ment"—to reconcile, to bring two parties together—and he claims that Christ being the divine revelation of love to humanity, and the highest and completest, has thus brought erring humanity back to God, and thus has made and is making an atonement; that we are saved as much by his *life* as by his death, which sounds much like Bishop Simpson's sermon on that subject. If we insist that Christ bore any penalty for sin, or suffered in our stead, then the new theology knows no such atonement. Christ suffered for us, not instead of us, is the theory. This is what love always does; God never can remove the penalty and put it upon another and as God be just. But the most serious misunderstanding of Mr. Campbell is the statement: "Sin itself is a guest for God." What does Mr. Campbell mean? Nothing more than that all our desires are in themselves right, and are from God, but he defines sin as selfishness, and it is the misuse of these God-given desires that is sin, and never the right use. The system craves food, but a man may be a glutton and bring forth death; but you do not blame his appetite; so with the drunkard, etc. This quest for life is right, but the wrong use of it is selfishness, yea, sin. Then why call this putting of the case "blasphemous"? I do not believe all Mr. Campbell teaches, but I insist we shall give it careful thought and, above all things, do not misrepresent it. To take an isolated passage away from its connection is to often prove the contrary and be unjust to the author. I think this has been done by the reviewer in the May number of THE METHODIST REVIEW.

Saint Paul, Minnesota.

DAVID MORGAN.

## ISAIAH'S "DOUBLE" AGAIN

DR. SCHELL's interpretation of the "double" in Isa. 40. 2, in the last November number of the REVIEW, is an interesting piece of exegesis. But while his rendering of the word "double" helps in the interpretation of the passage referred to, other instances of the use of the same word remain in which this interpretation does not bring relief. For instance, in Jer. 16. 18, we read: "First I will recompense their iniquity and their sin double . . ." Here the word occurs in a paragraph expressing the vengeance of God unrelieved by any offers of mercy. So, also, in Rev. 18. 6: "Render unto her [Babylon] even as she rendered, and double unto her the double according to her works: in the cup which she mingled, mingle unto her double." In this case it would seem it is hard to escape the force of this oft-repeated word as meaning the multiple of the original injury, unless it means simply that complete legal satisfaction must be made for every infraction of the divine law, and that the terms used in expressing that necessity are such as would be familiar to every Jew from his knowledge of Exod. 22. 9.

Or, may "double" in these several passages, excepting the evidently literal law in Exod. 22, mean "equivalent," or "counterpart"? Then they would become but so many puttings of the great law of retribution. Every sin has its "double." This meaning fits especially the impressive statement in Revelation above quoted, and if it seems to break in upon the comforting message of Isa. 40, the difficulty is but a part of the larger difficulty of the presence of sin and God's dealings with it. To take "double" to mean "a receipt" fits admirably in Isa. 40. 2; to take it as a term insisting upon the law of equivalents in the moral world, the counterpart of sin, borne either by the sinner or his substitute, or by both, answers for every passage where the word occurs.

Albany, Illinois.

JAMES POTTER.

## SCHUMANN'S MUSICAL MAXIMS HOMILETICISED

SUBSTITUTING "preach" for "play," we find in Schumann's musical maxims a number of interesting suggestions:

"Always preach (play) as if a Master were listening to you."

"When you preach never concern yourself as to your listeners."

"Never toy with your Bible (instrument); always preach (play) with life, and never leave a sermon (piece) half finished."

"If you are to preach (play) for anyone, make no fuss about it; do it right away or not at all."

"Preach (play) in time; the performances of many ministers (artists) are like the walk of a drunken man. Never pattern after them."

"Never preach (play) anything fashionable. Time is precious. One would need a hundred lives to learn to know all that has been written."

"You must not circulate poor doctrine (music); suppress it."

"Never believe that the old Gospel (music) is out of date. Just as little as a true word, can good doctrine (music) be laid on the shelf."

New York.

EDWIN H. CARR.

**THE ITINERANTS' CLUB****HINTS TO PASTORS ON THE USE OF THE PRESS**

EVERY pastor should remember the power of the secular press and employ it wisely in developing the work to which he devotes his life. The religious denominations of a city should combine and make sure that the press of that city is rightly instructed and aided in representing to the general public the work which the church is endeavoring to carry on. Where there is no union of churches in this, one branch of the church or one pastor may secure such representation as may be needed in order that the church may exert a larger influence than it does in the community. The writer of the present article when resident as a bishop in one of the principal cities of the Union drew up a plan for promoting Methodist Episcopal interests in that city. It was called "The Secular Press Department of Church Work." The following are the aims contemplated and methods adopted:

1. To prevent the neglect of our church interests which may occur through apathy or through the antipathy of local editors;

2. To guarantee the publishing in a judicious way of Methodist church news of a general character, such as reports of general conventions, new movements, and denominational announcements of general interest;

3. To guarantee accurate and ample reports in some systematic way from time to time from the various Methodist Episcopal pulpits of the city;

4. To secure careful reports of special lectures and courses of lectures which may be delivered under the auspices of the church and designed to further denominational and general Christian interests;

5. To secure advertising space to announce during the week special meetings of leagues, classes, clubs, societies, the regular prayer meetings, special lectures, public services, etc.

To make the scheme effective there should be an intelligent newspaper secretary whose business it should be to superintend this general work of announcement and to communicate privately with ministers and laymen. He should be a middle man between the pastors and the editors. This secretary should be paid for his work and thus have additional motive for fidelity and diligence. He should keep a scrapbook and record, devoting several pages to published matter concerning each church, making memoranda from time to time, classifying and preserving all published items pertaining to each church in its proper place. The regular notice for the coming Sabbath services should be forwarded by the pastors through the first mail on Friday morning to this secretary, who should if possible secure the publication of these denominational announcements in the Saturday paper so that all such notices might easily



be found. The secretary should also be authorized to secure printed slips of the Sunday notices every week, and himself, or by such aid as he may command, send to all guests at every hotel envelopes containing these special printed Sunday announcements. The Church Press secretary should watch carefully the policy of subeditors and report promptly to the chief editor or publisher any attempt to neglect or to be unfair in such announcements. Of course a fund should be at the secretary's command for this work. It would be an admirable plan for every pastor to encourage the holding among his people of informal family conversations on prescribed topics during a single week of the year; or more frequently as he might find the scheme practicable. While in charge of our church work in Europe I instituted a system of November Conversation Groups, calling the attention of the entire church in all the countries where Methodism has any following to the value of casual and also of formal conversations during a short period of each year that the entire church might at the same time give thoughtful attention to one subject. These conversations were called "The November Conversations." Two or three persons may form a group. Every family may constitute a group. In class meeting, prayer meeting, official meeting, Sunday school teachers' meeting, conversations may be started on the current topic, and a short time spent in each of these gatherings in eliciting practical suggestions. For example, the subject for one year in the European November Conversations was "The work of teaching children at home, of making home a school, creating an interest in good reading, and the like." The following year the November Conversation took up the "Methods by which the youth of our church from twelve to twenty years of age may be more firmly held by the church." Pastors were urged to preach on this subject and to talk about it every day for the thirty days of November with the most intelligent people to be found in or outside of the church. The answers elicited were classified, condensed, and forwarded to the resident bishop. To facilitate the scheme a circular was issued and widely distributed containing the following eleven questions: 1. What are some of the mistakes made in the teaching of religion and religious subjects to little children? 2. How may we train little children to honor and respect truth and to despise falsehood? 3. How may we at home aid in the increasing of a child's vocabulary? 4. How may we at home teach children to observe facts in nature and to learn names, for examples, the names of different leaves, flowers, stones, colors, mathematical figures, the different kinds of clouds, and to gather ideas of distance, of weight, of size, of number, etc.? 5. How may we at home help in the cultivation of memory in children? 6. How may we at home train a child to appreciate the importance of will-power and to develop it? 7. What are the greatest dangers to which our young people in these days are exposed, and how may we protect them? 8. What are the peculiarities of so-called "young people" between twelve and twenty years of age? 9. How may home and the church coöperate in the helping of this class? 10. What request has the home to make of the teachers in the day school? 11. What help has the day school a right to expect from the church?



## THE ETHICS OF LEGAL PROCEDURE

THE ordinary view of ethics is that it concerns itself chiefly with the practical duties of life as related to others, but it is not so generally understood that it may be applied to methods of procedure as well as to general duties. We may pursue right ends by wrong methods and unjust ends by right methods. It is impossible to disassociate our purposes and our acts from the method by which they are accomplished. Imperfect forms of procedure may be promotive of unjust conclusions when the purpose is the best. A number of years ago the writer of this was in conversation with a prominent lawyer of large experience, concerning the defects of legal procedure. He said to the lawyer that some of the processes recognized in courts did not in his judgment secure the ends of justice. The lawyer acknowledged that this was the case, but made the statement that the legal methods, though sometimes working injustice as a whole, tended to right results more than if they were left in any way to the caprice of the counsel and the jury. There is no question raised here as to the integrity of the courts or of the counsel. We believe that on the whole no class of men has the confidence of the people more fully than our judges and our attorneys. But there are certain customs which have grown up and rules of procedure which they follow that are subject, we believe, to just criticism. There is the requirement, on the part of the lawyers, of the categorical answer. We constantly read in the testimony of a witness that the counsel insisted that he shall answer "yes" or "no," and the witness protests, saying, "I want to explain," and he is promptly told by the lawyer and perhaps by the judge that he must answer the question in exactly the form put by the counsel. Now, there are many cases in which "yes" or "no" cannot be a full answer, and does not convey the truth as it is in the mind of the witness. This seems to be a defect which ought to be remedied. Justice requires that every facility should be given the witness to tell the exact truth without the assumption that there is an attempt on the part of the witness to prevaricate. Another defect is the attitude of the counsel in relation to the opposing side. The counsel for the plaintiff seems determined to win at all hazards, and so, also, the counsel for the defendant. An outsider would consider from their general bearing toward each other that they are determined to win, right or wrong. Very little seems to be conceded to the integrity of the other side. They watch each other as though the main purpose was to win a victory and not to reach a righteous verdict. In this way the success or failure of a litigant is a question of the ability of the counsel; the side which is able to command the ablest counsel has greatly the advantage. This puts the poor man who is not able to secure such eminent counsel as his opponent in an unfortunate position and sometimes great injustice is done. The ethics of the case we think to be that the counsel as well as the judge shall be anxious to arrive at the truth, and that facilities should be given to bring out the truth, so that the rights of each party shall be fully secured. A defect of the same nature in legal procedure is the apparent unwillingness of one side to give any information which may be helpful to the other. The

writer recalls a case when the lawyer offered himself as a witness, and when the attempt was made to cross examine him he declined under the privilege of counsel. The paper which contained the account suggested that if he submitted to cross examination it would reveal his side of the case to the opposing counsel. Now, from either standpoint why should not his side be revealed if it tended to bring out the truth? The knowledge of all facts bearing on the case could not do otherwise than contribute to the ends of justice. We do not raise the question here as to the counsel taking what he knows to be the wrong side. There have been lawyers—such Abraham Lincoln was said to be—who refused to take a case which they could not honestly support. Lawyers as a rule are recognized everywhere as honest men, perhaps no profession more so. But there have been some among them called honest lawyers by distinction on the ground that they would not advocate a case which they did not believe to be based on justice and right. The ideal condition in legal procedure will be when the counsel of plaintiff and defendant shall join together to find out the truth, to examine the merits of the case dispassionately, and thus secure a verdict in which the rights of each shall be protected and the integrity of the law vindicated. This subject has attracted the attention of ethical writers. The volume of *Christian Ethics*, by Dr. Newman Smythe, raises this question. His language is: "In civilized communities there exists an established order of justice. The system of jurisprudence is a method, necessarily somewhat mechanical, of securing uniformities in social products—a rough and ready method of equal and exact justice done in human affairs. But because it is a system of justice it is necessarily limited and imperfect. Perfect justice cannot be obtained through any generalization of legal procedure. Exact justice in all human affairs could be rendered by the state only if it were conceived to be an omnipresent and omnipotent judge in the world. The mechanical fixity of legal forms is modified somewhat by the rules of equity, and relieved by the occasional exercise of the right to pardon which is permitted to the executive powers. In such ways there is left enough give and play in the system of law to prevent its breaking to pieces under the strain and exigencies of human affairs. But beyond this primary and general justice in the more obvious forms of life no system of human law can be conceived as reaching. Consequently, to see justice done on the earth, resort must continually be had, beyond the legal powers of the state, to the action and influence of just men in all the affairs of life. Herein is large scope for the beneficence of individual justice. By wise counsels, by righteous decisions, by luminous words and teaching, the wrongs which lie beyond the reach of the law, and much injustice which has no remedy, may be prevented, alleviated, or removed. Indeed, human justice in the finer qualities, and perhaps far the larger part of it, must be administered outside the courts." With this view the writer of this agrees, but it seems also that this end is to be secured by some modification of the laws of evidence, or, if this is not possible, such an attitude of both judge and counsel as shall fulfill in legal procedure as well as in practical duties the commandment of our Lord, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

## ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

## PHœNICIAN INSCRIPTIONS

THOUGH the monuments of Phœnicia were among the first to be studied systematically by archæologists, and though a large number of them have been discovered during the past two hundred years, yet the larger part of these have afforded scholars but little of extraordinary historical or literary value, which could be used in tracing the development of the people and language of this narrow, but important, strip of land. Strange to say, the greater part of the inscriptions in Phœnician characters have been found outside of Phœnicia proper. Carthage, especially, has yielded them by the thousand. Most Phœnician inscriptions are from the Greek and Roman periods, a few may be placed in the Persian period, and a limited number at a still earlier date. This explains why the history of Phœnicia in its earliest periods, as far as the monuments of that ancient land are concerned, is still a sealed book.

Much has been written from time to time upon the monuments and inscriptions of these old masters of the seas and early colonizers. The latest on the subject is a short paper by Baron von Landau, entitled: *Die phœnischen Inschriften*. It forms the last issue of *Der Alte Orient*, though containing but very little that is really new, it covers, nevertheless, the ground admirably and thoroughly. In preparing this article we acknowledge our indebtedness to this modest brochure. Attention was called to isolated Phœnician inscriptions in the early part of the eighteenth century. Their systematic study, however, began with Dr. Wilhelm Gesenius, professor of Hebrew at Halle. This foremost Semitic scholar of his day, rightly regarded as the father of scientific study of Hebrew, collected and edited all accessible Phœnician inscriptions, and published in 1837 the results of his labors under the title, *Scripturæ linguæ Phœnicæ Monumenta*, in three parts. This learned work has remained to this day the standard authority, and is one which no student of Semitic epigraphy can afford to overlook. Gesenius died in 1842. So thoroughly had he performed his task that next to nothing was done in this field of learning for the next quarter of a century after the publication of the above-mentioned work.

France, desirous of extending its political and commercial interests along the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, sent out in 1855 an expedition to Palestine and Syria. It was at this time that the finest specimen of Phœnician writing was discovered. We refer to the famous inscription upon the sarcophagus of Eshmunazar, king of Sidon, who reigned in the fourth century before Christ. This beautiful monument was found in the large necropolis, a little east of Saïda—the Sidon of the Bible. In 1860 another French army had to be sent out to quell the disturbances in the Lebanon district. Encouraged by the great archæologi-

cal finds of the preceding years, Napoleon III, himself an enthusiastic collector of antiquities, and ever mindful of the Louvre museum, sent along with the military a number of distinguished savants for the express purpose of making a thorough study of objects which might enrich the great collection at Paris. At the head of this commission was Ernest Renan, in his day the foremost Hebrew and Semitic scholar of France. The result of this archaeological expedition was published in 1864 in a large quarto of 888 pages, with map, tables, and numerous illustrations. This volume, entitled *Mission de Phenice*, ranks with Gesenius's great work, and is indispensable for the intelligent study of ancient Phœnicia. Renan devoted special attention to the old cemetery in the vicinity of Sidon, where he succeeded in discovering a goodly number of sarcophagi and many other interesting objects. Byblos and other less important sites were explored and with considerable success. From that time to the present French students of archaeology have ever kept a watchful eye upon the antiquities of Palestine and Syria. This accounts for the unsurpassed collection from these ancient lands in the Louvre. Here it might be stated that the greatest authority in this field today is M. Clermont-Ganneau. Renan, at the request of the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, began the publication of the great work—still incomplete—*Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum*. The first part, devoted to Phœnician and Punic inscriptions, appeared in 1881.

As with all inscriptions, so also with those of Phœnicia, several have been discovered by mere accident. Of those brought to light in this way since the efforts of Renan, mention must be made of the monument of Jahn-melek, king of Byblos, discovered in 1869. It is generally supposed that Jahn-melek belonged to the Persian period. This interesting inscription is engraved on a large limestone stele. The king is represented in a Persian garb offering a libation to his goddess. Both goddess and king are overshadowed by a large winged solar disk. We reproduce a part of the inscription: "I am Jahn-melek king of Gebal [Byblos] son of Jahn-baal, grandson of Or-melek, king of Gebal, whom the lady Baalath made king over Gebal. I invoke my lady Baalath of Gebal, for she hears my voice, and I make for my lady Baalath of Gebal this brazen altar . . . because as often as I have invoked my lady Baalath, she hath heard my voice and has shown me good. . . . Whatever king or subject shall make additions to this altar or this gate of hewn-stone or this colonnade . . . I Jahn-melek forbid such work, and may the lady Baalath [curse] this man and his posterity."

The Turkish government, waking up to the importance of the buried archaeological treasures within its territories, has recently, at different times, made spasmodic efforts at systematic excavations in the Holy Land and the adjacent countries. Handi Bey, the director-general of the Ottoman museum at Constantinople, was sent out by his government in 1887 to make a thorough examination of several localities in Phœnicia. His efforts were abundantly rewarded, as any one who has visited the great museum at Constantinople can testify. He also discovered several magnificent sarcophagi. One of these is of interest. It is that of Tabnith,

king of the Sidonians. This is the father of Eshmunazar, already mentioned. This sarcophagus, now in Constantinople, is doubtless of Egyptian design, if not of Egyptian origin. This is clear from the hieroglyphic characters at the top immediately above the Phœnician inscription. It is quite probable that an Egyptian mummy was the first occupant of this sarcophagus. This seems strange in view of the dire curses invoked upon despoilers of graves. The inscription reads: "I am Tabnith, priest of Astarte, king of the Sidonians, son of Eshmunazar, priest of Astarte, king of the Sidonians, who lies in this coffin. Whoever you may be who find this coffin, do not open my sepulchral chamber, or disturb me: for there is no article of silver nor gold, nor any precious things [?] I alone am lying in this coffin; do not open my sepulchral chamber, do not disturb me, for such action would be a crime against Astarte. But should you open my sepulchral chamber and disturb me, may you have no seed in life under the sun, or resting place with the shades."

Having given this inscription it will be unnecessary to reproduce the longer one found on the sarcophagus of Eshmunazar, Tabnith's son, which was discovered in 1855 and is now in the Louvre. This sarcophagus of black basalt is in a splendid state of preservation and the long inscription of 990 words is artistically executed. It has much in common with that on Tabnith's coffin, which shows that a regular formula was used on all such monuments. We reproduce just one passage: "The Lord of Kings [Ptolemy] has given us Dor and Joppa, the fertile grain lands in the plain of Sharon, as a reward for the impost [?] which I gave, and we have annexed them to the territory of our land, that they might belong to the Sidonians forever." If we compare the language of the above inscriptions with passages in the Old Testament (see Psa. 45. 16; Isa. 14. 9; 19. 4; 26. 14, and Dan. 40. 8), we are at once impressed with the correspondence in thought and expression. This clearly shows that Phœnicia had much in common with Israel not only in language and architecture, but also in conception of things in general. Space forbids us to describe, at any length, smaller inscriptions found on Phœnician soil, as at Heldua midway between Beirut and Sidon. Tyre, too, has given us very few, but the yield at Um-el-awamid has been a little larger. No inscriptions have been found south of this point.

We must now briefly refer to the discoveries of Makridi Bey, a young Greek student, delegated by the Sultan in 1901-1904 to excavate at Bostân-esh Shaykh, on the Nahr-el-Auli (the Bostrenus of the classic historians) about three miles north of Sidon. The efforts of this young archæologist were rewarded by the discovery of an old Phœnician temple. In the ruins of this old sanctuary were found more than two hundred fragments of more or less value, consisting of broken sculpture, vases, gems, glass vessels, etc. Of inscriptions there were not a few in two styles of texts. Two of them deserve special notice. We reproduce the shorter one; it reads: "King Bod-Astarte and the crown prince Jatan-mejek, king of the Sidonians, grandson of King Eshmunazar, king of the Sidonians, built this temple to his god, Eshmun-shar-kodesh." The



last part of the compound proper name, *shar-kodesh*, is found in almost precisely the same form in two passages of the Old Testament (1 Chron. 24. 5, and Isa. 43. 28), and may be rendered: "ruler or prince of the holy place (temple)."

We now pass off the mainland and follow some of the Phœnician colonies. We first come to Cyprus, where a goodly number of Phœnician inscriptions have been brought to light. Indeed, it is generally accepted that the oldest Phœnician inscriptions so far discovered are from Cyprus. They are the so-called Baal-Lebanon inscriptions. There are three fragments. "They were purchased at Limassol, in Cyprus, from a seller of old iron, by a dealer named Laniti." They became the possession of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, in 1877. They were probably brazen bowls dedicated to Baal. The larger one reads: "Bowl of [? —] governor of Karthadast [Citium] servant of Hiram, king of the Sidonians, which he dedicated from the choicest of the brass to his Lord Baal-Lebanon." It will be noticed that Karthadast, like Carthage, is the Phœnician for our English Newtown, and that the name Hiram is known to Old Testament readers. Whether, however, this person is the one mentioned in connection with Solomon's temple, or a king named in the Assyrian inscription (735 B. C.) or some other, it is impossible to say. The style of letter argues for an early origin. It is, therefore, not impossible that the Hiram of this old monument was the contemporary of Solomon.

Here is another Cypriote inscription: "On the sixth day of Bul, in the twenty-first year of Pum-jutan, king of Citium and Idalium and Tamassos, son of King Melek-jatan, king of Citium and Idalium. This altar and these two lions, Bodo the priest of Reshep-ches [Apollo], son of Jachin-shillel, son of Eshmunadon, has erected to his Lord, Reshep-ches. May he bless." Here, again, the student of Hebrew proper names will not fail to see the similarity between those of Israel and Phœnicia. What adds great value to the inscriptions of Cyprus and of some other colonies is that they are bilingual. This is of great service in deciphering them and fixing the exact meaning of the original.

Passing westward we first stop at Delos, where several Greek inscriptions have been found which refer to "Philocles king of the Sidonians," influential in this island under Ptolemy II. The Phœnician colony at Athens left traces of itself in the way of votive, dedicatory, and sepulchral inscriptions; no less than eight such are found in our museums. Malta, Sicily, Sardinia, France, and Spain bear testimony to Phœnician influences, for all these places have their Phœnician inscriptions.

If we now cross the Mediterranean and enter the site of ancient Carthage, where Nathan Davis (1856-58) and others, since his time, made valuable discoveries, we have short inscriptions by the thousand. Memphis and Abydos in Egypt, too, show many traces of contact with Phœnicia. Procopius in his writings (*De Bello Vandalico* II, 10) tells us that there were, in his time, two huge pillars in the city of Tigris, Numidia, with the inscription: "We are they who fled from before Joshua the Robber, the son of Nun." Is this a reference to the conquest of Canaan?



## FOREIGN OUTLOOK

## SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT

**Bruno Baentsch.** He has given another turn to the kaleidoscope of Old Testament criticism, and at first sight it might seem that his ideas mark a return toward the traditional position. Closer inspection shows this to be a deceptive appearance. In fact, in all the much-heralded recession from the current scholarly views of the Old Testament there is nothing that can comfort the traditionalist. This is the present fact, whether we like it or not, and whatever may be true for the future. The title of the work in which Baentsch sets forth his ideas is *Altorientalischer und Israelitischer Monotheismus. Ein Wort zur Revision der Entwicklungsgeschichtlichen Auffassung der Israelitischen Religionsgeschichte* (Ancient Oriental and Israelitish Monotheism. A Word for a Revision of the Evolutionary Conception of the Religious History of Israel). The book is published by J. C. B. Mohr, Tübingen, 1906. He holds that there was a more or less definite monotheism in Babylonia, Egypt, Phenicia, and Canaan, not as a result of contact with the Israelites, but which affected the Israelitish faith. This monotheism was held in conjunction with polytheism and polydemonism. It was a kind of philosophy rather than a religion. Israelitish monotheism, on the other hand, was religious. It had to do with the contrast between a personal God and powers of nature; in fact, with theism proper, which opposes the idea of the reality of other gods. He finds that the religion of Abraham was a practical monotheism behind which the idea of many gods disappeared. But this Abraham points clearly to Babylonia as the original home of Abraham's monotheism, and to that particular region in which the worship of the moon was practiced. The tribes of Israel, when they migrated into Canaan, found this monotheism still present. But since this Abraham came to play so important a part in the racial and religious life of Israel there must have been a strong resemblance between the religion of Abraham and the religion of the ancient tribes of Israel. It goes without saying that by so speaking Baentsch denies the traditional relationship of Abraham to Israel, both in its racial and religious aspects. But right at this point Baentsch exhibits his divergence also from the prevailing theory according to which the pre-Mosaic religion of the Israelitish tribes was a sort of polydemonism, which distinguished itself from related forms of religion by its concentration upon Jahwe, the God of Sinai. Through the escape from Egypt, says the prevailing theory, the Israelites came to attach a higher significance to Jahwe, in fact the significance which appears on the pages of the Pentateuch. According to Baentsch Jahwe held this place among the Israelites before the time of Moses; and, as in the case of the Abraham religion, so here, through Babylonian influence. Moses did not so much bring a revelation of monotheism as spring from it. Its existence prior to him is our only way of accounting

for him. But he made earnest with the idea as a result of an inner experience of an hour of consciousness of God's presence. His work was to purify the faith that had been long theirs. Although their faith had its origin in devotion to an astral cult, their conception of God from the time of Moses on was free from all such thoughts. He was no longer in any sense a nature God, but a God above nature. Only thus could he become an ethical force of first magnitude to them. It is plain, therefore, that while Baentsch opposes the ideas of evolution which some hold he resorts to conceptions as far removed from tradition as evolution, namely, to reaction and reformation. Neither theory denies revelation in its real import.

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**Max Wentscher.** The vast practical importance of the question of freedom of the will is evident when we consider the constantly recurring appearance of books on one or the other side of that subject. Very recently (1905) Wentscher has published the second part of his *Ethik* (Ethics), through J. A. Barth, Leipzig, the first part having appeared in 1902. Wentscher represents the standpoint of the moderate indeterminists. He does not believe in a freedom which denies the causal connection between the act of will and the willing person. He does not seek to prove the independence of the act of willing from the ego. On the contrary, if the freedom is to have any ethical worth, it is the expression of the whole being. It is false and foolish to affirm freedom in the sense of our absolute independence of our previous development. This sounds like determinism, and yet Wentscher is an advocate of freedom. According to him the all-important question in ethics is not the question of duty, but that of freedom; not the question of what we must or should will, but of what we can will. He develops his thought under the heads, the individual, the social, and the intellectual conscience. Passing by the first two, we come to the intellectual conscience, to which Wentscher attaches great importance. He claims, and, we think, rightly, that in order to act with a full sense of our own responsibility it is necessary that we understand exactly what we are doing. As soon as we can feel that our moral judgments are the result of intellectual reflection we believe ourselves to have reached a perception of moral obligation which has absolute, unconditional validity. Upon this is based the conviction that we can persuade others of the rightfulness of our position through a course of reasoning such as we ourselves have passed through. The conclusions thus reached have validity, not alone for ourselves, but for all mankind. Thus is reached the "good will" without any other or higher authority than ourselves. Then appear two ethical axioms in the form of imperatives: We should strive after the most perfect development of our own real self and after fixed principles for our own free action; and we should make the most effective and comprehensive use of this power of free activity. One might object to calling this intellectual activity in connection with moral choices and activities conscience. In fact it is just the exercise of judgment with reference to moral questions. Nevertheless, it does have just the function he attributes to it.

Without such constant revision of our choices in the light of the intellect, we should be acting from prejudice, not from enlightened conscience. But the dangers attendant upon the subjection of our choices to intellectual examination must not be overlooked. One result is that we often fall by the intellectual process to come to any clear conviction of duty. Hence we act on probability, and as a result act somewhat weakly. Another danger is that we shall run off into casuistry. Instead of acting upon general principles we will undertake to consider each case by itself. So the problem of living becomes so complicated that we can hardly weigh each proposed act sufficiently, and thus we are in danger of acting upon wrong conclusions. In order to avoid this weakness and still to gain the advantage which undoubtedly attends the use of the intellect in matters of conscience we must avoid too great use of judgment in individual instances of conduct and lay the great stress upon general principles. At the same time it is necessary that these principles be not merely intellectual principles. They must become moral principles, so that if we were to violate them we should feel that we had done violence to our inmost nature. Thus our freedom does not lead us into bondage, nor our real nature hinder our freedom.

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#### RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

**Beiträge zur Einleitung in das Neue Testament. II. Sprüche und Reden. Die zweite Quelle des Matthäus und Lukes** (Contributions to Introduction to the New Testament. II. Sayings and Addresses. The Second Source of Matthew and Luke). By Adolf Harnack. Leipzig, J. C. Heinrichs'sche Buchhandlung, 1907. In the first of these contributions Harnack undertook to show that the writer of the third Gospel was Luke the beloved physician and the companion of Paul. In this contribution he sets himself the task of reconstructing the second source assumed by scholars to have been used by Matthew and Luke. When Wellhausen published his Introduction to the first three Gospels some time ago he maintained that Matthew and Luke used this second source, but that it was of secondary character and dependent upon Mark. Harnack, on the contrary, holds that Matthew and Luke used a written source and that it had essentially the comprehension and order ascribed to it by Wellhausen, but that this source, called Q, is a primary source and independent of Mark, and that it is the oldest collection of the sayings of Jesus known to be in existence. It is also independent of Paul and his Gospel, taking no account of the sufferings and death of Christ, and closing with eschatological addresses and sayings. It is written in all respects from the Palestinian standpoint and leaves unchanged the saying that till heaven and earth pass away one jot or one tittle shall in nowise pass away from the law till all things be accomplished. The sayings of Christ in this source show almost no trace of coloring due to a later time, and the whole source is free from any special tendency and therefore affords us a secure foundation for the knowledge of the preaching

of Jesus. It may have been prepared by the Apostle Matthew, though this can neither be affirmed or denied with certainty by internal evidence. It must not be regarded as a very early document, for if it is very early it would be difficult to explain why Mark left it out of account, even if he did write in Rome. On the other hand, it was written before the breaking out of the great Jewish war. Its Greek form must have appeared not later than the year 60 A. D. Besides the collections of the sayings and addresses of Jesus contained in the source it contained an introductory portion in which the preaching of John the Baptizer, the baptism of Jesus by John, and the account of the temptation in the wilderness found a place. Some have attempted to show that this introductory portion was no original part of the source, since they are not of the nature of words of Jesus. But Harnack holds that whether considered in the light of method or fact this portion must be regarded as an integral portion of the source. Both Matthew and Luke give us this introduction, and the manner in which they reproduce its elements is that which they follow in reproducing the other portions. The attempt to give the recollections concerning Jesus in the form of a collection of his sayings as teacher and prophet is in itself sufficiently striking and surprising. Without this introduction it would be almost incomprehensible; for in the circle out of which the source proceeded Jesus was regarded as the Risen One, that is, as the divinely chosen Messiah. It is incredible that this company of disciples, or any one of their number, should have collected these recollections without bringing his Messiahship forward. But without this introduction there would be nothing to indicate that he was the Messiah. Harnack regards this source as free from even an anti-Pauline tendency, in spite of Matt. 5. 18, which to him seems pre-Pauline rather than anti-Pauline. The book exhibits all the thoroughness and conscientiousness characteristic of its author, and we commend it for careful perusal, not thereby indorsing all its presuppositions or positions.

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#### RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

**What Does It Mean?** According to the *Basler Nachrichten* of January 3, 1907, an imperial edict has placed Confucius on the same level of divinity with the heaven and the earth whom the emperor alone may worship. This seems at first sight like an act of crass superstition. But there are those who believe it to be deliberately planned in the interest of Christianity. It is an ancient custom which requires reverence to be paid to Confucius by students in the state schools. This was so strongly entrenched in the affections of the Chinese that in 1645 the Jesuits actually proposed to permit the bowing of the knee to Confucius on the part of their converts, with the understanding that they perform the act with a mental reservation. There are those who think that if the Confucian cult is now to be reserved for the emperor alone the effect will be to make the way of the Christian student easier, since no reverence for Confucius can now be required.

**GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES**

The London Quarterly Review for July presented eight contributed articles, marked by ability in their authors and variety in their subjects, the most interesting to us being "The New India," by Professor J. S. Banks, "Puritanism—Past and Present," by W. F. Moulton, and "Progress in Theology," by Professor W. T. Davison, recently editor of the Review to which he now contributes. From that article we quote, as somewhat complementary to Professor O. A. Curtis's article in this number of our REVIEW on Sir Oliver Lodge's catechism, Professor Davison's comments on the same subject:

"Sir Oliver Lodge's catechism deserves the attention it has attracted. It should of course be estimated for what it is, not for what it does not profess to be. It is put forward not by a theologian, but by an eminent authority in physical science, who deeply values religion and religious influence, as a tentative sketch of the elements of such a religious faith as a man of science may, in his judgment, intelligently hold today. It is from this point of view that the volume is so valuable. It ought not to be criticised as if it expressed the mature judgment of a trained theologian on the highest subjects, else it might be pronounced erroneous on some points and defective in more. It is not intended for children, but is 'a catechism for parents and teachers.' The author has more recently allowed to be published a few extracts from a shorter and simpler catechism suited for children's minds, but at present this is only in course of preparation. Sir Oliver Lodge repeatedly asserts that he has no desire to trespass on the work of the churches, that he aims at providing only 'a fundamental substratum of faith, on a basis of historical and scientific fact, interpreted and enlarged by the experiences of mankind.' From this point of view the book is sure to be very useful, and those who follow its outline closely will perhaps be surprised to find how nearly a devout man of science may approach to religious orthodoxy, so far as certain fundamental principles are concerned. In a short creed, which is given on page 132 of his volume, we find what may be called a pure and lofty theism, conceived in a truly Christian spirit. Theologians would, of course, notice what the creed does not, as well as what it does contain. But the first clause carries us a long way: 'I believe in one Infinite and Eternal Being, a guiding and loving Father, in whom all things consist.' The second clause runs as follows, 'I believe that the Divine Nature is specially revealed to man through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lived and taught and suffered in Palestine 1,900 years ago, and has since been worshiped by the Christian Church as the immortal Son of God, the Saviour of the world.' The author does not assert that such 'worship' is justifiable, and there is no mention of the virgin birth, the miraculous works, or the resurrection of Christ. The third clause is finely suggestive: 'I believe that the Holy Spirit is ever ready to help us along the way toward goodness or truth; that prayer is



a means of communion between man and God; and that it is our privilege through faithful service to enter into the life eternal, the communion of saints, and the peace of God.' The articles on prayer in general and the Lord's Prayer are also excellent, and the definition with which the catechism closes is worth quoting entire. "The kingdom of heaven is the central feature of practical Christianity. It represents a harmonious condition in which the divine will is perfectly obeyed, it signifies the highest state of existence, both individual and social, which we can conceive. Our whole effort should, directly or indirectly, make ready its way—in our hearts, in our lives, and in the lives of others. It is the ideal state of society toward which reformers are striving; it is the ideal of conscious existence toward which saints aim." The subjects upon which it is natural specially to examine the teaching of the catechism are the Immanence of God, the Fall and Sin, and the Divinity and Atonement of Christ. On all these Sir Oliver Lodge has instructive remarks to make, but we cannot now deal with them in detail. It is very noticeable that a man of science, reasoning without any reference to revelation, holds that 'the multifarious processes in nature, with neither the origin nor maintenance of which we have had anything to do, must be guided and controlled by some Thought and Purpose, immanent in everything,' and that to the higher members of our race this Intelligence and Purpose, underlying the whole mystery of existence, elaborating the details of evolution, are 'revelations of an indwelling Presence, rejoicing in its own majestic order.' Sir Oliver does not deny a 'fall' of man, though he considers it to have been at the same time a 'rise,' and he thus describes it: 'At a certain stage of development man became conscious of a difference between right and wrong, so that thereafter, when his actions fell below a normal standard of conduct, he felt ashamed and sinful. He thus lost his animal innocence and entered on a long period of human effort and failure; nevertheless, the consciousness of degradation marked a rise in the scale of existence.' Evil, however, we are told, is not an absolute thing, and 'the possibility of evil is the necessary consequence of a rise in the scale of moral existence.' Again, as contrast is an inevitable attribute of reality, 'goodness would have no meaning if badness were impossible or nonexistent.' On Christianity in general some of the chief pronouncements are these: "The most essential element in Christianity is its conception of a human God; of a God, in the first place, not apart from the universe, not outside it and distinct from it, but immanent in it; yet not immanent only, but actually incarnate, incarnate in it and revealed in the incarnation. . . . The humanity of God, the divinity of man, is the essence of the Christian revelation."

"These may serve as specimens of the teaching of a book that is noteworthy as containing the utterances on religion of an eminent scientific authority. He presents the outline of a faith concerning the significance of the universe and especially of the world we live in, which commends itself as reasonable to a student who does not accept the idea of revelation and hardly mentions any sacred scriptures. But he here lays down a foundation which it is surely possible for those who do acknowledge



scriptural authority and a revealed religion to accept as ground on which they can meet him and compare notes. We do not suggest at present how far the two parties could agree, or where their paths might begin to diverge. Enough if this interesting catechism practically proves that there need be no irreconcilable conflict between physical science and true Christianity. The great fundamental doctrines on which Sir Oliver Lodge and the Christian theologian of today do most certainly agree, form in reality the very pivots of religious energy in heart and life, in doctrine and practice." So much for Sir Oliver Lodge's catechism. We quote also from Dr. W. T. Davison the following concerning the Bible: "The Bible is still the religion of Protestants. Not, perhaps, precisely in the way that Chillingworth meant it. The Bible is no volume of magical formulae, nor a collection of mechanically infallible utterances upon all subjects of human knowledge. It is the record of a long, progressive revelation of God to men, culminating in Jesus Christ, Son of man and Son of God. It is not a series of framed dogmas, it does not contain any theological catechism with question and answer, nor any elaborately prepared code of ethical details. As a human composition it is open to inquiry and 'criticism,' that is, examination, of all kinds. Whether as regards its text, or the date and authorship of its documents, or the sound interpretation of its words, or the relation of its parts to each other, it permits and invites the fullest investigation. But when thus reasonably treated, it still furnishes a norm for Christians of all times and types. It is a living guide, and does not grip its disciples with the 'dead hand' of a Koran. None the less—rather all the more—does it furnish, when rightly interpreted, a touchstone by which new doctrines can be most certainly tested, and by which the progress of theology can be satisfactorily regulated and determined. Our guide is not in a code, but in a history. A history furnishes not dogmas, but principles."

On the proposal to formulate a creed for world-wide Methodism, the London Quarterly comments thus: "The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has taken up with surprising interest and energy the idea of preparing a standard creed for universal Methodism. In the last number of the Methodist Review, edited by Dr. Gross Alexander, Bishop Hendrix, one of the chief leaders of that church, deals with the subject at length and with great ability. He asks where the creed of Ecumenical Methodism can be found. Every one knows that the Wesleyan Methodist Church in this country has no 'creed' to which its ministers are compelled to subscribe, that the recognized 'standards' are Wesley's Fifty-three Sermons and Notes. But neither have any others of the twenty branches of Methodism any such formulated confession of faith. The nearest approach to this is found in the 'Twenty-five Articles,' as abridged by Wesley from the Thirty-nine of the Church of England, which are recognized as standards by the two great Methodist Episcopal bodies in America, and duly embodied in their Discipline. But, as Bishop Hendrix very properly points out, the *distinctive* doctrines of Methodism are not to be found in these excerpts from an Anglican document, prepared during the Reformation of the sixteenth century, for a special purpose. The distinctive doctrines are, no doubt, to be found in the earlier portion of Wesley's Sermons, but they are

there in no easily available form. Volumes must be searched, and searched with sound theological discernment, in order to obtain in succinct and quotable shape the marrow of Methodist doctrine. Even so the work would not be satisfactorily done. Much has happened since Wesley's time, and the doctrine of his followers has been shaped largely in personal experience, largely by means of earnest sermons, sometimes in the stress of fervent controversy, sometimes in the calm reflection of meditative minds such as those of Richard Watson and W. B. Pope. How much Wesley's Hymns have had to do with the shaping of Methodist theology, who can say? Happily, the days of controversy with other evangelical free churches are mostly over, and the doctrine which is preached from Methodist pulpits may be heard also in Presbyterian, Congregational, and other churches. The 'Declaratory Statement' of the Free Church of Scotland, prepared in 1892, and the summary of belief characteristic of the Congregational Union, published in 1883, show how nearly churches with decidedly Calvinistic traditions now approach to those known for the last two hundred years as Arminian. But it is urged that this evangelical creed, with its free gospel, its doctrine of conscious forgiveness, assurance, scriptural holiness, and full salvation, is nowhere embodied in accessible and readily intelligible form. Dr. Tillett, Professor of Theology at Vanderbilt University, has published an able pamphlet, in which he shows the need for a clear, brief summary of the doctrines most surely believed among Methodists of all types, partly for the sake of Methodists themselves and their children as they come to years, and partly for the sake of those 'without,' who oppose and—for the most part unconsciously—misrepresent the doctrines they dislike. The subject will be brought forward in the Ecumenical Conference of 1911; and if the idea be there approved, it must be afterwards discussed in the several churches concerned. Some now living who are eager in promoting this object may not see it accomplished in their lifetime; supposing, that is, that the last step could only be taken in the Ecumenical Conference of 1921. But discussion will do good, and very much may be done in the course of the next three or four years by those who desire that such a creed for universal Methodism should be prepared. If one or two leading theologians from the other side of the Atlantic would but try their hands at the work and show how the thing might be done! An ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory. The chief objection which naturally arises is based on the fear lest such a formulary might be imposed as a new test, and prove a fetter rather than a help to healthy theological development. But the question how such a document, if prepared, should be employed, is quite another matter, and there is probably quite sufficient jealousy of stringent theological formulæ to prevent any serious abuse of a Methodist creed. Even if never adopted, the appearance of a succinct declaration of faith, such as that which Bishop Hendrix advocates, would be educative in itself, declaratory of what Methodists 'stand for,' and weighty as a deliverance on the part of men of light and leading today. Will not the theologians of the great Methodist Episcopal Churches North and South show to their brethren on this side of the water how what they propose might be done?"

## BOOK NOTICES

## RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

*Pathways to the Best.* By CHARLES L. GOODELL, D.D. 12mo, pp. 344. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Price, cloth, \$1.30, net.

THE author of *My Mother's Bible*, *Pastoral Evangelism* (concerning which no man is more competent to write), *The Old Darn Man*, etc., who is now the well-known pastor of Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, gives to the press this volume of sermons. Bishop Fowler in his introduction says they "are poised on the question of bringing men to their proper relations with God and on the great work of the world's redemption." Dr. Goodell's own idea is that "the sermon is a means, not an end; it is of value not in proportion as it meets the requirements of homiletic rules, but in proportion as it meets the spiritual requirements of those who hear it." His experience has convinced him that "the great duty of the pulpit is to move men to act up to the knowledge and light they already possess. The need is not more light so much as more sight. If a sermon sends men and women to the duties of life inspired to be true to every holy purpose, it is a good sermon, no matter what the critics may say." The preacher of these sermons "has absolutely no question as to the great essentials of the Christian life, and he speaks with all the force of a conviction that masters his own soul. He is certain that these matters are not academic, for he has found their settlement in the great varieties of Christian experience." The sermons are direct and intense; in every sentence they mean business. The style hurries swiftly, wasting no time in rhetorical flourishes, but driving its point home with trenchant force. A sturdy and devoted minister, in blood-earnest and under the mighty spell of a divine commission, is delivering urgent and fateful messages in utter faithfulness with a concerned, solicitous, and loving heart. In actual test these sermons have proved their power by moving multitudes from sin to salvation. Hard hearts have melted and strong and stubborn men have surrendered under them. Forged in the white heat of a soul on fire, they have burned their way in through indifference and resistance. Eight of them are on "The Things of Faith," twelve on "The Guidance of Life," and six on "The Lord's Prayer." A valuable and helpful sermon is the one entitled, "A Sure Method with Doubt," from Dan. 5. 16: "I have heard of thee, that thou canst make interpretations, and dissolve doubts." Dr. Goodell says truly that ours is no more an age of doubt than preceding ages were. On the whole, there is rather less of flippant skepticism and more of intelligent and reasonable faith than a hundred years ago, when universities were full of blatant infidelity which now are touched with missionary zeal. Various phases of skepticism are emphasized in different periods. "In one generation," says Dr. Goodell, "deistic philosophy has its vogue, in another agnosticism is at the fore. The generation now passing has fought out the great battle of evolution, and we may now

fairly say that this thing is in no way a menace to the Christian faith. There have been decisive battles on the field of biblical criticism. Positions once held by the two great forces have proved untenable, and the orthodox party, by giving up minor things that could not be defended, has made its position stronger than ever before." The doubts with which his sermon deals are of the practical rather than of the theoretical or academic sort, and it talks in this practical manner: "The first thing for an honest seeker after truth to do is to pledge himself to abide by the truth as he finds it. To fail to use the light we have, to refuse to live up to what we know is right, is to put ourselves into the darkness of eternal doubt. Plato spoke truly when he said: 'Atheism is a disease of the soul before it becomes an error of the understanding.' French atheism was a foregone conclusion when the condition of French morals is considered. Why should a man believe in God when his life is one long rebellion against him? Why should he not cry, 'After us the deluge,' when conscious that nothing but an unfathomed sea could cover the putrefaction of his life? When a man has made up his mind to give himself to the sensual and material it is hollow mockery for him to profess a desire to know the truth. He must expect to be possessed by doubts. The truth abides with no man who will not use it, and, on the other hand, if he be like Romanes, pure of heart and purpose, he will think his way out of the darkness into the full light of revealed religion and pillow his dying head upon an assured faith. Knowing the life of Shelley, we would expect him to be proud to write himself down 'an atheist'; knowing the life of Wordsworth, we would expect the epitaph in Grasmere Church to read as it does, 'To the memory of William Wordsworth, a true philosopher and poet, who by a special gift and calling of Almighty God, whether he discoursed on man or nature, failed not to lift up the heart to holy things, tired not of maintaining the cause of the poor and simple, and so in perilous times was raised up to be a chief minister, not only of noblest poetry but of high and sacred truth.' Before you seek any farther for the dissolving of your doubts, ask yourself honestly the question, 'Am I unalterably given over to wrongdoing? am I ready to obey the voice within me as steadfastly as Socrates obeyed his demon?' It will be easy to believe in immortality when we live a life that is good enough to last forever. We shall not doubt the Fatherhood of God when we give ourselves to the practice of the brotherhood of man. Action, action is the panacea for doubt. If any man will do God's will, he shall know of a surety his doctrine. Do you doubt the power of prayer? To whom do you think the reality of that matter is revealed? Certainly not to the man who never prays. Put yourself in the attitude of prayer and listen. You will then be in a way to know whether God talks back. You have sat in the pew for years and heard sermons on the great fundamentals of the Christian faith. To some of them you have given at the time intelligent assent, and yet you find yourself still in doubt and uncertainty. Why is it thus with you? There can be but one answer. You have not thrown yourself in holy surrender at the feet of the truth you have known. I pity the man who has no Bethel in his life—no place where he faced God and duty and said 'I will'

to the divine 'You ought.' Paul had his Damascus, Luther his Erfurt, Wesley his Aldersgate Street, and Bushnell, lecturing to the students of Yale, said: 'There is a story lodged in the little bedroom of one of these dormitories, which I pray God his recording angel may note, allowing it never to be lost.' . . . Bushnell said one of the greatest talents of religious discovery is the finding how to hang up some questions without being anxious about them. Look at them now and then, and some day you will turn some corner of thought and be delighted to see how easily they open their secret to you and let you in. I knew a great teacher of mathematics who always kept some hard problems by him. He would work on one a while and put it back in his pocket still incomplete. After weeks or months it would be solved, and another would take its place in his attention. We must adjourn some of our questions and not be impatient. I expect to carry some of my problems with me into eternity, but that fact does not trouble me. Some things I have settled, and some others can wait till the final clearing up of mysteries. One of my parishioners some years ago taught me a great lesson. She was a lady of culture and refinement, and had been at the head of a great school for many years. She became totally blind. I saw her at the close of a service feeling her way up the aisle from pew to pew, that she might shake hands with me. The thought of her great suffering and loss fairly overwhelmed me and I said with deep emotion as I clasped her hand: 'It will all be light up yonder and you will know why God has permitted this great affliction to enter your life.' She lifted a face transfigured by ineffable peace and said: 'If I am so happy as to get to heaven, I shall let bygones be bygones and shall not trouble the Lord for any explanations.' If a child of God has a spirit like that, his doubts and puzzles can wait." The final word of Dr. Goodell to the doubter is: "Truth is to be sought in a personality and not in a thing, and no one has arisen to invalidate His words who said, 'I am the truth.' It is to Him I ask you to come. Well may you say to Him, 'I have heard of thee, that thou canst make interpretations and dissolve doubts.'" In Chicago years ago a plain good man talked with a skeptical and irreligious young fellow who put some difficult questions intended to puzzle the minister. After awhile the man of God said, "Well, I cannot answer all your questions and settle your doubts, but I have a Friend who can. Suppose we ask him," and with the word the good man slid from his chair to the floor on his knees, and began telling the Lord about the young man and his difficulties and asking the Holy Spirit to shine in his heart and scatter the darkness. This sort of interview, an interview face to face with God, the young caviller had not expected. He had not reckoned on having the Almighty called in. It was more than he could endure. His skepticism gave way under it. For many years now that young man has been preaching with mighty and impassioned eloquence the glorious gospel of the blessed God. A grand supplement to the sermon on "The Dissolving of Doubts" is the one on "The Conservator of the Faith," from Paul's words, "I have kept the faith." In the sermon on "The Philosophy of Life's Choice" we find this: "I had a friend who was invited to high office. Duties which seemed to be of God held him to



an inferior place. Conscientiously he weighed the matter and decided it in harmony with duty. His after years brought him pain and loss in consequence of that choice. Office and emoluments passed him by, and so he died. I commented bitterly on it to a friend, but he answered me wisely: 'He came to his throne and his crown when he decided to do the thing that duty asked, and you need waste no sympathy on him.' Such crowns outlast the stars and outshine them." In a sermon on "Pharisees" is this: "The spirit of the Pharisee is self-complacency. He has attained. There is nothing more for him to do. He makes no discoveries, seeks no new attainments. He does not move out to save the lost; he plans no aggressive work for God or men. The dry rot of character is upon him. When a man is content with himself he has met his second death. Only the man with a divine unrest can be God's man. The holy and humble dissatisfaction of the publican is better than the proud self-conceit of the Pharisee.

"Two went to pray, or, rather, say  
One went to brag, the other to pray;  
One stands close up and treads on high  
Where the other dare not send his eye;  
One nearer to the altar trod,  
The other to the altar's God.

The best prayer for the best of us is: 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' I cannot play the Pharisee toward the faults of my neighbors, I have enough of my own. Only one man was happy when the hour of prayer was over. Cold and hard came the Pharisee; cold and hard he went away. In contrite tears the publican made his plaint, and God who can see a tear farther than a star, sent him on with a happy heart." The sermon on "A Home, For the Soul" enumerates some reasons why we remember our childhood home and long for an eternal home: "1. Home was a place of safety. When danger threatened us we ran home. We were certain of protection there. It was a sure refuge. 2. It was a place of rest. No other spot so full of ease and comfort for tired limbs. No bed like the one mother made. There we slept and awoke refreshed and renewed in strength. 3. There we were understood. Allowances were made for our faults and weaknesses. When we had been impatient, thoughtless, even disobedient, a good-night kiss told us we were forgiven. 4. It was the place of love. Love that was prodigal of its riches, not asking for recompense, but blossoming and fruiting like the trees because it could not help lavishing itself. Oh, what heights mother's love used to climb! What long dark nights it went through unwearied! Let me never forget it though the daisies should blossom for a hundred years between her face and mine. It was love that never changed whether I came or went, whether I was sick or well, responsive or unresponsive. It was mine to the full in prosperity and overflowed its banks in the time of my adversity." Dr. Goodell's reference to maternal love, brings to mind a poem about "A Mother's Heart," by Jean Richepin, recently brought to our notice by the Rev. H. A. Reed of the Genesee Conference—a poem which,



as he says, is gruesome and mordant but unforgettable. It means that a mother's forbearing and long-suffering devotion is without limit in life or death. Here it is, with its odd repetitions and its piercing meaning:

A poor lad once, and a lad so trim—  
A poor lad once, and a lad so trim,  
Gave his love to her that loved not him.

"And," says she, "fetch me tonight, you rogue,  
Your mother's heart to feed my dog!"  
To his mother's house went that young man—

To his mother's house went that young man,  
Killed her, and took the heart and ran.  
And as he was running, look you, he fell—

And as he was running, look you, he fell.  
And the heart rolled on the ground as well.  
And the lad as the heart was a-rolling heard—

And the lad as the heart was a-rolling heard  
That the heart was speaking, and this was the word:  
The heart was weeping and crying so small—

The heart was weeping and crying so small,  
"Are you hurt, my child, are you hurt at all?"

Then Dr. Goodell's sermon talks of the "Heavenly Home," draws the parallel, and says that the Home of the Soul is a place of safety, of rest, of being understood and forgiven, and of eternal love. The preacher quotes from that well-known pathetic letter of David Gray: "I am coming home for I am homesick. What is climate, frost, or snow, when one is at home? Get my room ready. I shall die there, and nobody shall nurse me except my own dear mother. Home, home!" He quotes also that tender beatitude of Richter: "Blessed are they that are homesick, for they shall come at last to their Father's house." In his wise sermon on "Christian Nurture" this pastor-evangelist, who gathers in men and women by hundreds, yet says: "A long experience has taught me that the best members of church are usually those who come into it in childhood. Take care of the children and we shall not mourn over a decaying church." He also says: "I have never known a person eighteen years of age, who had not heard the call of God, Give me thy heart." In the sermon on "Forgiveness" is this: "Now, what is our debt to God? The Saviour has indicated something of that when in his parable he shows us a man who owed \$14,400,000 to his master and was mercifully treated, turning in rage upon a man who owes him \$17. Ah, we are bankrupts without remedy, and the only prayer that fits our lips is, 'Forgive, forgive!'" A great jurist being asked, when near to death, how it was with him, answered: "I appeal to the clemency of the Court."

*God's Missionary Plan for the World.* By BISHOP J. W. BASHFORD, D.D., LL.D.  
Pp. 178. New York: Eaton & Mains; Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth,  
75 cents, net.

No man in Methodism is better qualified to interpret God's missionary plan for the world than Bishop Bashford. Superior intelligence, burning enthusiasm for the cause of missions, heroic faith in the final conquest of the world for Christ—these are the things that are reflected in the pages of this great little volume. We can do no better than to give in this connection the titles of the chapters: 1. The Divine Purpose. 2. The Divine Order of Procedure. 3. The Old Testament and Missions. 4. The New Testament and Missions. 5. The Divine Method of Securing Power. 6. The Divine Method of Securing Workers. 7. The Divine Method of Securing Means. 8. The Divine Method of Securing Results. 9. The Divine Providence and Missions. The scope of the volume is clearly outlined in these titles. In the chapter on "The Divine Purpose" the bishop pointedly declares: "The summons is not ours. The summons was issued by Almighty God through his son Jesus Christ. All that any of us who are interested in missions pretend to do is simply to repeat the command: 'Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all the nations.' If, therefore, you recoll before the summons, if you say it is a quixotic scheme which can never be carried out, and which ought never to have been undertaken, put the blame where it belongs, back of the missionaries on the field, back of the Missionary Society at home, back of the churches at home; put the blame back on Jesus Christ; nay, put it back upon Almighty God who sent his only begotten Son, Jesus Christ, to begin this enterprise; fight out your battle with him." From first to last there is not a dull line in the book. Aside from the irresistible logic of the bishop's argument in behalf of missions the volume is full of general information, historical, ecclesiastical, statistical information which is indispensable to the preacher upon whom rests, in a great measure, the responsibility of educating his parishioners up to the divine standard of planning and giving of their substance, to hasten the redemption of the heathen world to Christ.

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#### PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

*Nineveh and Other Poems.* By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK. 12mo, pp. 157. New York: Moffatt, Yard & Co. Price, cloth, \$1.20, net.

A youth, aged twenty-three, born in New York, but claiming to be a grandson of Emperor William I, of Germany, is the author of this book, comments on which range from excessive praise to severe condemnation. The commendations, if woven together, would make an extravaganza; the condemnations, if heard alone, would banish the author from respectable society. By his admirers he is credited with "strong and original talent" and "supreme mastery of form"; his poetry is said to be marked by "originality of conception and artistic distinction" and "shot through with the splendors of Heine, Swinburne, and Keats." "He speaks," says Clayton Hamilton, "in spontaneous and eloquent verse, melodious with memories

of the recurrent haunting harmonies of Poe, the sea-surge of Swinburne, and the plangent tenderness of a certain other æsthete, and ringing also with a certain hammer-blow of passion which is entirely his own." Yet this same eulogist adds that Vlereck is neither an important poet nor an accomplished one, and his work is as yet devoid of message. His two or three volumes show that he is, as Hamilton says, "capable of blasphemy and prayer," and we add that he seems not to have decided which of these he will follow as a profession. He confided recently to an interviewer that among his chief inspirations are Christ and Oscar Wilde. A most shocking collocation! A mind capable of coupling those names is by that token nearer to the latter than to the former, and in place of any true understanding of Christ, has only an æsthete's romantic illusion. His creed is that of a poet-æsthete—"There is no god save Beauty, and no law save that of Numbers richly musical"; and it seems likely he would hold with Laurence Hope that "youth is a plea to cancel a thousand lies and a thousand nights of sin." To some minds the important question about prayer and blasphemy is whether they are done artistically. The author of the poems before us appears as a suppliant on the first pages of his volume. His imagination pictures the magnificent temple of English Verse, of which, he says, Milton is the mighty wall, Shakespeare the dome of it, and later singers its precious ornaments, while Holy Writ is the groundwork on which the whole great building rests. Seeing this musical and resounding temple, his prayer is: "Lord, mold my stammering and uncouth accents, make me strong, and raise me up to be a resonant column in the House of Song." On the next page this youth confides to us that the premonition of an early death urges him to make haste with his work. He hears voices bidding him "Build now or never." So by the time he is twenty-four he has flung three or four volumes into print. We hope he will not die soon. We want him to live long enough to grow up and address his fiery talents in more mature fashion to some really manly theme. If good doctors can bring him safely through the diseases of youth, there may be hope of a future. At present his writings are delirious with some kind of a fever, very high temperature, riotous pulses, and what some diagnose as a case of neurotic mania. Louis Untermeyer speaks soothingly to him in the lines which Owen Seaman addressed years ago "To A Boy-Poet of the Decadence":

But, my good little man, you have made a mistake  
 If you really are pleased to suppose  
 That the Thames is alight with the lyrics you make;  
 We could all do the same if we chose.  
 .  
 You're a 'prentice my boy, in the primitive stage,  
 And you itch, like a boy to confess;  
 When you know a bit more of the arts of the age  
 You will probably talk a bit less.

William A. Bradley advises this young man to abandon the fellowship of Baudelaire and Swinburne and choose some better masters, and to give up the cult of neo-romanticism, which is a revival of Byronism, and is al-

ready antiquated, a dying song whose strains it is futile to attempt to prolong. The principal or underlying doctrine of the neo-romantic school is the right of art to be judged by its own standards solely, without being held accountable to those of truth or morality. One of its vicious and degrading offenses is a specifically anti-moral and intentionally anti-Christian stimulation and glorification of the appetites. It exults defiantly in moral waywardness. The rebellious and incorrigible temper is noticeable in Viereck. He has had the good fortune to be kindly admonished by one of the wisest masters of American literature, who had experienced an "almost physical disgust" in reading some of this young poet's verses, and who earnestly advised him against what general criticism calls grossness in his writings. His open reply to this friendly admonition gives little hope of his reformation. It is not he who has sinned, he retorts, but he is being sinned against by men of spotless lives to be sure, but of puritanic minds who are accusing him of grossness. He has expressed his opinion of them in an article entitled "The Essential Indecency of the Puritan Mind." It is the doctrine of some that modesty is only a hypocritical prudish affectation assumed by exceptionally indecent souls. If Puritanism had done nothing for mankind but to suppress with prompt and heavy hand the teachers of such bestial and diabolical doctrines, its fame would be glorious and immortal. To the friendly literary master who did this young man the honor of noticing him and the kindly service of advising him that he is on the wrong road, the offending poet replies: "I must go my way, even as you have gone your way." Very different the ways are; one is on the heights and the other into the mire. He seems to claim divine sanction for his own way, for he says to his adviser: "We are all instruments in the hands of the unknown God who directs our activities toward some hidden and wonderful end." He embodies in his reply to Mr. Gilder this curious confession, "I respect sin, for it is part of the quest of the human soul for the Ultimate Good." This is one of the immoral sophistries which infest and infect the realms of modern art, whether literary, plastic, pictorial, or dramatic art. Referring to a forthcoming novel of which he is author, Viereck promises Mr. Gilder that it will contain "nothing that could be objectionable even to a Methodist conscience." This recognition of and implied tribute to the eminent delicacy of the "Methodist conscience" is the best thing that has come from this young man. If his novel shall fulfill his promise we will have hope of him after all. As for the "Methodist conscience," it is in the world, like the Nonconformist conscience in Great Britain—an actual and militant force to be reckoned with; and with twenty-five millions of Methodists alive and aggressive, the "Methodist conscience" is likely to be heard lifting up its multitudinous voice against the world, the flesh, and the devil, with all their erroneous, strange and defiling doctrines. As for Methodists, it is their responsibility to see to it that the "Methodist conscience" shall never lower from its high level, nor lose its proud reputation for fine scrupulousness. May it never cease to be a byword, a hissing, and a terror among sinners of every sort! In strong and beautiful contrast to the work of this "new singer" is the superiority of such young poets as Alfred Noyes, whose nobly significant verse delights the ear of England, and even more that

gifted, radiant, and lofty spirit, Frederick Lawrence Knowles, who died ere his prime, leaving not his peer among poets of his age. The worst of Viereck's offenses are in a slender volume of little plays, or dramatic sketches, which are pervaded by what he calls "the man-animal" and "the woman-animal," and in which persons who reckon themselves animals may find congenial company and feel very much at home among creatures who ought always to be kept in a cage. In the preface to these little dramas of his he disavows responsibility by saying, "I decline to be held responsible for anything that my characters may say or do." But we hear the characters in chorus responding, "It is he that hath made us and not we ourselves and he made us say and do these things." If a writer is not responsible for the characters he invents, creates, and presents, and for the words and the actions he writes, imagines, and pictures, or, at least, responsible for portraying them, is there anything that he can properly be held responsible for? The world holds a man responsible for his books and everything he puts into them.

*The Kingdom of Light.* By GEORGE RECORD PECK. 12mo, pp. 97. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, \$1.00, net.

THE notable fact about this appeal for attention to the things of the mind and the spirit is that it comes from an eminent lawyer immersed in arduous professional labors, legal adviser to a great railroad corporation, and ex-president of the American Bar Association. It was delivered to an outing-club of gentlemen at Phantom Lake, Wisconsin, in their camp on a summer evening given to essays and addresses by members of the club. The stars of heaven must have opened their bright eyes widely and sparkled with gladness over the Phantom Club that August night at hearing this high appeal, this lawyer's cry of protest against the engrossing materialism of our age. A few extracts will publish its quality. "The Kingdom of Light is the kingdom of the imagination, of the heart, of the spirit and the things of the spirit. And why, perhaps you are asking, do you make this appeal to us? How dare you intimate that we are not already dedicated to high purposes, and enrolled among those who stand for the nobler and better things of human life? Take it not unkindly if I tell you frankly that a little plainness of speech will not hurt even such as we. All experience has shown that it is at our age, or thereabouts, that men are most prone to grow weary. It is not in the morning of the march, but in the afternoon, that soldiers find it most difficult to keep step with the column that follows the colors. . . . God's wisdom has made the law that man must dig and delve, must work with his hands and bend his back to the burden that is laid upon it. We must have bread; but how inexpressibly foolish it is to suppose we can live by bread alone! Granting all that can be claimed for lack of time, for the food and clothing to be bought, and the debts to be paid, the truth remains—and I beg you to remember it—the person who allows his mental and spiritual nature to stagnate and decay does so not for want of time, but for want of inclination. The farm, the shop, and the office are not such hard masters as we imagine. We yield too easily to their sway, and



set them up as rulers when they ought to be only servants. There is no vocation—absolutely none—that cuts off entirely the opportunities for intellectual and spiritual development. The Kingdom of Light is an especially delightful home for him whose purse is not heavy, and a humble cottage in the Kingdom can be made to shine with a brightness above palace walls. For my part, I would rather have been Charles Lamb than the Duke of Wellington, and his influence in the world is incalculably the greater of the two. And yet he was but a clerk in the India House, poor in pocket, but rich beyond measure in his very poverty, whose jewels are not in the goldsmith's list. The problem of life is to rightly adjust the prose to the poetry, the sordid to the spiritual, the common and selfish to the high and beneficent, forgetting not that these last are incomparably the more precious. . . . The wisest of the Greeks taught that the ideal is the only true real; and Emerson, our American seer, who sent forth from Concord his inspiring oracles, taught the same. I may be wrong, but I cannot help thinking that neither here nor hereafter does salvation lie in wheat, or corn, or iron. Again I must plead that you take my words as I mean them. I do not preach a gospel of mere sentiment, nor of inane, impracticable dilettanteism. The Lord put it in my way to learn long ago that we cannot eat poetry, or art, or sentiment, or sunbeams. And yet I hold it true, now and always, that life without these things is shorn of more than half its value. The ox and his master differ little in dignity if neither rises above the level of the stomach or the manger. The highest use of the mind is not mere logic, the almost mechanical function of drawing conclusions from facts. Mere lawyers can do that; and so, also, to some extent, the naturalists tell us, can the horse and the dog. The human intellect is best used when its possessor suffers it to reach out beyond its own environment into the realm where God has placed truth and beauty and the influences that make for righteousness. . . . The thoughts that console and elevate are not those the world calls practical. Even in the higher walks of science, where the mind enlarges to the scope of Newton's and Kepler's great discoveries, the demonstrated truth is not the whole truth, nor the best truth. As Professor Everett, of Harvard, has finely said in a recent work, 'science only gives us hints of what, by a higher method, we come to know. The astronomer tells us he has swept the heavens with his telescope and found no God.' But 'the eye of the soul' outsweeps the telescope, and finds, not only in the heavens, but everywhere, the presence that is eternal. The reverent soul, seeking for the power that makes for righteousness, will not find it set down in scientific formula. I hold it to be the true office of culture to give the mind something of that perfection which is found in finely tuned instruments that need only to be touched to give back noble and responsive melody. There is a music that has never been named; and yet so deep a meaning has it, that the very stars keep time to its celestial rhythm.

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;  
Such harmony is in immortal souls.



The dwellers in the Kingdom of Light have a steadfast love for things that cannot be computed, nor reckoned, nor measured. In the daily papers you may read the latest quotations of stocks and bonds, but once upon a time a little band of listeners heard the words, 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?' and went away with a lesson that Wall Street has yet to learn. He who remembers that something divine is mixed in him with the clay, will find the way open for both the divine and the earthly. You will not starve for following the Light. But I beg of you to remember that this is not a question of incomes and profits. The things I plead for are not set down in ledgers. How hard to think of the unselfish and the ultimate, instead of the personal and immediate. Even unto Jesus they came and inquired: 'Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?' It is not strange, then, that we do not give up personal advantage here. But in the Kingdom of Light, in the life I am saying we ought to lead, nothing can be taken from us that can be compared with what we shall receive. It is quite likely we may be poor, though I am afraid we shall not be, for in the twentieth century no man is safe from sudden wealth; but a worse calamity might befall us than poverty. Renan said that Saint Francis of Assisi was, next to Jesus, the sweetest soul that ever walked this earth, and he condemned himself to hunger and rags. I do not advise you to follow him through the lonely forest, and into the shaded glen where the birds used to welcome him to be their friend and companion; but I do most assuredly think it better to live as he did, on bread and water and the cresses that grow by the mountain spring, than to give up the glory and joys of the higher life. . . . Be assured that, whatever fate may befall us, nothing so bad can come as to sink into that wretched existence where everything is forgotten but the profit of the hour: the food, the raiment, the handful of silver, the ribbon to wear on the coat. . . . The world will go on buying and selling, hoping and fearing, loving and hating, and we shall be in the throng; but in God's name let us not turn away from the Light, nor from the kingdom that is in the midst of the Light. In every street shadows are walking who were once brave, hopeful, and confident. Nay! they are not shadows, but ghosts, dead years ago, in everything but the mere physical portion of existence. They go through the regular operations of trade and traffic, the office, and the court; but they are not living men. They are but bones and skeletons rattling along in a melancholy routine, which has in it neither life nor the spirit of life. It is a sad picture, but saddest because it is true. They knew what happy days were, when they walked in pleasant paths and felt in their hearts the freshness of spring. But contact with the world was too much for them. Hesitation and doubt drove out loyalty and faith. They listened to the voice of worldly wisdom as Othello listened to Iago, and at the end of the story is, "Put out the light, and then—put out the light." The dwellers in the kingdom of which I am speaking are pledged to high aims and noble destinies. . . . It is because I believe so strongly in the saving power of the higher life upon the institutions of society, and upon the welfare of individuals, that I plead so earnestly for it. The fortunes of science, art, literature, and government are indissolubly linked with it.

The centers and shrines of the most potent influences are not the seats of commerce and capital. The village of Concord, where Emerson, Hawthorne, Alcott, and Thoreau lived, was, in their day, and will long continue to be, a greater force in this nation than New York and Chicago added to each other. Those of you who have read Auerbach's great novel remember the motto from Goethe on the title-page, "On every height there lies repose." Rest!—how eagerly we seek it! How sweet it is when we are tired of the fret and worry of life! But remember, I pray you, that it dwells above the level, in the serene element that reaches to the infinities. Only there is heard the music of the choir invisible; only there can we truly know the rest, the peace, and the joy of those who dwell in the Kingdom of Light." Mr. Peck's appeal is not a sermon. It is all the better for that. Its significance is that it is a lawyer's cry from out the crowded and strenuous turmoil of secular things, on behalf of the things which are eternal. Nobody knows better than ministers that there are many strong and busy men in secular life who keep their souls alive and are loyal, useful citizens in the Kingdom of Light.

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#### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TOPOGRAPHY

*Indiscreet Letters from Peking.* Edited by B. L. PUTNAM WEALE. 8vo, pp. 447. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Price, cloth, illustrated, gilt top, \$2.00, net.

EXTREMELY "indiscreet" these letters from Peking will surely be called by various persons who were in that beleaguered city in the dreadful summer of 1900. They are certain to be so regarded by some of the European diplomats there, for the reason (if for no other) that they score those diplomats unmercifully for their stupidity, sluggishness, indecision, cowardice, and general incompetency, charging upon them largely the blame of letting affairs drift into such shape as made possible the awful situation in Peking. The letters represent Baron von Ketteler, Minister from Germany, who was murdered in the street at the beginning of the siege, as the one strong, brave, prompt, decisive man among the diplomats. Possibly it is because these letters are so "indiscreet," so unreservedly condemnatory of those whose defects and delinquencies are here exposed, that the authorship is concealed: possibly, also, because the author's own reckless escapades during the siege are included in the story of those feverish and furious months. Mr. Weale takes upon himself whatever imperfections in the book are due to the editing, but gives no clue to its authorship nor to the way in which this record by an eyewitness came into his hands. Some fifty or more accounts of the siege of Peking have been written in English alone. Mr. Weale thinks the best accounts were in Dr. Morrison's letters from Peking to the London Times, and the French Minister's graphic report to his government. But the most vivid, intense, photographic, dramatic, and unflinching account must be the one contained in the anonymous volume before us, which describes with clearness and with color each phase of existence in Peking during five months, including the fifty-six days of the actual siege and the subsequent

sacking and looting of the city. The curtain is lifted here on a terrible drama. Much in these eyewitness notes the editor had to suppress, but enough remains in them to make an astonishing narrative. Hints, which in the aggregate give a clew to the post and office of the author, are found on twenty or more different pages. That he is intimately familiar with all the official life and personnel of the foreigners in Peking is indubitable. From scattered expressions we deduce that his residence was not inside the British Legation; that he had charge of certain despatch boxes, the contents of which no one else had a right to examine, and sometimes had to write official despatches. He calls himself "an unmarried youngster" and "a budding diplomatist." He speaks French, has traveled in Russia, is at home in China, is doubtless an Englishman, but not connected with the British Legation. His official chief is not Sir Claude MacDonald. Various hints seem to locate him probably in the Chinese Customs Department under Sir Robert Hart. The reading public can only guess. The important facts are that he was in the siege, that he saw and understood about all that went on, and that he pictures what he saw in powerful and telling words. So much as to the authorship of this book. As to the siege itself, Editor Weale truly says "it was something unique and unparalleled, and the summer of 1900 in Peking will ever remain as famous in the world's history as the Indian Mutiny." The Boxer movement was a wild, huge, curious, and savage tragedy which swept into Peking like a bloody tidal wave, and raged like an angry sea around the entrenched Legations. Tennyson sang in thrilling verse "The Defence of Lucknow" in the Sepoy Rebellion, and the relief, after eighty-six dreadful days, by Outram's and Havelock's "glorious Highlanders" and "good fusilleers." But the peril of the English in Lucknow was not greater than that of the foreigners in Peking, and the defense of that Indian city was not more heroic or masterly than that which protected and saved from fierce flames and still fiercer foes the beleaguered Legations and Christian missions in the Chinese capital. In the first stages of the Boxer uprising and attack, each of the eleven Legations—Dutch, Russian, German, American, French, Spanish, Japanese, Austrian, Belgian, Italian, and British—attempted to defend its own grounds and buildings; but as the assaults grew more furious and determined, it became evident that the foreigners must concentrate; and as the premises of the British Legation were the largest and most defensible, the people of the other Legations took refuge there, making a total of five hundred soldiers and five hundred civilians. In addition, the missionaries of various churches together with twenty-five hundred native Chinese Christians whom the missionaries refused to abandon, were crowded in with the Legations. These missionaries and these native converts proved to be the salvation of the foreigners in Peking. In a very large and real sense the salvation of the terror-stricken Legations came marching to their protection out of the grounds of our own Peking University. The engineering skill which had constructed defenses for our Methodist compound, and the genius for organization which had distributed duties there, were simply transferred to the British Legation premises and intrusted with the larger task of defense and of

internal organization, adjustment, distribution of responsibilities and work, and general supervision there. The eyewitness author of this book describes the uncomfortable disorder and tumultuous confusion which at first existed in the British Legation, eleven nations herded together, "the place choked with women, pulling and crying children, missionaries, and a host of lamb-faced native converts." Orders and counter orders were coming from conflicting authorities on every side; it seemed as if the situation would never be shaken into shape. "And in this wise," says the author, "our siege commenced, with all the men discontented and angry, with no responsible head, with half the officials of the various nations at loggerheads, with supplies and ammunition being wasted, with our defenses so ridiculous that any resolute foe could rush them in five minutes." The first step toward order and business was taken when the officials of the ten nations who were guests in the grounds of the British Legation requested Sir Claude MacDonald the English Minister to take the supreme command. The next step toward efficient management was when Sir Claude adopted plans of organization and called in the aid of committees which had been previously formed on missionary premises. At the moment when chaos was passing into order, our eyewitness writes: "In the British Legation compound men, women, and children, ponies, mules, and ministers plenipotentiary are engaged in an effort to sort themselves out and keep distinct from one another. Committees are taking charge of everything, and American missionaries who appear to have more energy than anybody else are practically ruling everything. . . . The Americans are the people of the future." System takes command. The problem of feeding, managing, utilizing, and protecting thirty-five hundred people is being visibly arranged and worked out. There are committees for looking after all necessary matters. There is a committee on fortification to whom the defense of all these lives is committed—a tremendous and hazardous task. In the light of the history, the head of the committee for planning, building, and defending fortifications is seen to be beyond question a very unusual man. Strange to tell, this man to whom is given a military task is not a military man; he is a missionary, an American Methodist Episcopal missionary—*our* missionary, a professor in our Peking University who had studied civil engineering for a time in Troy Polytechnic and Cornell University. Sir Claude MacDonald, British Minister, who had supreme authority, took out of the hands of military men of many nations the business of fortifying, and intrusted it to a missionary! We predict that this appointment will seem to future historians the most puzzling and incredible fact in the siege of Peking. The circumstances render only one explanation of Sir Claude's action possible. His own life, the lives of the members of his Legation, not to speak of thousands of other lives depended on the skill, energy, and tireless fidelity of that committee on fortifications. That he appointed as its head the ablest man he could see for that business is as certain as that twice two are four. Dr. Arthur H. Smith thinks that Sir Claude MacDonald did not in all the siege display his sterling good sense in anything more than in committing the business of fortifying and defending entirely

to Gamewell, whom he made absolutely free from military interference and responsible to nobody except himself as chief in command. Our author, an eyewitness to all that went on, probably an Englishman, apparently a Roman Catholic if anything, after system and authority had set everything going in orderly and efficient fashion, wrote as follows: "It is the Yankee missionary who has invaded and taken charge of the British Legation; it is the Yankee missionary who is doing all the work there and getting all the credit. Beginning with the fortifications committee, there is an extraordinary man named G——,<sup>1</sup> who is doing everything, absolutely everything. I believe there are other members of this committee, but G—— is the man of the hour and will brook no interference. Already the British Legation, which at the commencement of the siege was utterly undefended by an entrenchment or sandbags, is rapidly being hustled into order by the masterful hand of this American missionary. Coolies are evolved by him from the converts of all classes, who, although they protest that they are not accustomed to manual labor, are merely given shovels and picks, sandbags and bricks, and are resolutely told to begin and learn. Already the discontented in the outer lines are sending for G—— and asking him to do this and that, and the hard-worked man always finds time for everything. It is a wonder. And behind this one-man-committee on fortifications, are a fuel committee, and a sanitary committee, and other committees, all noisily talking. Out of all the noise and chatter emerges the tired and perspiring face of the American missionary. It is this selfsame missionary who is grinding the wheat and seeing that it is not stolen; it is he who is surveying the butcher at work and seeing that not even the hoofs are wasted. And I am sad to confess that it he who is feeding those thousands of Roman Catholics over in the Su Wang-fu, while the French and Italian priests, who ought to be caring for their flocks, sit helplessly with their hands folded, willingly abandoning their charges to this more energetic Anglo-Saxon. This Protestantism is not my religion, but for masculine energy there is none other like it." This testimony of a keen eye-witness is quoted here in simple justice to history, and because the United States and the Methodist Episcopal Church have not yet recognized as fully as has the British Government how extraordinary, astonishing, vitally indispensable, and forever memorable a service was rendered to the foreigners and native converts in Peking, and to imperilled interests of many nations, by a modest providential man, an American Methodist missionary. To him when the awful siege was over, Mr. Conger, American Minister to China, wrote on behalf of himself and the rest who had been saved from death, "To you more than to any other man we owe, under God, our preservation." To the United States Government the Marquis of Lansdowne, on behalf of England, officially expressed the great appreciation felt by Her Majesty's Government for the eminent services rendered by this remarkable missionary, in these words: "Sir Claude Mac-

<sup>1</sup>The full name is Frank D. Gamewell; a name indelible in history, distinguished in the eyes of a dozen nations, and written large on the front of the battered ramparts of a perilous, heroic, successful, and forever famous defense.



Donald states that Rev. F. D. Gamewell of the American Methodist Mission carried out the entire defences of the British Legation, and that those defences have excited the admiration of the military officers of the various nationalities who have since inspected them. As evidence of the excellence of the defences, Sir Claude mentions that, notwithstanding a constant rain of rifle-fire during the five weeks of the siege, not one woman or child in the Legation grounds suffered harm. Sir Claude adds that a deep debt of gratitude is owed to Mr. Gamewell by all the besieged." General Gaselee, commander of the British relief-column, examining the defences on his arrival in Peking, said, "The fortifications and everything connected with the defence were beyond all praise." Brigadier General A. S. Daggett, then Colonel under General Chaffee, says in his account of the part taken by United States troops in the march to the relief of the beleaguered Legations, that but for the work done by Gamewell all of the besieged must have perished cruelly long before the fourteenth of August, when the relieving armies arrived. Without him they would all have met the fate that Chinese Gordon suffered at Khartoum. The story of the siege of Peking is nowhere else so powerfully told as in this volume of Letters. The style in many passages is worthy of Victor Hugo for terrific vividness and force. Editor Weale in his introduction says, "The eye-witness attempts to account for all that happened; to make real the sharp rattle and loud roar of musketry and cannon, and the savage cries of desperadoes stripped to the waist and glistening with sweat; to give echo to the blood-curdling notes of Chinese trumpets; to limn the high-shooting flames licking the sky." The eye-witness describes with realistic vividness what he saw, himself an incessant and almost ubiquitous participant in the scenes and activities of the fighting. A wild chapter of history is pictured by a master hand with intense and brilliant dramatic force.

*Victor Hugo's Intellectual Autobiography.* Translated by LORENZO O'ROURKE. 12mo, pp. 400. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Price, cloth, \$1.20, net.

SOME men have been reading Victor Hugo forty or fifty years. This is the last they will ever get from him: positively the final appearance of the Titan of the French romantic school. In the late fifties and early sixties he was fascinating and filling the imaginations of a host of readers under middle age with prodigious images of grandeur and power. When Isaac W. Wiley came into the principal's office at Pennington Seminary one morning in 1860, a student heard him say: "I sat up till one o'clock last night reading *Les Misérables*. It is a great book, a tremendous book." A bishop who is standing still on the field, leaning on his hoe, and listening to the ringing of the Angelus, has beguiled the tedium of inaction with Hugo's "Shakespeare." There are not a few men of note whose work is now done or nearly so, whose style of utterance, whether by tongue or pen, has had something in it which would not have been there if they had not read Hugo early in life. He cast his spell over them and taught them sublimity, mighty metaphors, dramatic force. One reviewer of the book before us calls it "inspired bombast." Some would so characterize all Hugo's writings.



Even bombast, if really inspired, if it be the magnificent and thrilling extravagance of genius, is more attractive than a book described by a recent critic as "scholarly but lifeless." Hugo called this volume the Post-script to his life. It was written in the loneliness of exile on the island of Guernsey in that stormy strip of water between France and England; and left with his heirs in the form of a bulky copy book to be withheld from publication until years after his death. It embodies his ideas on literature, philosophy, and religion; and concludes with fifty pages of epigrams, fragments, thoughts, chips from the giant's workshop. Because of his audacious and gigantic imagination Victor Hugo has been called the Michael Angelo of literature. One critic thinks that though his widest fame is as a master of tremendous fiction, he was greatest as a lyric poet; Professor Dowden calls him the greatest of all time. His poetry, however, is little known compared with his fiction. His prose style has Gothic grandeur, French suppleness, Latin strength. Georg Brandes attempts to describe it thus: "We feel as if he had actually seen all, and had painted all with a brush like that pine which Heine would fain have torn from the Norwegian cliffs and dipped in the flame of Ætna to write with it the name of his beloved across the expanse of heaven." The editor of this volume says that "Hugo fashioned for himself a mighty organ whose gamut ranged from the pipes of Pan to the trumpet of the Last Judgment; and from this instrument he was able to call forth hitherto unheard-of harmonies." One of Hugo's marked characteristics is this: "The monstrous side of creation fascinates him and engenders in his imagination an unheard-of world of nightmare. Taine said of Balzac that his literary imagination could make the sordid romantic; but Hugo eclipsed this feat—he made the horrible fascinating; he endowed the ugly and the sinister with a species of terrible charm." Who made Victor Hugo? He tells us when he names his favorite authors—Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, whom he calls the trinity of the literary empyrean. His opinions of his contemporaries are interesting. Alfred de Musset, whom Taine placed above Tennyson, is "a charming, slight, and delicate poet of the same family as Horace and La Fontaine." Chateaubriand "is full of significant things; but he is the personification of dislike for mankind—an odious personality." With rare exceptions, eighteenth century prose is "feeble, common, and vulgar." Of two famous members of the French Academy, Hugo says: "Our friend M. Guizot is a dreamy writer, a melancholy writer, a Protestant writer, but a great orator, the most powerful orator of the century. M. Cousin is an infamous beggar, destitute of real literary talent. I despise him thoroughly. As for Nisard, he has changed his skin several times. Molière is a *valet de chambre*, an upholsterer, a skeptic, the perpetual critic of his own enthusiasm." Hugo's conversations on religion prove that he was a firm believer in God and in the efficacy of prayer. He was fiercely hostile to the infidelity and materialism which were widening their empire in France. The problem of evil is the eternal riddle of theology. Being asked how he could reconcile certain terrible catastrophes with the providence and justice of God, he replied: "The difficulty is a serious one. Evil is evil, and no sophistry or alchemy can

change it into good. To make God responsible for evil which is undeniably evil, and even to thank him for uncomprehended benefits therefrom, is unacceptable to the heart as well as to the conscience. That is why I cannot treat Manichæism with disdain. To me belief in two hostile powers fighting against each other does not seem contrary either to philosophic reason or to true religion. But this struggle ought to have an end some time, and it must be a victory for God. Evil must disappear, conquered by good. Hell exists, and the earth constitutes part of it. We inhabit that part of the creation in which evil reigns and men suffer, and where even the innocent beasts suffer." Here are some of his meditations on life and death, God and man: "If there were no other life, God would not be honorable. Death is triumph for the soul; it achieves the ideal. Death is a continuation of man into eternity. We shall be better off there. Death is holy and wholesome. All that we can see of it is full of consolation. My gaze pierces as far as possible into the darkness and I see the immense dawn of an eternal day. God is eternal, the soul is immortal. Souls pass to another sphere without loss of personality, become purer and brighter and unceasingly approach nearer to God." "As there is not a human being under the light of the sun who is not warmed by its rays, so there is not a human being in all the immensity of creation who is not reached by a ray from God. By means of this ray each individual soul is in direct communication with the central Soul of the universe. Hence the efficacy of that invocation called prayer. . . . Prayer is an august avowal of ignorance. The animal is ignorant of the fact that he knows; the man is aware of the fact that he is ignorant. My prayer is: O God, vouchsafe to me out of thine Infinite all that is possible of light and of love!" "Creation is moved by two kinds of motors, both invisible—souls and forces. Forces are mathematical, souls are free. Forces being algebraic cannot deviate; aberration is possible to souls. This freedom has a regulator—conscience. Conscience is a mysterious geometry of the moral order." "What is the highest faculty of the soul? Is it genius? No, it is goodness." "Instincts and intuitions are the eyes of the soul." "God secludes himself, but the thinker listens at the door." "Our earthly life is nothing but the slow growth of human existence toward that blossoming of the soul that we call death. It is then that the flower of life opens." "The nearness of God to my soul manifests itself by an ineffable, obscure caress, as I approach him. I *think*, and I feel him near me. I *believe*, and I feel him nearer. I *love*, and I feel him nearer still. I *consecrate myself* to him, and I feel nearer than ever, nearest of all. This is not sensation, for I touch nothing; it is not observation, for I see nothing; it is not imagination, for God and goodness are not imaginary. It is intuition, the soul's perception." "All the roots of the moral law are in the supernatural. To deny the supernatural is not merely to close one's eyes to the infinite; it is to cut the ground from under all human virtue." At rare moments I think with profound joy that before a dozen or fifteen years at most I shall know what death is; and I feel certain that my hope of light beyond that darkness will not be disappointed. O you whom I love, I have faith that the infinite is the great trysting place. There I shall find you radiant,

and you shall behold me purified. And we shall love one another as upon earth, and at the same time as in heaven, with the mystical increase of the immensities. This life is full of casual encounters; we know each other in part; real union and perfect understanding come after death. Our dear ones await us there. Let us endeavor to be one day among them. And here below, until the striking of that great hour, let us—you and I, especially I who am shackled by imperfection and fall so far short of goodness—let us not rest, let us work, let us watch over ourselves and others, let us expend ourselves for probity, be lavish of ourselves for justice, and sacrifice ourselves for truth, without counting what we lose. Let us do according to our strength, and beyond our strength. To love is to give; let us love. Be of profound good will. And immense good will await you beyond death." Hugo does not advocate art without morals. Speaking of the civilizing power of pure art, he says: "Search the bagnios and prisons of the world for a man who knows and loves Raphael and Mozart, who contemplates with delight a cathedral spire or a statue by some great master—you will not find one such there. To be sensitive to true art is to be incapable of crime. Masterpieces shed in the surrounding air a pervading and sane morality. He who passes near them and breathes their atmosphere is impregnated with their perfume without knowing it. He only sought knowledge and pleasure from them; they have made him a better man. Lady Montague after looking long upon a great painting in the Trippenhaus at Amsterdam, cried: 'I wish I had a poor man here to empty my purse into his hands.'" Some historic follies of the church are mentioned, such as the official damning of grasshoppers which were a pest; the publishing, in 1120 A. D., of an episcopal edict against weevils. The officials of Troyes in 1516 issued this order: "We warn the caterpillars to withdraw within the space of six days; and in default of this we declare them accurst and excommunicated." But not the church alone committed in its ignorance such follies. The Parliament of Paris once condemned, after trial, a sow to be hanged as a sorceress; and the Sorbonne prohibited the healing of disease by the use of quinine, which it called "a wicked bark." Victor Hugo says no nation has a supremacy in poetry. The great poet is not Greek, for if there is *Æschylus* there is also *Isaiah*; he is not a Jew, for if there is *Isaiah*, there is also *Juvenal*; he is not Latin, for if there is *Juvenal*, there is also *Dante*; he is not Italian, for if there is *Dante*, there is also *Shakespeare*; he is not English, for if there is *Shakespeare*, there is also *Cervantes*; he is not Spanish, for if there is *Cervantes*, there is also *Molière*; he is not French, for if there is *Molière*, there are all those whom we have just enumerated." But Hugo says that in one other art a single nation holds the supremacy. That art is music and that nation is Germany. These are this Frenchman's words: "Up to now Germany has had the glory of being absolutely supreme in one of the arts. The great musician is a German. And the great modern German is not Goethe; it is Beethoven." Fifty pages of epigrams end Hugo's last book, of which the following are samples. "He who is not capable of enduring poverty is not capable of being free." "The wicked envy and hate; it is their way of admiring." "To allow himself to be calumniated

is part of an honest man's strength." "One can have *reasons* for complaint without having the *right* to complain." "Style is the substance of the subject called unceasingly to the surface." Hugo gives this motto: "Precision in thought, concision in style, decision in conduct." When Lamartine criticised *Les Misérables*, Hugo called the criticism "a swan's attempt to bite." Here is another motto: "Change your opinions, keep to your principles; this is to change your leaves while keeping intact your roots." As for our life on earth, he says: "To have Truth for a star, Right for a compass; to accomplish the voyage, save the ship, and enter the port—that is the whole problem." He seems to have faith in the enduring strength of the American republic, for he says: "A republic like the United States of America, constructed on a single principle, accepts calmly the struggles and shocks of thought under all forms, even the most grandiose, the most audacious, the most savage. There all the forms of license of the human mind may without peril execute their formidable and menacing dance, like a performance of wild animals. The bulls are huge, the elephants are enormous, the lions are large and fierce; but the circus is of granite." The true socialist formula, he says, should be, "To make the moral man better, the intellectual man greater, the material man happier; goodness first, greatness next, happiness last." That is the divine order. "To give sheltering shade," says Hugo, "is the privilege of great trees and great men." The final word from the great French romanticist!